

AUG 15

\$2.95 • AUGUST 12, 1996

PRO
✓

NEW YORK

LINCOLN CITY LIBRARIES

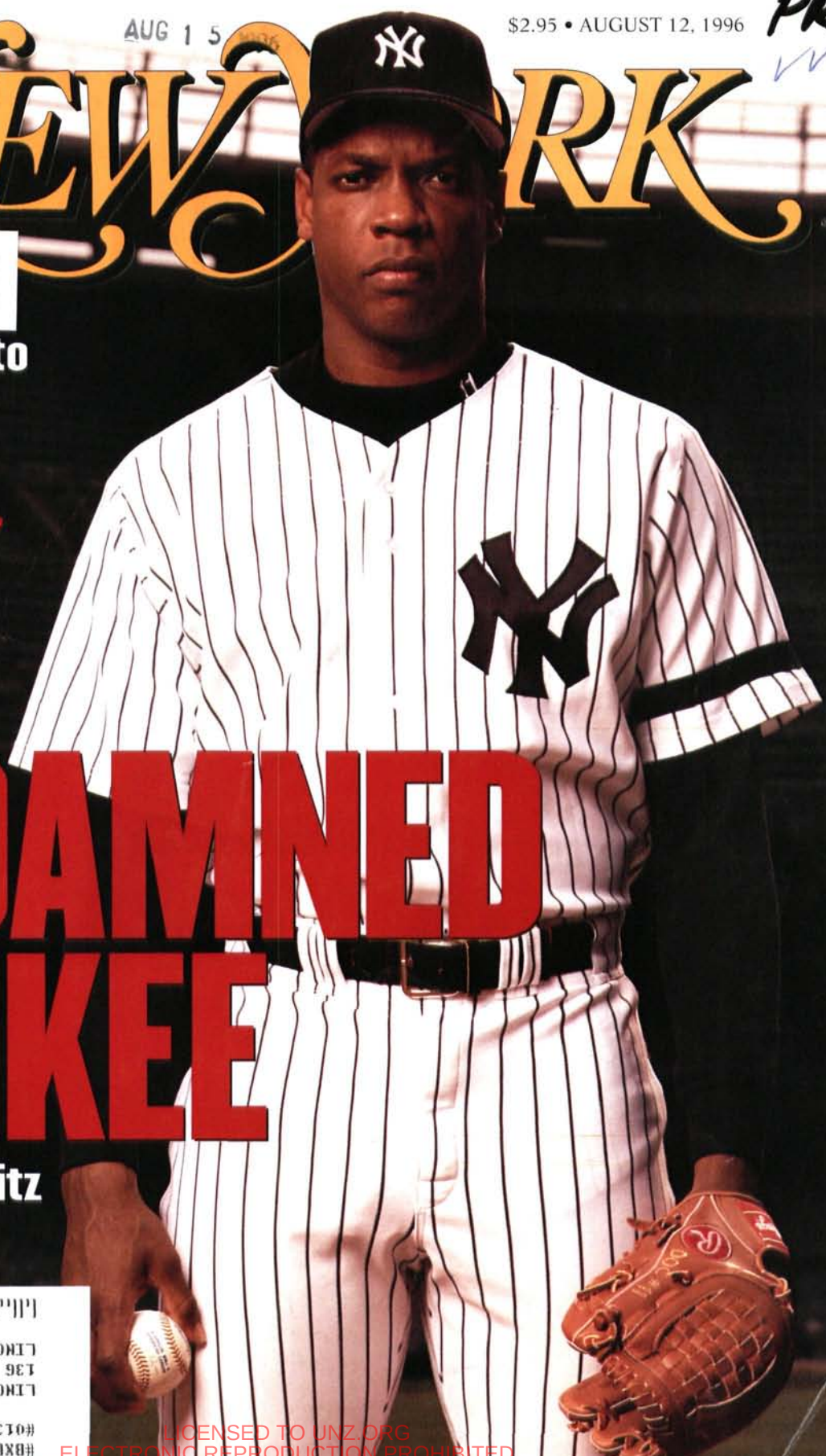


3 3045 01305 8546

Thanks in part to
a former drug
addict named
Dwight Gooden,
New York has
one of the best
records in
baseball.

UNDAMNED YANKEE

By Craig Horowitz



5-DIGIT 68508
#BXBHFCL***** 4#590832 46
JUN 16 97
LINCOLN CITY LIB REFERENCE EFF
#2531
136 S 14TH ST
LINCOLN NE 68508-1801

With the right elements and a defined vision, every room has a view

MACY'S INTERIOR DESIGN FAIR

Thursday, August 15th from 6-8pm, 9th floor Furniture Gallery, Herald Square

COME FOR IDEAS, DESIGN INSPIRATION AND EXPERT ADVICE

You've already got a good start...you know what you like. It's what defines your personality and makes you feel most comfortable. Join us as we show you how to make a great room spectacular with a fresh, objective eye and a few reflections of you.

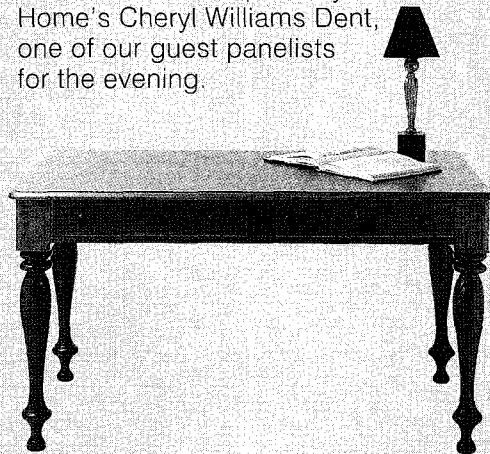
RESERVE NOW! SEATING IS LIMITED FOR THIS SPECIAL EVENING WITH THE PROS

We've teamed up with The International Furnishings And Design Association to bring you some of the city's top design professionals. Barbara Cooperman, Vice President of Programs for IFDA, will lead you through a special seminar and slide presentation. Our own resident expert, Amy Stadler will co-host the event, sharing some invaluable tips and decorating solutions. Plus, we've invited industry experts, representatives and residential artisans to give you a glimpse into the exciting developments in home interiors. Of course, the evening is free, just call 212-494-4154 to reserve.



INSPIRATION AFRICA. DISCOVER AFROCENTRIC STYLE FOR YOUR HOME

Don't miss our special presentation of eclectic decorative elements from The Blackberry Shop. Also included will be the award-winning textiles from Collection L'Odyssée Africaine by Gramercy, an F. Schumacher and Co. brand, inspired by African Home's Cheryl Williams Dent, one of our guest panelists for the evening.



WIN* A TRIP TO MOSCOW AND ST. PETERSBURG!

You and a guest will travel roundtrip from New York on Finnair and spend 3 nights at the Kempinski Hotel Baltchug Moskau in the center of Moscow (in direct view of the Kremlin). Then, you'll take the overnight train to St. Petersburg, courtesy of East-West Tours and Travel Consulting, Inc. There, you'll spend 3 nights at the Grand Hotel Europe, within walking distance of the Hermitage.



FINNAIR

GRAND HOTEL EUROPE

KEMPINSKI

HOTEL BALTCHUG MOSKOU



WITH OUR SEMI-ANNUAL HOME SALE IN FULL SWING, OUR TIMING COULDN'T BE BETTER

Our entire collection of furniture and area rugs is on sale through September 11. Be among the first to see our newest collections, including the Arnold Palmer Home Collection from Lexington Furniture, Embassy Row from Bernhardt and our spectacular new Rug Gallery. After the slide presentation, you'll have the chance to talk directly with representatives from Sherrill, Baker, Casa Stradivari and many others.



MACY'S INTERIOR DESIGN STUDIO, AT YOUR SERVICE

From coordinating colors and fabrics to integrating lighting and floor covering, our designers work with you to carefully select furnishings, properly scaled, well-designed and, of course, livable. Your first consultation is free. Afterwards, for a retainer fee of \$250, refundable upon delivery of a minimum \$1500 purchase, you'll have our undivided attention. Call Amy Stadler in our Interior Design Studio at 212-494-4154.



Antique accessories from The Corner Shop Antique Galleries. *No purchase necessary; entries accepted only during the Design Fair. Employees of Macy's, participating sponsors and their immediate families not eligible. Details on entry form.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



macy's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



to



To El and Back.

36 nonstops to Chicago.

Twice an hour all through the business day and then some, United whisks you to the Windy City.
Come fly the airline that connects the East River Drive with Lake Shore Drive, Central Park with Lincoln Park.
Come fly our friendly skies.

 **UNITED AIRLINES**

<http://www.ual.com>

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contents Aug. 12, 1996

*"The worst living American painter does a film about the worst dead one.
It's lucky {Julian} Schnabel got a good cameraman."*

ROBERT HUGHES, PAGE 30

18 Fear of Falling

By James J. Cramer

Suddenly, making money in the stock market doesn't seem so automatic anymore. No wonder: The steep declines of the summer could well continue into the autumn. This is not because of anything the economy is telling us, not because of what the charts and graphs say, but because things don't feel right. There's still too much speculation, too much volatility, too much reckless confidence among some investors. That's why our money-managing columnist is ditching his trademark bullishness for a bit of preemptive doomsaying.

22 His Last Pitch

By Craig Horowitz

Quite improbably, Dwight Gooden appears for the moment to have finally put his drinking, his drug habit, and his demons to rest. After a stunning and completely unexpected no-hitter in May, the 31-year-old former phenom is helping the Bronx Bombers to one of the best records in the majors. A three-act play in twelve steps.



30 Lives of the Artists

By James Kaplan



pelled to do these days: He made a movie. *Basquiat* is ostensibly about Jean-Michel Basquiat, the graffiti artist and Warhol protégé who died of a heroin overdose in 1988. But the movie also serves as Schnabel's de facto autobiography, as charming, inspired, defensive, and self-aggrandizing as the man himself.

Julian Schnabel, he of the oversize paintings and oversize ego—an emblem, in fact, of the whole oversize city circa 1985—found himself with some time on his hands while waiting for history to pronounce its definitive verdict on his greatness as an artist. So he did what every other painter seems to feel com-

Gotham

11 A young candidate goes for the photo op, then the jugular; Los Angeles beats out New York for the city-of-doom gold medal; A fearful ribbon-cutting for Giuliani

Departments

16 The City Politic Michael Tomasky

Sick of the hype from Atlanta? Well, imagine the Olympics in New York

47 Restaurants Corby Kummer

Artusi, named after the Italian culinary equivalent of James Beard, is a bland disappointment

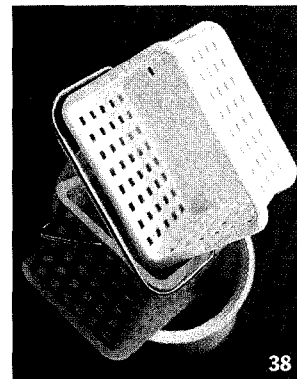
Marketplace

38 Best Bets Corky Pollan

Home stuff from Avenue A; mountain bikes from Mercedes-Benz

40 Sales & Bargains Dany Levy

Slinky sheaths and stylish sandals; crayons and candles; Impressionists in SoHo



38

The Arts



45

41 Movies David Denby

Retro rectitude gets sexed up in *A Time to Kill*; why *Trainspotting* isn't a heroin movie

43 Theater John Simon

A Thousand Clowns, efficient if slightly pretentious entertainment; *Grace and Glorie*, pat but perky

45 Classical Music Peter G. Davis

Looking for a unifying theme at Lincoln Center Festival 96? Forget it; diversity's the whole point

Cue

49 Yum-Yum at Brownies; Film Forum's annual Fantasy, Horror & Science Fiction fest; the Museum of Natural History gets arty; *Timon* time

Misc.

Letters 7
Intelligencer by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell 9
New York Competition by Mary Ann Madden 89
Guardian Crossword 91
'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson 91
Bad Publicity by Larry Doyle and Kyle Baker 92
Classified 78
Strictly Personals 86

Online

A threaded discussion about James Cramer's prognosis for the stock market is featured in the New York Talk Forum all week. On CompuServe, go NYTALK.

New York Magazine Online is available on CompuServe. To order, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the New York Magazine representative. Current subscribers to CompuServe, go NEWYORK. New York Magazine's e-mail address is 76702.2510@compuserve.com. AUGUST 12, 1996—VOL. 29, NO. 31. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-880-0700. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to New York, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, \$42. For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749. Printed in the U.S.A.

FOREMOST City Living

Find it all at Foremost, Manhattan's top specialist in city space solutions. Foremost is five floors of fabulously decorated designer galleries - famous for outstanding furniture at exceptional savings for three generations. Come in now and enjoy Foremost savings of 50% off the furniture of your choosing.



FOREMOST FURNITURE
CELEBRATING OUR 30TH YEAR

8 West 30th St. Between 5th Ave. & Bdwy. 5th Fl. Reception
(212) 889-6347
Open Daily 10AM - 6PM. Thurs. till 7PM. Sat. 10AM - 5PM. Sun. 11AM - 5PM

50% OFF
ON THE ITEM OF YOUR CHOICE

**Savings from manufacturer's suggested retail.*
Not to be combined with any other offer.
Not valid for prior purchases. **EXPIRES 8/26/96.**

Pratesi®

The Greatest
SUMMER SALE
Final Days

829 Madison Avenue at 69th St.
(212) 228-2315

Also at Bergdorf Goodman

Palm Beach Beverly Hills Bal Harbour Chicago Boston Houston

NEW YORK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Kurt Andersen

EXECUTIVE EDITOR MANAGING EDITOR
Michael Hirschorn Sarah Jewler
ARTICLES EDITOR NEWS EDITOR
John Homans Larry Doyle

DESIGN DIRECTOR

Robert Newman

PICTURE EDITOR

Margery Goldberg

FASHION DIRECTOR

Jade Hobson Chamin

DEPUTY EDITORS

Kim France, Julie Just

SENIOR EDITORS

Phoebe Eaton, Maer Roshan, Matthew Weingarden

EDITORS-AT-LARGE

Tad Friend, Richard Turner

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Suzanna Andrews, Lisa Birnbach, Peter Blauner
Rene Chun, John Connolly, James J. Cramer, Peter G. Davis
David Denby, David Edelstein, Jeffrey Goldberg
Gael Greene, Pete Hamill, Peter Hellman, Tony Hendra
Craig Horowitz, Bob Ickes, Karrie Jacobs, Mark Jacobson
Maura B. Jacobson, Peter Kaminsky, James Kaplan
Beth Landman Keil, Walter Kim, Corby Kummer
John Leonard, Barbara Lippert, Paul Lukas
Larissa MacFarquhar, Mary Ann Madden
Rebecca Mead, Deborah Mitchell, Patricia Morrisroe
Nicholas Pileggi, John H. Richardson, Nancy Jo Sales
Luc Sante, Marshall Sella, John Simon, Christopher Smith
Ben Stein, Mark Stevens, Janice Hopkins Tanne
Tobi Tobias, Michael Tomasky, Guy Trebay
Jacob Weisberg, Alex Williams

CULINARY EDITOR BEST BETS EDITOR
Gillian Duffy Corky Pollan

PHOTO DIRECTOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS

Jordan Schaps

SALES & BARGAINS EDITOR: Dany Levy

STAFF WRITERS

Maureen Callahan, Ruth G. Davis, Barbara Ensor
Linda Hall, Ariel Kaminer, Edith Newhall
Chris Norris, Randall Short, Norman Vanamee

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

John Dioso, Matthew McCann Fenton, Kate O'Hara
Robert Patronite, Robin Raisfeld, Elizabeth Shepherd

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Christopher Bonanos, Alexandra Lange, Claire Perrault
Colleen Quinn, Charles Runnette

REPORTERS

Patricia Falvo, Deborah Gasiorek

Lucy Hawking, Michael Steele

DEPUTY ART DIRECTOR

Florian Bachleida

ART PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Eugene R. Tooman

DEPUTY PICTURE EDITOR: Sabine Meyer

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR: Deanna Lowe

ASSOCIATE PICTURE EDITORS

Nakyung Han, Yvonne Stender

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: Vita Parrino

DESIGNER: Andrea Dunham

ART DEPARTMENT MANAGER: Aimee E. Bartol

ART STAFF: Steven Davis, Pino Impastato

Anton Ioukhnovets, Marc Whalen, Ellene Wundrok

COLOR PRE-PRESS MANAGER: Alejandro Gomez

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Deborah R. Slater

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Sarah Bernard, Ondine Cohane

Laura Georgio, Vanessa Grigoriadis

PUBLIC RELATIONS DIRECTOR

Maury Rogoff

SYSTEMS MANAGER

Marty Reinert

ASSOCIATE SYSTEMS MANAGER

David Miller

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: James B. Reffler

ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Robert P. Wilkey

ASSISTANT PRODUCTION MANAGER: Bobbi Fischer

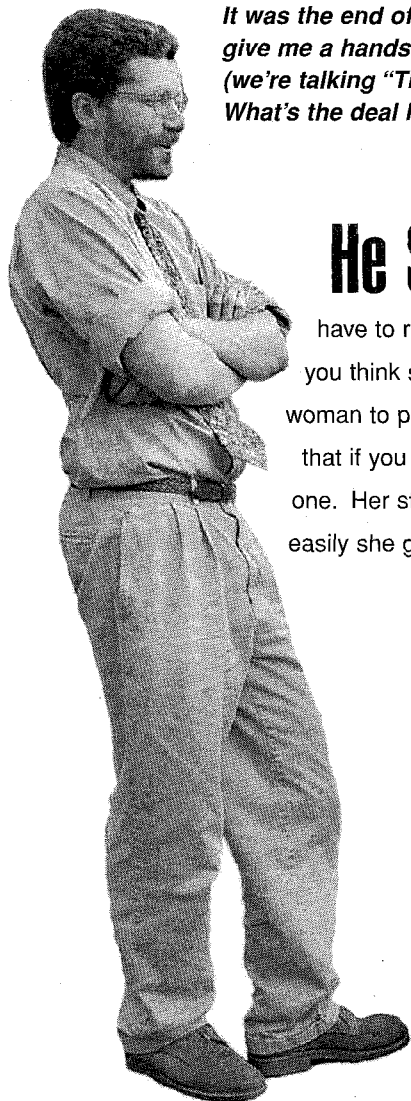
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Amanda P. Fellows

The following are registered trademarks, and the use of these trademarks is strictly prohibited: Best Bets, Best Bits, Between the Lines, The Bottom Line, Brief Lives, The City Politic, Cityscape, Cityside, Cue, Cue New York, In and Around Town, Intelligencer, Legal Aid, The National Interest, New York, New York Intelligencer, New York Journal, The Passionate Shopper, The Sporting Life, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategist. New York (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by K-III Magazine Corporation, 755 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017-5998. Telephone: 212-880-0700. Copyright © 1996 by K-III Magazine Corporation. All rights reserved. All requests for permissions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Management Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 17606-5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. New York Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Officers of K-III Magazine Corporation: William F. Reilly, Chairman; Charles G. McCurdy, Vice-Chairman; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman.

EVERY SUNDAY IN THE NEW YORK POST

Dear He Says, She Says:

It was the end of our first date and she sticks out her hand to give me a handshake. I thought she had no interest (we're talking "The Shake"). Next day she wants to go out again. What's the deal here?

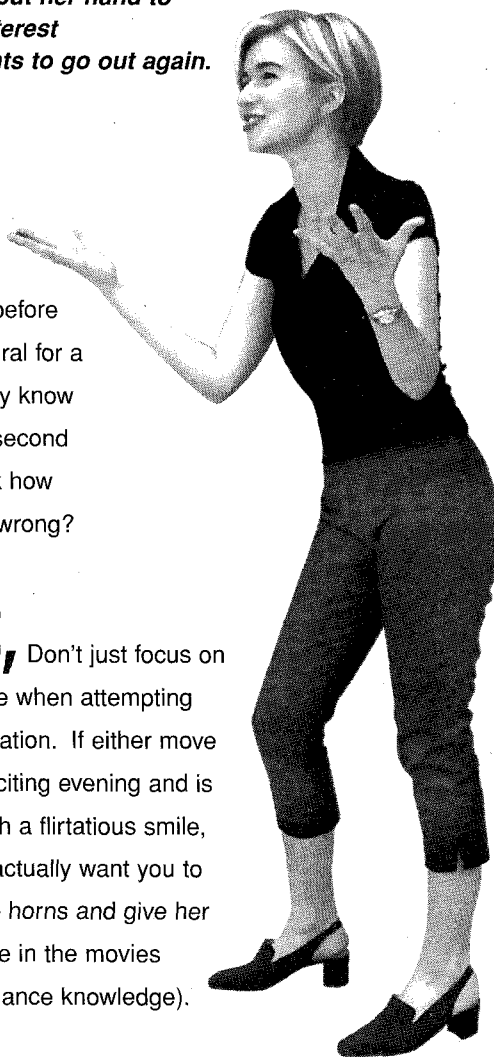


He Says, Does a woman

have to rip off your pants on a first date before you think she likes you? It's perfectly natural for a woman to play it calm after a first date. They know that if you enjoyed the date, you'll want a second one. Her strategy must have worked: Look how easily she got you wondering what you did wrong?

She Says,

Don't just focus on the gestures alone when attempting a romantic interpretation. If either move comes after an exciting evening and is accompanied with a flirtatious smile, your date may actually want you to take the bull by the horns and give her a real kiss, just like in the movies (the basis of my romance knowledge).

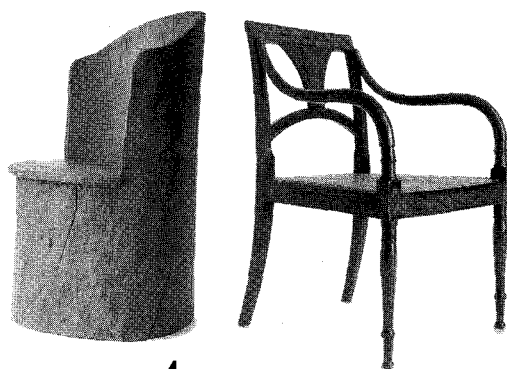


Every Sunday in "He Says, She Says" Post experts disagree (and agree) as they answer readers' questions on love and relationships

**Just one of the exclusive features
you'll find in the Sunday Post... for only 50¢!**

NEW YORK POST

TAKE A LOAD OFF.



40% Off

EVERYTHING IN OUR BASEMENT

FINE BIEDERMEIER FURNITURE / ALABASTER CHANDELIERS

SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRY PIECES

OFFER GOOD AUGUST 12-19

EVERGREEN ANTIQUES

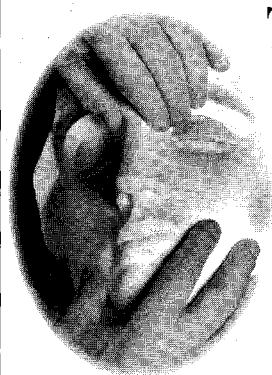
1249 THIRD AVENUE, AT 72ND

NEW YORK, NY 10021

212.744.5664

email: evgrn antq@aol.com

EVERGREEN



The Talents of a Sculptor and The Skills of a Surgeon

For 30 years, Board Certified Plastic Surgeon
and award-winning sculptor **Stanley Taub, M.D.**
has offered the finest in

Cosmetic Surgery

- Face, Neck and Eyelid Surgery
- Liposuction/Body Contour
- Breast Enlargement
- Rhinoplasty & Secondary Nasal Repair
- and Reduction
- COSMETIC LASER SURGERY removes
- Male Breast Reduction
- wrinkles, scarring, pigmentation, & tattoos

(212) 628-8585

Call for a Free Consultation

737 Park Ave., NYC. Outpatient Surgical Facility

"Anyone
who wants to hire
an interior designer...
should start by calling
Designer Previews."

— NEW YORK MAGAZINE

Preview: <http://www.dpreviews.com>

We will show you
the work of more than
100 fine designers and architects
and help you select
those best suited to your needs.

For further information or brochure
212-777-2966 or 800-367-4816

DESIGNER
PREVIEWS

NEW YORK

PUBLISHER

Amy R. Churgin

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER

Alan Katz

BUSINESS DIRECTOR: Betsy Cronen

ADVERTISING MANAGER: Leslie Alphen Picard

BEVERAGE MANAGER: Jo Campbell Brand

TRAVEL MANAGER: Daniel Schock

SALES REPRESENTATIVES

Amy Hochfelder Ball, Alexis Demetroulakos

Lauren Effron, Stefanie Feidelson

Catherine Kaiser, Trish Considine Kirsch, Kira Krieger

Claudia Ryan, Wendi V. Sanders

ASSISTANTS: Kristina Leonetti, Evette Manners

Kristina Stefanelli, Julie A. Stephens

Danielle Unterman, Leslie Weiss

MIDWEST MANAGER: Sasha Mayoras, 312-616-1895

DETROIT: Karen Teegarden & Associates, Inc. 810-642-1773

CALIFORNIA: SD Media, 310-264-7575

ATLANTA AND FLORIDA: Stites & Fontaine, 770-491-1419

TEXAS: Tierney & Company, 214-625-6688

FRANCE/UK: S & R Media, 011-33-1-47-61-08-26

CANADA: Media Services International, 905-238-9228

ITALY: Studio Villa, 011-39-2-31-16-62

HONG KONG: Pacific Asia Media, 011-852-834-6128

ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER: Karen Norberg

ADVERTISING COORDINATORS

Sharon Y. Quinn, Michel Gilbert

MARKETING DIRECTOR

Beverly Hood Allen

PROMOTION MANAGER: Gerry Napoli

CREATIVE SERVICES: Wendy Bronstein

SENIOR WRITER/MERCHANDISING: Lauren Paige Kennedy

SPECIAL SECTIONS: Christy Casamassima

SPECIAL PROJECTS: Cori M. Lorenzon

PROMOTION ART DIRECTOR: Susan Simmons

SENIOR DESIGNER: Ilene Segal

DESIGNER: Halle Spector

PROMOTION ASSISTANT: Kathryn R. Hoffman

RESEARCH DIRECTOR

Eileen Ronan

SENIOR RESEARCH ANALYST: Christine McKaba

RESEARCH ASSISTANT: Erinn Bucklan

INFORMATION SERVICES DIRECTOR: Valerie Taylor

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: Michele L. Romano

GROUP CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR

Nancy J. Fedder

CLASSIFIED MANAGER: Teresa Taylor

SALES AND MARKETING MANAGER: John Miceli

SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER: Michelle Krell Kydd

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Manuel Gomes

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Dana Cohen

SALES REPRESENTATIVES: Mark Bristow

Theresa Bunce, Kendra Callahan

Debbie Horowitz, Chris Lutkin

Wendy Pusey, Denise Sisto

STAFF: Denise Fowler, Greta Turken

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: Craig Reynolds

ASSOCIATE CIRCULATION DIRECTOR, PLANNING: Charles Lung

MANAGERS: David W. Schaefer, Barbara E. Wilck

SPECIAL PROJECTS ASSISTANT MANAGER: Jacqueline Lane

SPECIAL PROJECTS COORDINATOR: Jennifer Gresack

CONTROLLER

David Rockefeller

ASSISTANT CONTROLLER: Deborah L. Sheffey, CPA

MANAGER OF SPECIAL PROJECTS: Carmine Tiero

ACCOUNTANTS: Judy Dill, Maryann McLeod, CPA

A.P. SUPERVISOR: Kathleen Marney

COLLECTIONS MANAGER: Patricia Adiletta

STAFF: Aubrey Guio, Maribel Lopez

OFFICE SERVICES MANAGER

Mary Ann McCarthy

STAFF: Priscilla Hood, Warren MacDonald

Joseph Markfelder, Erik Rodriguez

Artie Scheer, Virginia Spraggins, Sarah Wigfall

K-111 MAGAZINES

CHAIRMAN: William F. Reilly

PRESIDENT: Harry A. McQuillen

VICE-CHAIRMAN: Charles G. McCurdy

VICE-CHAIRMAN: Beverly C. Chell

VICE-PRESIDENT: Curtis A. Thompson

PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING AND MARKETING: Janice Grossman

VICE-PRESIDENT: Brian T. Beckwith

VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER: Linda C. Jenkins

VICE-PRESIDENT, FINANCIAL PLANNING & ANALYSIS: Jennifer P. Chu

VICE-PRESIDENT, CONTROLLER: David W. Whitwell

VICE-PRESIDENT, OPERATIONS: Steven R. Elzy

VICE-PRESIDENT, MANUFACTURING: Edward J. Egan

VICE-PRESIDENT, SINGLE COPY SALES: Mark A. Peterson

VICE-PRESIDENT, SYSTEMS: Robert M. Cummings

VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP SALES: Nan L. Elmore

Beautiful Girls

Getting over Gwyneth—or, who's afraid of a Spence graduate's success?

Lily gets another round of beauty advice, but no more mash notes.

ISN'T IT NICE THAT EVEN AN ELITE EDUCATION at Spence or Chapin doesn't prevent young women from coveting Hollywood stardom and a hunky actor boyfriend as the *ne plus ultra* of life ["A Star Is Bred," by Nancy Jo Sales, July 29]? I don't know which was sadder, the pathetic, self-denigrating remarks of Paltrow's former schoolmates or your portrayal of a pretty young thing as some kind of superwoman to be admired and emulated.

Catherine Torigian
BROOKLYN

I READ NANCY JO SALES'S ONE-SIDED INTERVIEW with Gwyneth Paltrow, in which she also interviewed people connected with *Emma* (all of whom positively critiqued Paltrow's performance, of course), self-effacing classmates from Spence, and her adoring director. Was it Ms. Sales's intention to leave the reader with the impression that Gwyneth Paltrow is like cotton candy? She's sweet and enticing, but ultimately, there's nothing there.

Gayle McCorrian
BROOKLYN

I AM SHOCKED BY THE BLATANT JEALOUSY of Gwyneth Paltrow's past classmates and acquaintances. What in the world do they have to be jealous about? Let's see: private-school and Ivy League educations, a job, a parent who kicks ass on Wall Street, beauty (either real or cosmetically enhanced), takeout sushi (not cheap). Gwyneth is an exception. The fact that she now "has it all" is wonderful, for her. What will separate her from the rest is the ability to maintain her lifestyle with dignity and poise and a down-to-earth attitude, without blowing it all on drugs or an enormous ego. As for those envious ex-classmates, they should stop and smell the flowers: They have quite a lot to be happy about.

Tracey Greenfield
ENGLEWOOD, N.J.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.

AS A SPENCE GRADUATE SUFFERING FROM the lifelong trauma of not being able to measure up to Gwyn Paltrow's goddess-like existence, I can only offer others three words of advice: There is hope. With intensive counseling and the proper prescription drugs, I have been able to cut down to only fifteen obsessive daydreams of being Gwyn per day. My support group, "Living in Her Shadow," meets on Thursdays for all Spence alumnae who deal with this tragedy daily. Spread the word. It's not too late.

Irene Ricasio
MANHATTAN

THERE IS ONE THING GWYNETH PALTROW did not have: the role of Titania in the Spence production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Gwyneth played Hippolyta, the Amazon Queen, Theseus's captive bride. She was, as a colleague remarked at the time, the most exquisite creature on the stage. Gwyneth, come back and see me. We'll do lunch.

James Coleman
Head, Performing Arts Department
The Spence School
MANHATTAN

Skin Deep

IN "BEND ME, SHAPE ME" [JULY 15], LILY Burana describes her consultations with six plastic surgeons. I am one of the plastic surgeons whom she "consulted." Her article is filled with cynicism, its sole aim being negative sensationalism. I take offense at her lack of objectivity and misrepresentation with regard to explanations of surgery. In the periareolar mastopexy (nipple lift), there is absolutely no removal of the nipple, and therefore her imagining her "nipples sitting on a stainless-steel tray" is totally incorrect. Her statement "He then offers to augment my lips with fat for free" places my offer out of context: It was a pure courtesy, since liposuction would already remove the fat, at which point it would be fairly simple to inject it into the lips. I was hoping that this gesture would be appreciated. Her derogatory mention of the use of a paper gown for the examination, a generally accepted practice meant to assure the patient of

cleanliness and sterility, and her use of the term *chaperone* for a medical assistant present during the examination are totally inappropriate.

Furthermore, I consider her falsifying of her medical chart, which is a medical legal document, unethical. Visiting a doctor in the quest for information is not a game. I would have consulted her in the same manner whether she were incognito or Lily Burana. I take offense at being asked to consult someone when truthfulness is one-sided.

George Lefkovits, M.D.
MANHATTAN

One Man's Trash

M. D. RIPS'S "DEATH OF AN AESTHETIC" ["Gotham," July 29] was very disturbing to me. As an acquaintance of Billy Way's, I can attest that he was a very kind person. I don't think he deserved (nor would anyone, for that matter) to have the end of his life depicted in such an inappropriately negative way. Was it really necessary to mention that he was getting evicted, that takeout containers, cut-off straws, burnt candles, and roach clips were found all over his apartment? Wouldn't it have been better to highlight what a nice person he was, and how sad his death is? Where is your sense of dignity, turning a tragic death into a cheap, trashy blur?

Jacquelyn Mahalick
MANHATTAN

Dead Wrong

IN THE AUGUST 5 "SCENE" COLUMN ["Unhinged," by Ariel Kaminer], I'm mistakenly referred to several times as Charles Ludlam. While I'm honored to be confused with the late comic genius, I wouldn't want his admirers to think he's been resurrected. Ludlam was a master of theatrical entrances, so I wouldn't put it past him. No, it was simply little me, Charles Busch, mingling, that memorable evening, with Isaac Bashevis Singer and Joan Crawford. Oh, damn—I meant Isaac Mizrahi and Cindy Crawford.

Charles Busch
MANHATTAN



Barcelona

Two of Spain's most
beautiful cities at a
very attractive price.

\$989.*



Madrid

The grand boulevards and cosmopolitan atmosphere of Madrid. The unique architecture and charms of Barcelona. Now you can experience more of Spain for one low price thanks to Iberia – the global airline of Spain.

This special combination package includes all airfare, hotel accommodations for three nights in each city, daily breakfast, arrival transfers and assistance.

Let these two great cities seduce you with exceptional cuisine and wines,

fabulous shopping, world-renowned museums and exciting non-stop nightlife.

You'll start experiencing the passion of Spain the moment you board your non-stop Iberia flight. And with the Iberia Plus Frequent Traveler Program, you'll earn points toward free travel, hotel accommodations and rental cars anywhere in the world.

Call your travel agent or Discover Spain Vacations at 1-800-227-5858.

IBERIA 
AIRLINES OF SPAIN

* All prices quoted are per person based on double occupancy in a 3 star hotel, round trip air transportation on Iberia Airlines' transatlantic economy service between New York, Madrid and Barcelona. Seats are limited and may not be available on all flights. Offer may not be combined with any other fare or special promotion unless specifically permitted. Iberia Plus points are earned on the air portion only. Industry and child discounts not permitted. Prices do not include \$16.95 U.S. customs and immigration fees, and PFC fees. Valid for travel Monday through Thursday. For weekend travel, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, add \$20.00 each way per passenger. Valid for travel from September 1, through October 31, 1996. Travel must be completed by October 31, 1996.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTELLIGENCER

FROM SETS A HIGHER STANDARD

Now that everybody from Microsoft to **Rupert Murdoch** is underwriting a political journal, sometime Clinton soul-mate **Al From**, head of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council, has decided he wants to join the fun. Sources say From has been talking with **Felix Rohatyn** and **Barry Diller** about bankrolling a new magazine geared toward reprogrammed liberals. The idea is to do "for progressives and centrists what *The National Review* did for conservatives back in the fifties," confirms DLC spokesman **Chuck Alston**. The magazine is still in the early planning stages and has no name yet, but it's being billed as a *Weekly Standard* for New Democrats. "Since we don't have Murdoch's money," says Alston with a laugh, "I think weekly would be too ambitious." Among those who have been considered to edit the new mag are

TAKEN TO THE CLEANERS, PART 2

The battle between the swank residents of a TriBeCa condo and the building's downstairs dry cleaner is heating up again—literally. When residents of a tony North Moore Street building, including such well-heeled denizens as actor **Harvey Keitel**, **Marianne Boesky**, and MTV chairman **Tom Freston**, won a December ruling to stop launderer **Jeff Namm** from opening shop on their ground floor, they thought their real-estate troubles were long past. But a State Supreme Court ruling lifted the injunction last February, allowing the shop to open pending an investigation into perchloroethylene, a dry-cleaning agent the residents claim is toxic. After four months of semi-peaceful co-existence, tensions are once again boiling over. A few weeks ago, heat generated by the cleaner caused the basement sprinkler system to trip, flooding a residential storage area. "It's like high-noon Death Valley down there," moans a frustrated Freston. "The heat is still coming and coming." Although a recent meeting between the sides cooled tempers, the residents have just enlisted the help of Greenpeace, a fellow perc foe, in their battle.

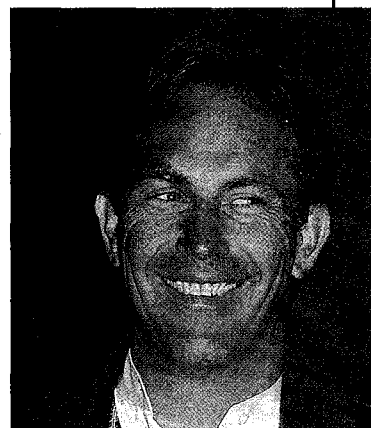
KEVIN COSTNER: AND BABY MAKES FOUR?

Kevin Costner is about to (unintentionally) expand his brood. The rakish actor has hardly been celibate since ending his 16-year marriage to college sweetheart **Cindy**, with whom he has three children, but now one of his liaisons seems ready to bear fruit. The mom-to-be is 34-year-old **Bridget Rooney**, the long-haired, athletic niece of Pittsburgh Steelers owner **Dan Rooney**. Says the younger Rooney, who works at a local TV station in Aspen, "I'm 110 percent sure who the father is," and cheerfully adds, "I'm just enjoying my pregnancy." Though sources say Costner, a regular at Steelers games, was less than gung ho about the pregnancy, Rooney, an Irish Catholic, says she decided to have the baby with or without Costner's cooperation. "There was only one way to go with this," says Rooney. "I'm 34 years old, and I'm fortunate to have a baby. I didn't even think of the A word, only the B word." A well-placed Aspenite describes Rooney as "not someone you see at all these glitzy parties. She's independent and independently wealthy. It's not like she's going after him for money or anything." Meanwhile, Costner doesn't seem in any hurry to settle down just yet. The frisky thespian, who spent the Fourth of July weekend in the Rockies hot spot, was recently dubbed "Dances With Foxes" by *Aspen* magazine. A Costner spokesman declined to comment.

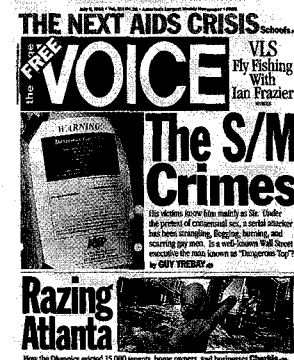
White House communications director **Donald Baer**, formerly of *U.S. News & World Report*, and pragmatic White House domestic-policy adviser **Bruce Reed**.

A DANGEROUS TOP; RUDY'S BOTTOM LINE

STEARNS COMPANY: *The Village Voice* isn't among the publications regularly routed to the board of directors of Bear, Stearns & Co. But they were anonymously sent a recent *Voice* cover story by **Guy Trebay** called "The S/M Crimes," which identified a top Wall Street executive as the "Dangerous Top"—a violent sexual predator who imprisons and tortures his partners under the guise of consensual sex. Sources say the man's bio is similar to that of a high-ranking banker who recently left Bear, Stearns. The Manhattan D.A.'s office confirms that it is investigating a suspect, although it will not release his name. A firm spokeswoman declined comment.



Kevin Costner:
Steeling a beauty?



The Village Voice:
Bad-news Bear?

RUDY'S BIG HINT: Mayor **Rudy Giuliani** clearly isn't entirely oblivious to the competition. Why else would his Office of Management and Budget offer an early-retirement package to Manhattan borough president (and would-be Democratic challenger) **Ruth Messinger**? Messinger was informed that she is eligible for an annual pension of \$76,000 under the city's job-buyout program. "The only one facing early retirement is Rudy, not Ruth," she snaps.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Mark Jacobs.

A M E R I C A U N D E R C O V E R P R E S E N T S



SEX LOVE GREED MISCHIEF

IT'S AMAZING WHAT PEOPLE WILL CONFESS

TAXICAB CONFESSIONS 3

ALL NEW FARES! SAT., AUG. 10, 10:30 PM ET/PT

ONLY ON HBO

©1996 Home Box Office, a division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

<http://www.hbo.com>

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOTHAM



pla to his to use or discover oneself—Truman Capote

THE FRONT PAGE Another Hero

Every American is a savior or a villain, sometimes in the same day.

The biggest hero of the Atlanta Olympics is a man of modest height and stocky build, with no sport other than occasional pick-up basketball. He will get no medal and stand on no award platform. Had early Saturday morning been less eventful, there would have

been no reason for anyone to know his name. "But someone planted a bomb in Centennial Olympic Park.

"And it was Richard Jewell's fate to be the first one to find it."—*USA Today*, July 29.

Richard Jewell had a good run. Got a nice write-up in America's Newspaper. Got to go on CNN, the news network of the global village, and "thank the citizens of the world for continuing to come to all of the Games [in order] to show this person or persons that this type of activity will not be tolerated." Got a full-bore cooing from America's News Sweetheart.

KATIE COURIC: "A lot of people are calling you a hero. Do you feel like one?"

RICHARD JEWELL: "No, ma'am. I feel like I am a person that did the job that I was supposed to do. I was in the right place at the right time."

It doesn't get any better than that for Richard Jewell, and it didn't. By that afternoon, he had gone from being a Hero to being a "hero," and by the next morning he was on the front page of the *New York Post*, which is almost never a good thing:

SAINT OR SAVAGE?

"If my fifteen minutes of fame was finding this package and saving some lives, that'll be fine with me," Richard Jewell had told an interviewer earlier. What he had failed to recognize is that in America today, you get 30 minutes: fifteen up, fifteen more back down. The problem is, we have so many heroes these days, we have to keep top-

pling them off their pedestals to make room for the new batch.

This Olympics, in particular, was riddled with heroes ready-made for a good counterintuitive whupping: Janet Evans, the U.S. swimmer chosen to hand the Olympic torch to Muhammad Ali; Kerri Strug, the U.S. gymnast who vaulted on a twisted ankle and was awarded a gold medal and the *Post* headline SHE'S A TRUE (RED, WHITE AND) BLUE HERO; Carl Lewis, the U.S. track star who won his ninth gold medal and the *Times* headline LEWIS'S FACE BELONGS ON MT. OLYMPUS. But then, by the end of last week, the *Daily News* had dismissed Evans as a crybaby poor loser; termed Strug "just another in a long line of hormonally challenged, tumbling obsessed munchkins"; called Lewis a crybaby poor winner; and, for good measure, quoted Joe Frazier calling Ali un-American.

Jewell is a special case, of course. He may never have been a hero at all, but that other ever-ready archetype: a villain. As the *Post* put it, SHRINKS: HE COULD BE A LOSER WHO WANTS GLORY. Jewell, it now appeared, was an "inadequate human being" with an unhealthy longing for celebrity. Psychiatrists who had never met Jewell said he was obsessed with heroes, that he had something called a Hero Complex.

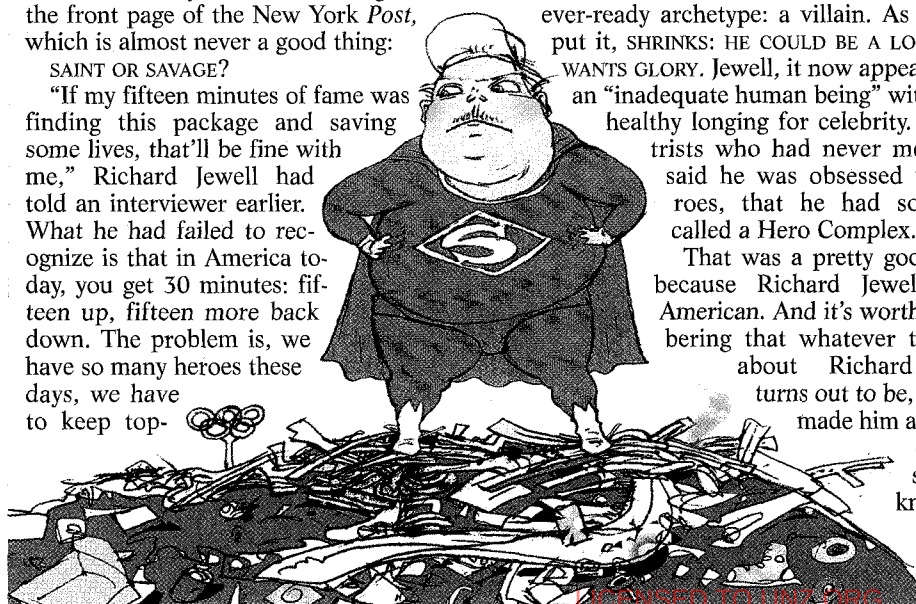
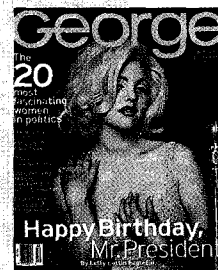
That was a pretty good guess, because Richard Jewell is an American. And it's worth remembering that whatever the truth about Richard Jewell turns out to be, America made him a hero because he spotted a knapsack.

OFF THE RECORD Last week, Governor Pataki signed a bill making it legal for New Yorkers to buy and carry the chemical-defense spray Mace. How soon will the crime rate drop? "By the time the first honest people learn how to use the stuff safely and effectively, twice as many muggers will have already figured out that it's a great weapon and will have used it to incapacitate their victims," a patrolman from the Midtown North precinct told *New York*.

JUMPING ON THE JITNEY "It's become the new thing. People don't go to the beach to collect beach glass; they go to find plane wreckage. It's kind of this creepy status thing—a body part being the biggest deal—for people who find stuff and who have the best story at the next cocktail party."—A weekend resident of Southampton, on how the crash of TWA Flight 800 has affected the social circuit

NEXT MONTH: CHRISTIAN SLATER AS LEE HARVEY OSWALD "If I don't find it tasteless, I don't know why anyone would."—John

Kennedy Jr., explaining his decision to put Drew Barrymore dressed as Marilyn Monroe on the cover of his magazine, *George*. "It's so inappropriate," a close Kennedy-family friend told *New York*. "It seems to be a parody on the gossip that centered on the president's [affair with Monroe] and his second-to-last birthday party, which is unavoidable, but not for the president's own son's magazine. George Washington is spinning in his grave."



Politics

BRIAN'S SONG OF HIMSELF

A FEW MONTHS AGO AT UNION BAR, BRIAN Steel was discussing his political plans with Christopher Cuomo, Mario's youngest son. A former Manhattan assistant district attorney, Steel was seeking advice on how he could unseat popular incumbent congressman Jerry Nadler in September's Democratic primary. As Steel complained that state Democrats were stacking the deck against his candidacy, a slightly uncomfortable Cuomo suggested that it might behoove Steel to take a few years to build some sort of grassroots support, perhaps by running for an office smaller than United States congressman.

"I'll never," Steel replied, "run for City Council or state senator."

Brian Steel is more than happy to elaborate: "A 30-year-old assemblyman or councilman isn't going to be able to change much. But as a 30-year-old congressman, people *have* to listen to you." And people will want to listen to him because, he's quick to point out, he's a leader. "I was captain of my [Riverdale Day] high-school baseball team," he notes, adding that experience is not the only mark of a real leader. "You know it in your heart."

Of course, Steel's chances of becoming a 30-year-old congressman aren't good—incumbent Democratic congressmen rarely lose in New York primaries, and Nadler smashed his 1994 opponent, the not unpopular Tom Duane, by a margin of 33 percent. (Also, Steel turns 31 this week.) But that hasn't stopped the half-Jewish, half-Irish candidate—whom the

PULSE

Movie Fiction vs. Corporate Fact

But when corporate culture robs the film business of its scandalous verve, truth may start to look less revealing than fiction.—from "Outlandish Hollywood Doings (Some Are Fiction)," Janet Maslin's review in last Tuesday's New York Times of the novel *I'm Losing You*, by Bruce Wagner, and *Hit and Run*, Nancy Griffin and Kim Masters's nonfiction account of Peter Guber and Jon Peters's reign at Sony

ViatiCorps helped the terminally ill cash in their life insurance, providing the option of "accelerated benefits." . . . "It's an inexact science," [the ViatiCorps representative told a potential buyer of an AIDS patient's policy]. "Let's say, for argument's sake, he lives a year instead of six months. You'd still be earning twenty-three percent on your money."—from *I'm Losing You*, by Bruce Wagner

A buyer might expect an annual return around 15 percent. But this, of course, depends on the patient's dying as expected. "That can turn into 7 percent very quickly," said Kenneth Klein, president of two New York companies that buy insurance policies, the American Life Resources Corporation and Living Benefits Inc. "A 12-month expectancy turning into 24 months does play havoc with your return."—

from AIDS DRUGS ALTER AN INDUSTRY'S MATH: RECALCULATING DEATH-BENEFIT DEALS, on the front page of the Times Business section last Tuesday

AIDS Drugs Alter An Industry's Math

Recalculating Death-Benefit Deals

By DAVID W. DUNLAP

Under life means a lower return.

ence are welcome and dignity is a must.

Of course, the personality Steel could really use to bring some luster to an event would be his most famous friend, John Kennedy Jr. The two met while working in the district attorney's office, and the *George* publisher recently gave Steel not only a \$1,000 donation but also the run of his Martha's Vineyard estate for a weekend strategy retreat. Kennedy has promised to attend various Steel fund-raisers, but has yet to actually show up, although Steel does have a big birthday party coming up. "I try not to use him, because he doesn't want to be used. It's up to him," Steel says with studied blitheness (though on a list of donors in the campaign office, Steel had intemperately scribbled the word "Useless" next to Kennedy's name).

Inside the confines of his fund-raisers, surrounded by his handsome family or posing with Baldwin for photographers, Steel is the friendly neighborhood boy made good. Outside, he's an aggressive, even nasty, opponent, variously describing the somewhat less glamorous Nadler as a "hack" and "not a leader." The first time he faced the incumbent, at a Park River Independent Democrats meeting in April, "I decided," Steel would later say, "to go for the jugular."

After apologizing to the group "for attacking and going after Jerry Nadler," Steel placed one hand into his pants pocket and smoothly slipped into his prosecutor's

SHOT



A protest at the U.N. against church burnings in the South, 5 p.m., Sunday, July 28, photographed by Michael Ackerman.

guise, calmly firing accusation after accusation at his opponent, who was sitting, uncomfortably, 30 feet away.

"Jerry Nadler only worked on the second terrorism bill [in Congress]," Steel told the gathering, "because he heard a tough-on-crime assistant district attorney named Brian Steel was running against him." Nadler let out a sarcastic snort, loud enough for the two dozen people in the audience to hear.

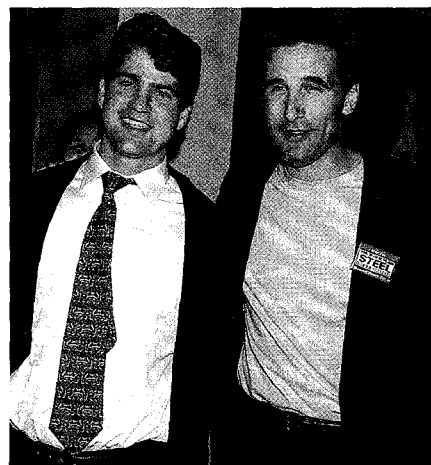
Steel charged the congressman with being "out of touch with New York Democrats." *Snort.*

"I'd go as far as to say that the old, reformist Jerry Nadler would vote for Brian Steel in 1996." *Snort; laugh.*

"I may be a kid," Steel concluded, practically beating his chest. "But this kid wants to lead you into the new millennium." *Snort.*

Snort though he will, Nadler seems to be taking the Steel threat seriously. A recent Nadler mailing focuses on crime and education—the exact issues that Steel has been hitting him with. And after Brooklyn D.A. Charles Hynes showed up at a recent Steel fund-raiser (his son Kevin is Steel's campaign manager), Nadler quickly phoned Hynes's office to make an appeal for his support (which was refused) and to express concern that one of his fund-raising consultants was working with Steel. Kevin Hynes told colleagues that Nadler also asked, "Can't you control your son?" The private maneuvering seems to suggest that Nadler hasn't completely written off Steel, who is described by a Nadler aide as suffering from "the disease of the idle rich—they think they can run for Congress."

The campaign rigors have taken their toll on Steel as well. Clintonesque in his love of chili burgers and French fries, the usually fit candidate has been too busy to keep up with his regular Spinning class at Equinox, and has gained ten pounds. The disappointments of the race—he's at least \$100,000 behind his fund-raising schedule and has received



Brian Steel and Billy Baldwin, May 1996.

ENTERTAINMENT

Go West, Armageddon

Back in the seventies and early eighties, almost every movie set in New York made the city out to be a Hobbesian nightmare on the Hudson. But over the past decade, moviemakers have gradually shifted their attention to another locus of urban angst and fear. With the release this week of *Escape From L.A.*, John Carpenter's sequel to his 1981 schlock classic *Escape From New York*, Los Angeles has firmly shoved New York City out of its long-uncontested slot as Hollywood's favorite scary city. "When the first movie was made, New York was thought of as a hopeless gridlock situation," Carpenter says. "In the nineties, [L.A. has] had a series of catastrophes that have reminded us that we are near the apocalypse." Actually, he's hardly the first to drop stickups for drive-bys.



New York, 1976.

Los Angeles, 1993.

MATT HABER

NEW YORK

Hi, Mom! (1970) Brian DePalma's story of an amateur filmmaker who enters the sleazy Manhattan porno world.

Klute (1971) Cop aids Manhattan prostitute stalked by a killer.

Soylent Green (1973) New York, 2022, suffers from overcrowding, mass starvation, pollution, and violence. Charlton Heston plays an ex-cop who must solve the murder of a corrupt businessman.

Death Wish (1974) Charles Bronson becomes a vigilante after his wife and daughter are brutally attacked.

Taxi Driver (1976) A lonely ex-Marine snaps and becomes a vigilante in the filthy multiethnic streets of New York. In the bloodbath that ensues, he is perceived as a hero.

The Taking of Pelham 1,2,3 (1974) A group of unidentified gunmen take a New York City subway car hostage and demand \$1 million for the lives of the hostages.

The Warriors (1979) "These are the armies of the night. . . . They could run New York City."—promotional blurb

Manhattan (1979) TV writer yearns to be taken seriously while hanging out with self-absorbed media professionals.

LOS ANGELES

Body Double (1984) Brian DePalma's story of an unemployed actor who enters the sleazy Los Angeles porno world.

Angel (1984) Cop aids Los Angeles prostitute stalked by a killer.

Strange Days (1995) L.A., 1999, suffers from overcrowding, pollution, and violence. Ralph Fiennes plays an ex-cop who must solve the murder of a prostitute by a corrupt businessman.

Death Wish IV (1987) Relocated to Los Angeles, Bronson takes on the city's powerful drug cartel.

Falling Down (1993) A divorced ex-military-defense contractor snaps, becoming a vigilante in the filthy multiethnic streets of Los Angeles. The character is amazed that he is considered the villain.

Speed (1994) An unidentified explosives expert takes a Los Angeles bus hostage and demands \$3.7 million for the lives of the hostages.

Boyz n the Hood (1991); **South Central** (1992); **Menace II Society** (1993) Stories about Los Angeles's armies of the night.

L.A. Story (1991) Weatherman yearns for meaning while hanging out with self-absorbed show-business professionals.

Nuthin' but a G Thang

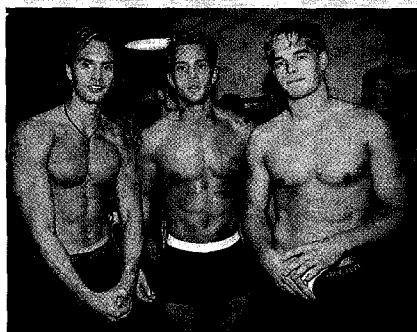
Backstage at the Gallery for an underwear fashion show by Structure

By Ariel Kaminer

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

BENEATH THE DESIGN INNOVATIONS OF STRUCTURE UNDERWEAR FOR MEN LIES something more, something subtle—almost like a philosophy. As fashion director Jamie McFate explains: "There are stigmatizations about all sorts of things, whether it's sexuality or whatever. But real guys are realizing it's okay to be sexy."

A backstage assistant cuts in. "Cedric wants to know about these," she says, holding up a tiny peach-colored thong that some of the models are wearing under their designer trunks in order to achieve that Ken-doll smoothness.



"It's up to the model," McFate says. "But natural is preferred—because that's what this is all about." The assistant nods and leaves. "To G or not to G," McFate sighs. "That's the big question."

Surveying the scene like a general at a battlefield, Audrey Smaltz, the backstage manager, is less concerned with the models' modesty than with her mandate. "We've got to make sure every model has got the right outfit at the right time and stands in the right order on the right line," she says. "And that's not easy with this crowd. Look around: These guys all look the same. And when they're down to their underwear?" As she speaks, she twists a thong-back brief around her little finger. "You know we're not looking at their faces."

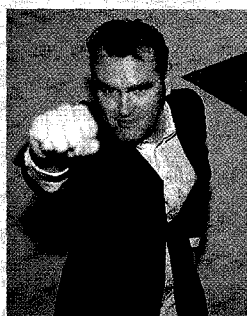
"Hey, that's a very personal little item there," one of the faces protests, sheepishly removing the garment from her hands.

Outside, the crowd is hooting and stomping, displaying none of the prac-

ticed ennui of most runway audiences. "I thought, wow, they must really like the outfit," says David Fumero. "Then I remembered we weren't really wearing much of an outfit."

As Andre takes his place on line, a woman from Structure detects the faint trace of a thong underneath his white pajama bottoms, and sternly instructs him to lose it.

"That's two of those I got off today," she says victoriously. "After three, maybe I get pregnant."



Top, Marcus Schenkenberg, David Fumero, and Joel West at the 7th on Sixth Gallery for Structure's underwear fashion show. Above, Leonora Scelfo, writer Skeet Ulrich, Bridget Fonda, and novelist Oscar Hijuelos at Morgans Bar for Paul Schrader's fiftieth birthday party. Above right, Morrissey at the announcement of his signing with Mercury Records. Above, far right, Rhea Perlman at Osteria Del Circo for a party celebrating the premiere of Jersey Films' *Matilda*. Right, Donna Karan and Joseph Abboud at Saks Fifth Avenue for "A Salute to New York Men of Style and Substance," co-sponsored by CFDA and presented by Esquire.

few endorsements of importance—have made him "less idealistic. I was naïve. I thought I'd come in and sweep everyone off their feet because I'm a good speaker and kind of charming. I thought I'd campaign five days a week and go off on the weekends to the Hamptons."

DANIEL GREEN

City RIBBON CUTTING

IT WAS A BRILLIANT SATURDAY MORNING AT the South Street Seaport. Mayor Giuliani, looking relaxed in a navy-blue polo shirt and blazer, was about to perform one of his first pleasant official tasks since the crash of TWA Flight 800: To help launch the New York *Yankee Clipper*, a new ferry that will operate between Pier 17 and Yankee Stadium.

But first, the mayor called for a moment of silence for the people injured and killed by a pipe bomb in Atlanta just hours before. "Life is filled with days of difficult things to do and joyous things to do," he said. "This is a day for both."

The mayor then called the *Yankee Clipper* "an easy and fun way to get to the games" and took questions.

How is New York protected from an attack similar to the one in Atlanta?

"Every place is vulnerable to either a terrorist or a person who is insane," the mayor responded, "but the fact is, it is as safe as an urban city can be."

Have steps been taken to protect the ferry?

"The best way to respond is to be a little more careful today," the mayor said. Precautions had been taken to secure the ferry, he said, but "what those steps are I can't say."

How is New York safer?

"New York is a safe city—a city where crime has been reduced."

Why should people use the ferry?

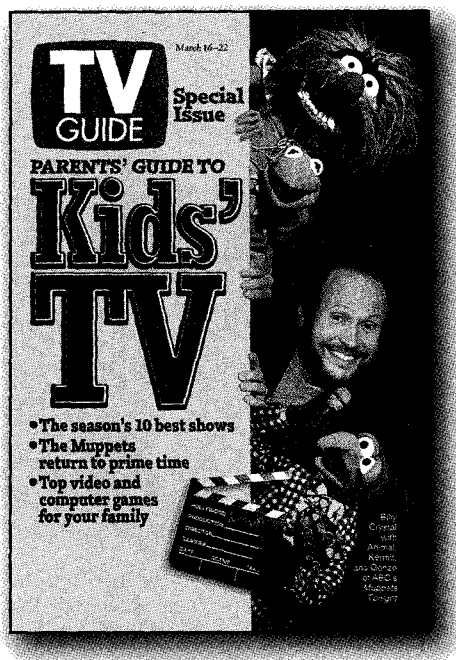
"It will allow New Yorkers to see the best team in baseball and the best skyline in the world."

The mayor grabbed a Yankees hat from a nearby aide and, along with the comedian Jackie Mason and Department of Transportation commissioner Christopher R. Lynn, climbed aboard the *Clipper*. As the ferryboat cruised up the Hudson, Mason talked up his new one-man show, *Love Thy Neighbor*, and Giuliani chatted with passengers, signing one fan's baseball. The air smelled good; it was starting to get hot.

Near the end of the trip, the *Clipper* was passing under the Triborough Bridge. A two-inch rivet apparently came loose from the bridge, and hit the deck with a loud crack. People ducked, gasped. The security system sprung into action; several of Giuliani's men rushed toward the noise.

ONDINE COHANE

Get inside what 16 million families value



Fall 1996 Parents' Guide

Issue Date October 26

Space Close September 24

Spring 1997 Parents' Guide

Issue Date March 15

Space Close February 11

Twice a year, nearly 16 million parents turn to TV Guide's Parents' Guide to Kids' TV for the most reliable look at children's programming. They depend on TV Guide's expert editors for the lowdown on hot series and cool specials, plus the latest video releases, for children of all ages. Call Project Manager Karen Horn at (610) 293-8981 for details.



Get Inside. TV Guide.™

The Olympic Pipe Dream

Some say hosting the games in 2008 would be a gold mine. Perhaps. But do we really want a New York cluttered with boondoggles and papered with corporate logos?

KNOW, I KNOW: YOU'RE OLYMPIC'D OUT. I AM, TOO. WELL, actually, I'm Atlanta'd out, and Coca-Cola'd out, and Nike'd-and-Reebok'd-and-Budweiser'd out. But give me three minutes. This is important.

Dan Doctoroff, a partner of zillionaire Robert Bass, was sitting in the Meadowlands at the 1994 World Cup soccer tournament, watching Italy play Bulgaria. The buzz, he recalls, was "absolutely electric. . . . I thought to myself," he continues, "you could substitute, in the New York area, any two countries in the world and the effect would be the same."

Well, not really. I daresay you could substitute Lesotho and Andorra, or probably three quarters of the world's nations, and the effect would be nowhere near the same. But be that as it may, Doctoroff got an idea. And, being blessed with both initiative and access, he was able to transform his idle notion into something the city fathers are now taking very, very seriously: Why not bring the Olympics to New York?

He commenced his research, of which he's done an impressive amount, and last December approached Robert Kiley, the head of the New York City Partnership and Chamber of Commerce. In April, he made a presentation to the partnership's executive committee. The ex-commers were skeptical going in but were completely bowled over.

So here we are. A feasibility study will begin in September, to be completed by next June. You don't need me to tell you that the study will scream "Bonanza!" from the rooftops; thus will New York City compete with cities like Houston and Cincinnati to host the Summer Games of 2008.

Do we need this? Do we *want* this? It's the duty of organizations like the partnership to promote such escapades. The newspapers will do the requisite cheerleading, and Doctoroff, understandably, is excited. But isn't this kind of a loopy idea?

I've conducted an informal canvass of about 30 friends and colleagues. Supporters of bringing the Olympics to New York numbered exactly two. Some of the reactions were admittedly anti-civic—the hassle, the million-plus visitors who'd descend, the fact that you can't get across town in a cab under what we've come to accept as normal conditions, the irrefutable evidence of New Yorkers' admirable distaste for such massive invasions. Some concerns were raised about po-

tential bombings and the like, and it is true that New York is a sitting duck as it is, let alone under Olympic conditions.

But the main point of protest goes deeper. Doctoroff challenged me in our conversations to make arguments against his position from a fiscal standpoint, and I confess I came up short, responding only with my vague but unshakable suspicion that such events in New York will inevitably serve to line a few of the usual pockets, and not much else.

No, the chief argument against bringing the Olympics to New York is not financial. It is, if you will, spiritual. We're just about the only city in the United States whose commercial centers have not been converted into plastic imitations of their earlier, organic selves. Atlanta, of course, is the ultimate sanitized simulacrum of its earlier self, and if you've visited both the original Underground and its successor, you know just what I mean. It's not an accident that the first of those

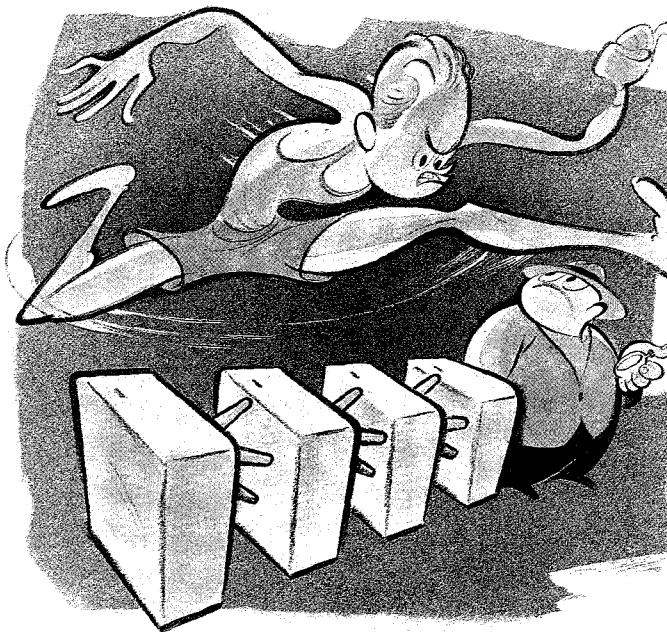
faux-atrium Marriotts was built in Atlanta (Atlanta's gift to New York: the Marriott Marquis).

Which is why Atlanta and the Olympics were a perfect fit. The Olympics have become the world's largest ersatz event. Don't get me wrong: I like the Games themselves. But the event is all hype and fakery, from the ludicrous fees paid for television rights on down to the "park" Atlanta built so Coca-Cola and other huge sponsors could take business away from local merchants. (I tried to count this park's trees in those post-bombing aerial shots. I found eight.)

Would the pleasure of watching the events make up for what could happen to

New York? Someone—perhaps someone who pays dues to the New York City Partnership and Chamber of Commerce—would probably want to build a mall in midtown to make visitors feel more at home. Donald Trump would launch some further assault against taste. Needless to say, George Steinbrenner, who has crowed about the potential benefits of a New York Olympics—and if that doesn't raise red flags, what does?—would get his West Side stadium. And in the interests of safety and pedestrian-traffic flow, it would likely be determined that our public spaces, designed, after all, in the previous, low-tech century, needed "updating." Welcome to "Olde Towne Central Park."

Doctoroff is somewhat more persuasive on the numbers. Los Angeles, he says, made \$222 million on the 1984 Sum-



mer Games. Atlanta will probably top out at twice that, and in the bargain it got a free stadium, new dormitories for Georgia Tech, and new swimming and rowing facilities.

Of course, one can ask whether these are the kinds of facilities our ailing city should number as top priorities right now. Typically, facilities are paid for through television and sponsorship fees and ticket sales. But the cities have to pay for infrastructural improvements made in preparation for the hordes.

This *could* be a good thing. There's no doubt that the prospect of hosting an Olympics, and the firm deadline it sets, would move repaving projects along more quickly. They might finally finish that Second Avenue subway tunnel, which has existed in blueprint form for 30 years. And it would be great if they actually had the courage to put something in a poorer neighborhood, so people there could use it afterward.

If the city stuck to improvements like these, and actually accomplished them, the Games might be worth it. On the other hand, consider the case of the Goodwill Games. New York, it seems to have been completely forgotten, is in fact hosting the Goodwill Games in 1998.

But Matt Scheckner, the entrepreneur who put that bid together, says the city was laggard in its enthusiasm for those games. The symbol for him is the Kissena Park velodrome, built for the American sprint-cycling trials for the 1964 Olympics and since consigned to weed-infested desuetude. By Olympian standards, Scheckner says, restoring a velodrome is "akin to paving a driveway"—he asked for a meager \$1.5 million. But the city never rebuilt it.

Mayor Giuliani, of course, is gung ho, as any mayor would be. What about the people? My little substratum of blasé Manhattanites aside, 75 percent of respondents to a Quinnipiac College poll said they'd favor a New York Olympics, although support sank to 44 percent when they were asked whether they'd support building a West Side stadium to attract the Olympics; New Yorkers can smell a fix a mile away.

Atlanta, so insecure about itself, needed the world's validation (which it didn't really get, in the end) and was willing to put up with the fixes. New York, which neither needs nor seeks such validation, will hold its organizers to much higher standards. And then scurry out to the Hamptons and down the Jersey shore when the dreaded two weeks arrive.

Lyme disease? ankylosing spondylitis? scleroderma? gout? systemic lupus erythematosus?

osteoarthritis? fibromyalgia? rheumatoid arthritis?

“YOU HAVE ARTHRITIS” IS NOT A DIAGNOSIS

You've been told you have arthritis. But do you know what type of arthritis?

There are more than 100 arthritis-related diseases. A doctor usually can tell you what type of arthritis you have based on your symptoms and a physical exam.

Each type of arthritis requires a specific treatment program. If not treated properly, any type of arthritis can cause increased pain and limit your activities.

Ask your doctor what type of arthritis you have or contact your local Arthritis Foundation chapter for a list of arthritis specialists. To find the chapter nearest you, call toll free 1-800-283-7800.



©1994 by the Arthritis Foundation

osteoarthritis? fibromyalgia? rheumatoid arthritis?

Lyme disease? ankylosing spondylitis? scleroderma? gout? systemic lupus erythematosus?

Prada • Gucci • Chanel • Hermes • Matsuda • Polo

Designer Resale Clothing

TRANSFER

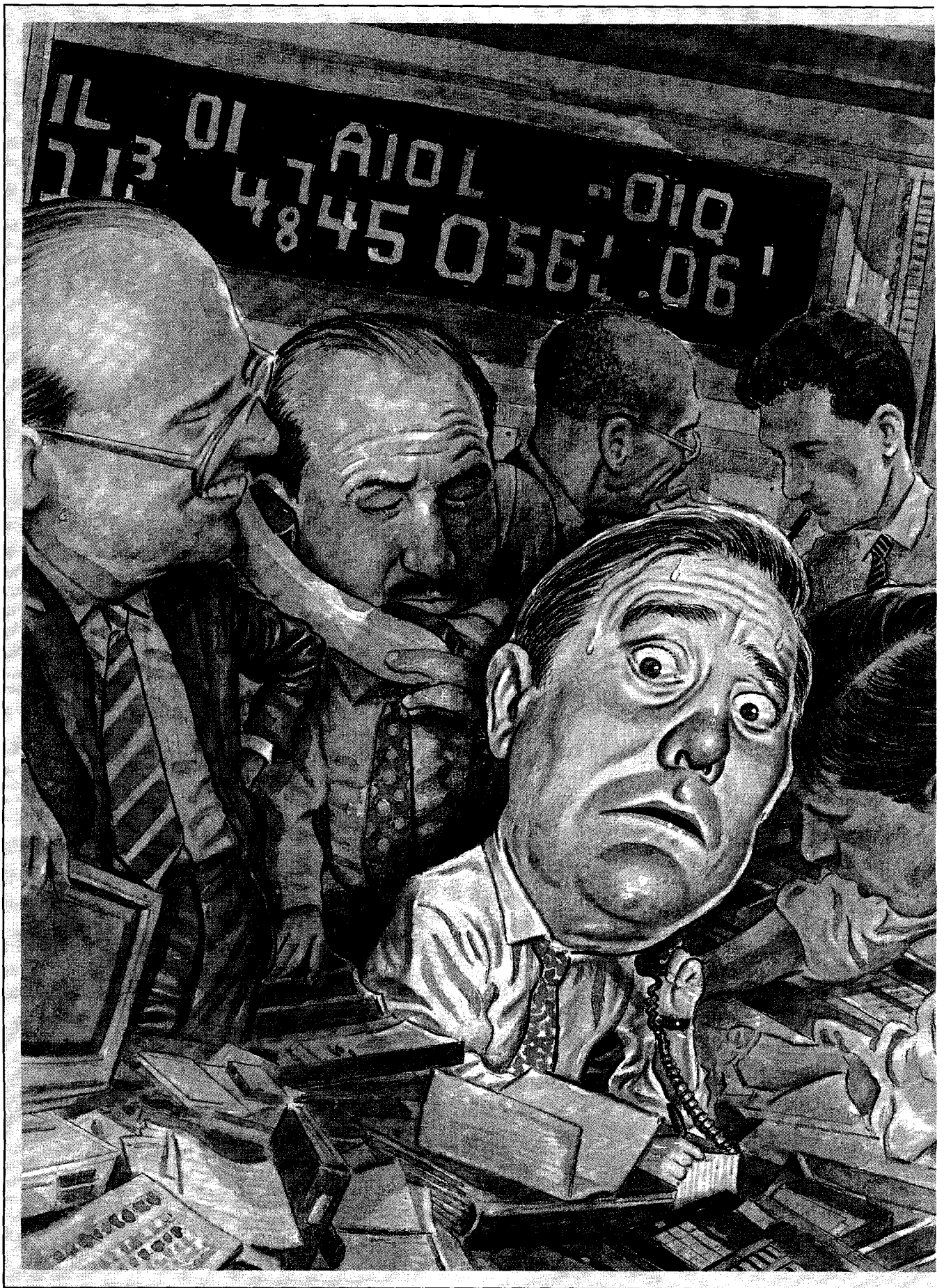
**CLOSING THIS LOCATION
UP TO 80% OFF**

220 E 60TH ST. (2ND & 3RD AVES) • TEL. 355-4230
MONDAY - SATURDAY 12:30-8:30 • SUNDAY 1:30-6:30

Comme des Garçon • Giorgio Armani • Versace

Gaultier • Romeo Gigli

Dolce e Gabbana • Montana



DID SOMEBODY SAY

CRASH?

It could amount to nothing, but that old summer-of-'87 feeling just won't go away. Remember what happened next? How to cope with those just-maybe blues. By James J. Cramer

ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, THE stock market doesn't seem so much fun anymore. Individual stock pickers are fretting about whether to start selling, or vowing to give up looking at the stock pages altogether. Mutual-fund players feel similarly aggrieved. The pundits are even more all-over-the-map than usual.

Doesn't anybody have it right? I wish I had the easy answers. I would like nothing more than to declare that the correction is over and it's time to get back to minting money. After all, we did have a pretty horrible decline: 10 percent from peak to trough for the Dow Jones Industrial Average, 17 percent in the more speculative over-the-counter market. Many stocks are down far more

than those averages indicate. The other day when I told my wife, a retired Hall of Fame trader, that I was building cash to prepare for the potential of a crash, she said, "Crash? What do you think we just *had*? It's a little late for that."

And given last week's buoyant market, maybe she's right. But something very basic keeps me from calling the bottom. Part of my trepidation comes from a desire to avoid being tagged as the Amity mayor, telling people it's safe to get back in the water because we caught the twenty-footer. I'm also not willing to go out on a limb without knowing the Federal Reserve Board's near-term verdict on the economy. The Fed could tighten the money supply any day now, sending interest rates up and the stock market down.

But most of all, it's instinct. It doesn't *feel* right. Things

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

FOR NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are too quiet. During a real "bottom," traders would be feeling more pain and desperation. That makes me think we aren't there yet. I wish I could make a tight analytical case for why the market is too dangerous right now. I can't, which keeps me from yelling "Fire!" Taken as a whole, the stock market on a purely fundamental basis is not wildly overpriced except in some sectors, among certain small-cap stocks and momentum names.

Still, I'm lightening up on practically all my positions, limiting most of my buying to a small group of high-technology stocks. Yes, they've been in the heart of the danger zone, but many of them are also beaten down and inexpensive by now. Moreover, as I've written many times, American high technology is still the future. (More of that later.) Meanwhile, I'm also looking at some cheaper aerospace and defense stocks, like Lockheed Martin and Boeing. I'm hanging on to one growth-stock favorite, Philip Morris, which I've mentioned here before. But mostly, I'm on the sidelines. Even if I can't lay out a cogent argument for why, that's okay in this business, because I know that the market is at its core an irrational instrument, steeped in viscera and mass psychology. Ultimately, what keeps me from believing the market is safe is sheer fright. The fright I felt a few weeks back when Microsoft, after its best quarter ever, dived seven points before bottoming out—and then only because of the closing bell. The shiver in my spine when the market dropped 52 points in the time it took me to go downstairs and get a prescription filled at Duane Reade (no, it wasn't for Thorazine). The panic that hits when brokers call looking for buyers at any price for shares you paid 50 or 60 percent more for just a few days earlier.

We are, predictably, hearing reassuring noises now. I bet your broker is saying the worst is over. Those kindly salespeople at your mutual fund are doing their sympathetic best to point out that nobody's panicking, only a few have jumped ship, and their places have been taken eagerly by other more "sophisticated," longer-term investors.

But I'm worried. And if I'm worried, you should be, too. For one thing, when it comes to the stock market, I am a relentless optimist. I've been Mr. Buy-on-Dips, gobbling up suddenly cheaper stocks every time there's been a correction, since Dow 1,000, which dates me plenty. Unlike a lot of the bears currently being quoted in the press, I caught the last 4,500 points. I didn't blink back then. But this time, I'm not buying.

I've felt like this only one other time in my career. It was the summer of '87. Then, too, my credo had been to buy whenever there was a sell off, treat it like a one-day sale. But I vividly recall checking in from Southampton—like every other young person in my business in that last true eighties summer—and hearing that Merck was down twelve but had rallied back five points. Or that Dillard Department Stores, my biggest position at the time, had dropped four points be-

tween the time I left my beach house in the morning and when I came back for lunch. The strange lurching up and down—but mostly down—after years of just the opposite. Unheard-of declines, crazy volatility, bizarre price drops for no reason. Eerie, creepy stuff.

And, of course, this turned out to foreshadow what was to come that October, when the market crashed 22.6 percent on one terrible Monday. The fear I had that summer, the sweat pouring from my brow as I checked quotes, turned out to be justified. It *was* time to freak, and I did. I got out and stayed out till after the crash. My company survived.

That's the way I feel now. Lots of younger guys tell me everything's fine. The selling episode we went through cleaned out the mindless speculators. The earnings weren't as bad as we thought they might be. The market's not that expensive. The mutual-fund trampoline is back in place. Just load up on the same old names and let's rack 'em.

My brain also tries to reassure me: This isn't 1987. Prices aren't as out of control as they were then. The dollar is strong, not weak. Inflation is low, not high. But my gut tells me that the level of confidence among investors is perversely still much too high for the market's good.

A few months back, at a party given by my research director, a young doctor and a lawyer were bragging to me about how much money they had made in the market. The usual high-flying darling of a stock, Iomega, played a role, as well as a host of other more speculative names. I didn't scoff. I just pointed out the perils. They laughed. They laughed at me, and I was so steamed I felt like Carrie at the prom, drenched in blood and trying not to set the room on fire. They said maybe I should hang it up, maybe I was too conservative, too gun-shy to see the greatness of their investing philosophy (which consisted of buying high, then buying higher). I was flabbergasted. Neither of these two guys could balance a checkbook, never mind read a balance sheet. I don't know where they were when I had my first mega-loss in the market, American Agromonics, a Florida orange grower virtually wiped out by a couple of frosts. Maybe they heard about the '87 crash from their parents, like some boring Depression story.

Now they were making fortunes in the market and urging me to climb onboard.

Finally, exasperated, I pleaded with them. I said, *Forget the fact that I have a good record trading bad markets, that I've been doing this full-time, eighteen hours a day, for years. That I live and breathe the stock market. That I know the ten-year trading histories of practically every stock in the S&P 500. Just please, please promise me that you'll sell some of your Iomega. That you'll take something off the table.* They glared at me as if I were some wizened prophet of doom, and I slunk away. I could almost hear them saying, *Not on your life, pal. Not a chance.*

Iomega was at 55. Now it's under 20. They haven't sold a share. They're sticking with it.

It's that last fact that scares me. If there were ever a time to panic, it's while Iomega still has enough points left to buy something with the proceeds. At one time it was probably a Porsche. The way they're going, they might wind up with a Matchbox car.

But professionals and amateurs alike are holding tight. They aren't capitulating. They are denying that this summer's

**UNHEARD-OF
DECLINES,
CRAZY VOLATILITY,
BIZARRE
PRICE DROPS
FOR NO REASON.
EERIE STUFF.
CREEPY STUFF.**

James J. Cramer is a professional money manager who may have open positions and may trade in the stocks he writes about. He owns a substantial number of shares of the following companies mentioned in this article: Intel, Microsoft, Cisco Systems, IBM, Digital Equipment, Lockheed Martin, and Philip Morris. He holds a substantial short position in Motorola. You may e-mail him at jjcramerco@aol.com.

volatility is a precursor to something uglier, more dangerous. They are hoping, waiting to get back to where they were just a few months ago. Last month, when the TWA jet blew up and the Olympic bomb went off, investors rushed in to buy hyperspeculative bomb-detection stocks, even though these companies had little earnings. New diet drugs and other fads are still sparking buying sprees. It's business as usual, and it's a bad sign.

I'm not saying that come October, we'll crash. Some stocks have gone down so much already that a crash would be moot. And that's where I see some opportunity. Certain already-battered technology stocks look very inexpensive right now, stocks in companies with great fundamental values.

The greatest of these is Intel, which actually took its lumps not during the recent high-tech bloodbath but over the two previous years. And though it has had a good 1996, it's still cheap. Its story helps explain why technology stocks have been so roiled in the past couple of months.

Intel, which makes microprocessors for personal computers, looked on the ropes two years ago. A rival chip-maker, Advanced Micro Devices, had effectively beaten it in a big copy-right war, winning the right to market a line of next-generation chips and lining up a host of personal-computer companies to use them. Start-up Cyrix had a better, faster chip that was the buzz of the PC-magazine circuit. Motorola, then the water-walker of tech, had committed itself to displacing Intel with its faster, sleeker Power PC chip. IBM and Compaq, two of Intel's largest customers, were eager to defect to Motorola and AMD, respectively. Even Intel itself was telling anybody who would listen that it wouldn't deliver on the fantastic expectations Wall Street had for it. In fact, Intel more or less declared war on the Street, stating unequivocally that it would sacrifice gross margins—in other words, deliver poor short-term results—in order to build a future where the personal computer with Intel Inside would be the appliance of choice.

I don't think I will ever forget a conversation I had with a top Intel official at the opening of Intel's grand manufacturing plant in Ireland two years ago. "Frankly," he said, "we don't care how the Street thinks we'll do this quarter."

Oh, God, I thought to myself. I'm a big holder of Intel, and I'm a dead man. Nobody on Wall Street is willing to think past the next quarter. This stock is gonna get annihilated.

Well, I was right—short-term. Intel's stock did nothing but go down as it repeatedly disappointed Wall Street with results that weren't prettied up to beat the numbers, weren't engineered to please those of us bent on seeing "rising gross margins," the sacred mantra of the mutual funds. Not only did it go down, but it went down during perhaps the greatest semiconductor rally in history, a rally that encompassed virtually every schlocky company connected with high technology.

But now I scan the technology charts, and all of Intel's semiconductor brethren have imploded. Some of these stocks are down 40 percent, 60 percent, even 70 percent. Others drift quietly lower every day, no matter what the Dow does. If they were horses, we'd shoot them.

And then there's Intel. In a year when technology investors can't wear neckties and belts and must bar any windows above the first floor, Intel is the suicide-prevention stalwart of equities, up nearly 30 percent since January 1. And it's probably not stopping here.

How did Intel do it? The company's management, which is about the best in any industry, decided to up the ante against its predators. It simultaneously cut its own profit margins and spent billions upon billions building new plants and equipment. In short, Intel went from being a terrific tech company to being, quite simply, the greatest manufacturer of any product on earth, the envy of Japan, Korea, even Singapore.

This strategy yielded two results, one short-term and one long-term. By keeping prices low for chips, it stimulated personal-computer demand worldwide beyond anybody's imagination. And it forced its competitors to set their own prices so low that they couldn't reinvest and beat Intel at its own manufacturing game.

Two years after Intel put this strategy in place, AMD, after it won the right to build knockoffs of Intel's next-generation chips, doesn't have the money it needs to make the factories that could produce those chips. Neither does Cyrix. Both may need cash infusions just to stay in the game. Motorola? It has already said it is cutting back on its capital spending because it realizes it can't compete with Intel's latest microchips. Here's a prediction: Motorola will be mothballing chip plants soon, as nobody to speak of other than Apple (continued on page 57)

HIGH TECHNOLOGY, LOW ANXIETY

Battered and bruised—hence, cheap: Five tech stocks that look surprisingly like safe harbors

intel

INTEL CORP. Probably high tech's savviest company, it has demolished its competitors. Not down this year, but didn't appreciate in last year's crazy chip rally and is still cheap relative to its prospects.

CISCO SYSTEMS

CISCO SYSTEMS, INC. Not inexpensive à la Intel, but historically, this stock trades at much higher multiples of earnings than it does right now. Company is No. 1 in networking and intends to dominate in all phases of computer communications. One year behind Intel on the sector-dominance curve.

Microsoft

MICROSOFT CORP. Despite an unbelievably good quarter, which included far fewer of the usual small-print caveats and worries, the stock tanked. Now coming back, but still not trading at an outrageous multiple for a company that intends to rule the software-entertainment world by the end of the decade.

IBM

IBM. Panned earlier by me, but now it looks like management has finally figured out how to make personal computers profitably. Company is taking no prisoners. Look for more stock buybacks and dividend enhancement. The cheapest of all tech stocks.

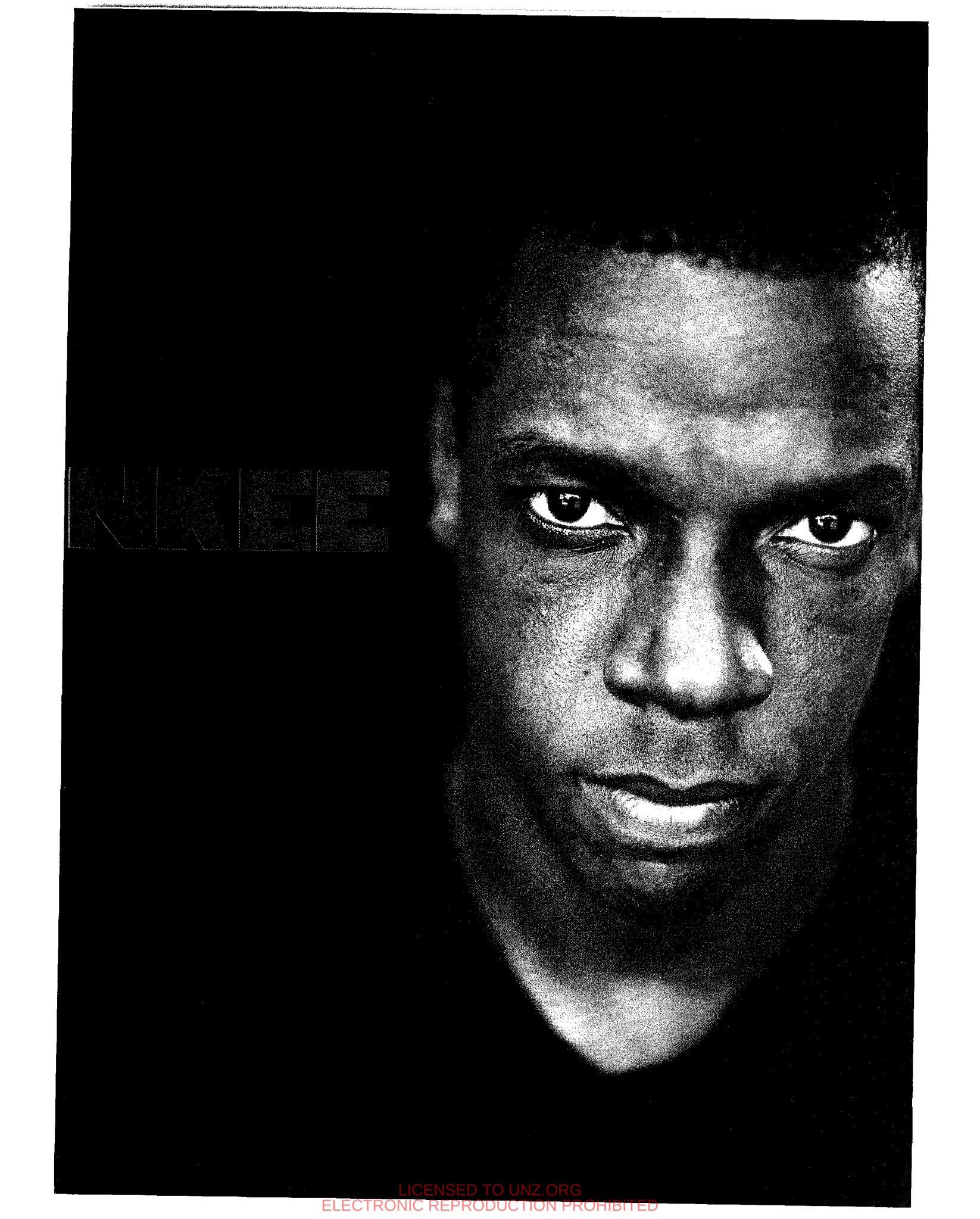
digital

DIGITAL EQUIPMENT CORP. Company's stock price has been cut in half this year because of its disappointing personal-computers division. Management bade adieu to the guy in charge; may exit the PC business and stick to their client-server knitting. In the meantime, DEC is buying back 10 million shares. Too cheap to ignore.

UNDAMNED Y

**George Steinbrenner
took a chance on
Dwight Gooden. Now
Gooden has helped
make the Bombers
one of the top teams
in baseball. A love
story in 12 steps.
By Craig Horowitz**

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY/EDGE FOR *NEW YORK*



NIKE

YANKEE MANAGER JOE TORRE SAT ON THE BENCH IN THE SPARTAN VISITORS' DUGOUT AT Fenway Park, crossed his legs, stuck his right hand deep into the waistband of his uniform pants, and stared somewhat quizzically at the seventeen reporters huddled around him. It was the usual pregame Q&A, but on this dreary, gray July night—the air heavy with the threat of rain, the Green Monster looking smaller and less menacing in the cottony light—the questions took on a slightly different cast. Instead of focusing on who was getting how much playing time and which pitchers would be used when, the reporters were starting to ask big questions. *Joe, are the Yankees arrogant? Are they beginning to take some teams*

for granted? With the way things have gone, do you kinda feel like any lineup move you make at this point is gonna work? Joe, you hit .363 one year with St. Louis and led the league in batting. Which is more fun, this season or that one?

The tenor of the questions was not hard to understand. The Yankees had rolled into Boston fresh from a four-game sweep of the Orioles in Baltimore and everyone was talking about New York's momentum. Not only had they increased their first-place lead over the Orioles to an almost insurmountable ten games, but they had humiliated Baltimore as well. If the Orioles looked more than a little flat, perhaps it was in part because Camden Yards—the beloved park that's sold out for every game this season—seemed to be filled mostly with noisy Yankee supporters. Oriole management was so upset by this development that it later issued a rather strange public plea to season-ticket holders: In the future, please don't sell your seats to Yankee supporters. The line going around for several days was, *Why wouldn't lots of New Yorkers go to games in Baltimore? After all, it's a lot easier to get to Camden Yards than Yankee Stadium.*

The Yankees arrived in Red Sox territory on a Sunday night with the best record in baseball—and their biggest first-place lead in late July since 1958—and on Monday morning, they were greeted by a thunderous back-page tabloid headline in the Boston *Herald* that read, DAMN YANKEES: ARROGANT NEW YORKERS STRUT INTO FENWAY. And so it was that two hours before the first pitch, Torre was pondering the big-picture questions about his team's attitude and its remarkable success. Though gracious and skillful in handling the questions—this year, he concluded, *was* more fun than that big year in St. Louis—the 56-year-old Torre at one point lifted his cap and literally scratched the top of his head. The Yankees' success had finally left him—as it long ago had left everyone else—dumbfounded.

How could the Yankees be so far out in front with three of their five starting pitchers—Jimmy Key, David Cone, and Melido Perez—injured for all or most of the season? And what about losing the legendary Don Mattingly to retirement? Not to mention letting Mike Stanley sign as a free agent with Boston. In fact, even hiring the Brooklyn-born Torre looked like a hack move when it was made in the off-season.

It has without a doubt been a strange year in the Bronx, a year in which the team's success has been only one of the surprises. Forget the Bronx Zoo. The clubhouse this season is a tranquil, almost boringly harmonious place. Arrogant? Strutting? Not these guys. Even Darryl Strawberry, whose mere presence adds a little edge, has kept his head down and talked only in perfectly cadenced clichés about contributing to the team in any way he can. The story line is so different this year that even the mercurial, often oafish George Steinbrenner has at least temporarily decided that discretion is the better part of hype.

But in this most improbable of Yankee seasons, a season in which young no-names and career journeymen like Andy Fox,

Matt Howard, Mike Aldrete, and Mark Hutton have made notable contributions, the most improbable story of all is Dwight Gooden. Suspended, washed up, and pretty much left for dead, "Doc" spent last season coaching the North Seminole Marlins, his son's Little League team in Tampa.

All that talent, all that promise, all that goodwill generated by his sweet, youthful smile swept away by uncontrollable urges for alcohol and cocaine. For eighteen months, he was forced to sit on the sidelines at home in Florida, and his career clearly looked as if it were over. Even when the suspension was lifted last fall, what club would take a chance on a 31-year-old pitcher whose appetite for self-destruction was boundless? Over and over again, Gooden had failed drug tests, violating his after-care program from a previous suspension.

And after more than a decade of throwing 95-mile-an-hour fastballs and sharp breaking balls, there wasn't likely to be much left in his arm. In 1994 with the Mets, the last time he had pitched in the majors, he had won only three games and lost four, and his earned run average was a woeful 6.31. "I honestly didn't know if I'd ever get the opportunity to wear a big-league uniform again," Gooden says of his suspension.

How quickly fortunes can change. Now Gooden finds himself back in New York, playing a key role on a team with legitimate visions of a championship. With his 10-5 record so far this season—between May 8 and July 23, he won nine of ten—he has surprised almost

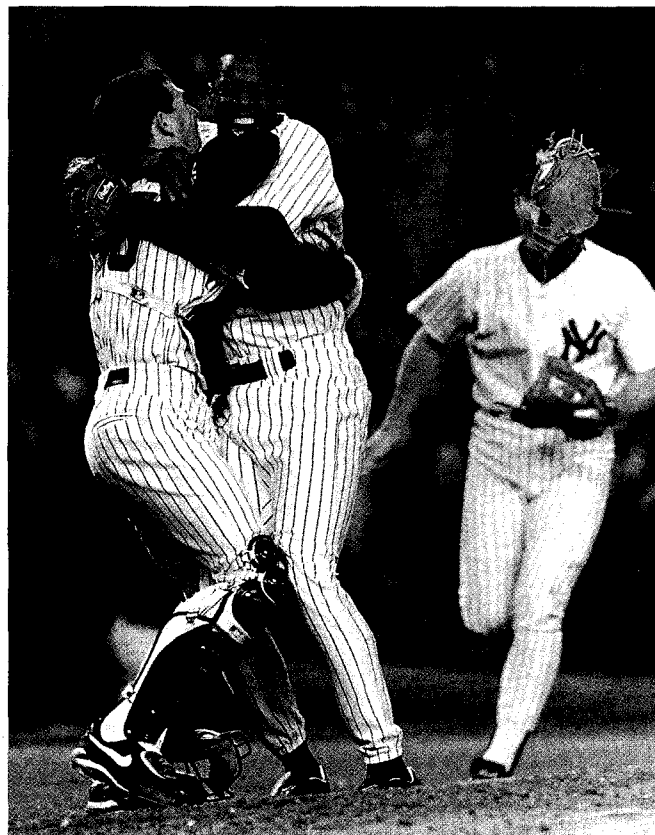
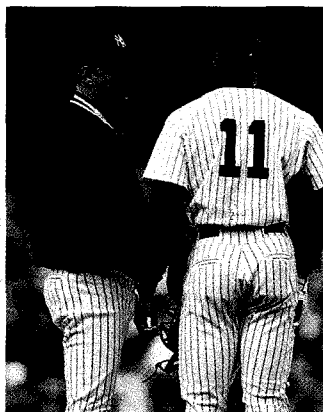
everyone and bolstered the Yankees' wounded pitching staff. And there was, of course, that amazing night in May, that cool, dreamlike evening when Gooden threw 134 pitches to no-hit the formidable Seattle Mariners. "If it wasn't for Gooden," says Torre, overstating only a bit, "we wouldn't be sitting here like this talking about all the success the team's been having."

It is a remarkable story: the instant rise to fame, fortune, and hero status as a 19-year-old; the inevitable crash and burn; the ensuing despair and disgrace; the hard-won redemption. It is a contemporary American tale so clearly meant for the movies that Gooden himself recognized this even before he provided the glorious, uplifting Hollywood climax by pitching the no-hitter. Last year, in fact, he bought a computer and began to spin out the episodes of his life:

"Scene Four: One Friend Goes to Prison, One Goes To Shea, and Another Dies . . . Chris, a close friend of 17 who I'd grown up with, had been back and forth on drugs. Chris asked me to take him with me when I was leaving for my first season in the minors so he could get away from some of the shit he kept getting himself into. After my first month on the road I called home and asked for Darren and Chris. I was told Darren had been arrested and sent to jail for grand theft . . . But Chris . . . they told me Chris had been killed execution-style after being tortured for stealing drugs and some money . . . Eyes swelled, tears dropped . . . scene fades."

The writing worked as both therapy and sales tool. At the end

**"If it wasn't
for Gooden," Torre
says, "we wouldn't
be here talking about
all this success the
Yankees are
having."**



Scenes from a soap opera (clockwise from top left): Gooden enters rehab at Smithers in 1987; manager Torre; hugging catcher Joe Girardi after his no-hitter in May; boss Steinbrenner, who showed surprising empathy; with pitching coach Stottlemire, whose advice proved crucial.

of last month, Gooden sold his story to independent producer Norman Twain and former Warner Bros. production chief Bruce Berman. Kevin Costner dropped by the Yankee clubhouse recently for a 30-minute one-of-the-guys-type chat with Gooden on the ins and outs of moviemaking. Costner's key pieces of advice: Don't ever say yes to a project unless you mean it, and don't worry about hurting anyone's feelings in the movie business.

"I'm trying very hard to keep everything in perspective. I know I've not only gotten a second chance at baseball," says a passionately contrite Gooden, "but I've gotten a second chance at my life as well."

Gooden's baseball resurrection was, also quite improbably, made possible by his Tampa neighbor Steinbrenner. The Yankee owner displayed compassion and a surprisingly evolved understanding of Gooden's problems. "Drug and alcohol dependency is a sickness," the usually less sympathetic Steinbrenner told me just before he flew to Atlanta for the Olympics. "It isn't like sticking up a gas station; it isn't like committing a crime—though many Americans may view it that way."

Steinbrenner says he was convinced the pitcher deserved another chance when he saw Gooden's newfound resolve up close. "I realize there were many people who thought he couldn't make it back," says Steinbrenner, who clearly enjoys a good reclamation project: He came to the aid of seven-time loser Steve Howe in 1991 and more recently rode to the rescue—twice, in fact—of the perennially troubled Strawberry. "But that wasn't the important thing. The important thing is how I feel, how he feels, and whether he's willing to take the journey."

While their pact was hardly one of Faustian dimensions, this is still Steinbrenner we're talking about, so the deal was not without its risks. Though Steinbrenner says he believes in the benefits of counseling, he is also an enthusiastic proponent—surprise—of fear and discipline. "I told Dwight that I knew his comeback might be tough, but he wouldn't be alone; I'd be right there with

him. But I also told him, 'You better never fuck with me, because if you do, I'll get ya. You'll be sorry you ever heard my name.' That's the way I am with my players. I know a lot of people don't like it, but that's the way my father, who was six foot six, was with me. And if he ever said don't you do something, I didn't."

Though signing Gooden now looks prescient, his season nearly ended before it had much of a chance to get going. His nascent association with the Yankees began last October when Gooden and Steinbrenner had dinner at Iavarone's, one of the Yankee owner's Tampa hangouts. Gooden was unexpectedly struck that night by Steinbrenner's humanity. "We just talked about things," Gooden says. "He wanted to know what I was doing off the field and he wanted to talk about my family, my kids." In fact, as the evening wore on, Gooden began wondering whether the subject of a contract was going to come up at all. It didn't.

But Gooden, who had stayed in shape by working out with former Mets trainer Larry Mayol at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, had no need to worry. Reports had begun to circulate that he was still throwing his fastball above 90 miles an hour, and the Yankees were clearly interested. And suddenly, so were the Florida Marlins. Three days later, Gooden rounded up two of the people closest to him, his father, Dan, and his confidant Ray Negron, and together they met with Steinbrenner at a local hotel to hammer out a contract.

For Dan Gooden, who had spent so many hours teaching his son to play baseball, and whose heart was so callously broken when Dwight was suspended, witnessing the comeback deal with the Yankees probably had a poignancy even Dwight couldn't fully imagine. "In 1987, when I got suspended from baseball the first time and went home and was telling him and my mom, he never said a word to me," Gooden recalls. "But just the look . . . the hurt on his face was enough. Even the second time, in '94, the only thing he said to me was do what you gotta do to get better. But I knew how much pain was there."

The deal also had special meaning for Negron, a Bronx native who had befriended Gooden when he needed it most—in 1994 when Gooden was already out of baseball but still lying to everyone about his alcohol and cocaine use. “Initially I was told don’t waste your time with him, he’s a fuckup,” Negron says. But the 41-year-old Negron knew firsthand what drugs could do to someone’s personality. He had watched his brother, now a recovering crack addict, steal from their mother. Negron helped get the pitcher into a twelve-step program. “Let’s just say I understood where Dwight was coming from,” says Negron, who forged his unusual bond with Gooden through an even more unusual, long-standing relationship with Steinbrenner.

When Negron was a teenager, he and a group of friends were spray-painting graffiti on one of the outside walls of Yankee Stadium when Steinbrenner happened to come out, on his way to a waiting limousine. The kids fled. Except Negron. Steinbrenner grabbed him, but rather than call a cop, which was what Negron thought he would do, he dragged him inside the stadium, forties-movie-style, and delivered him to Pete Sheehy, the craggy clubhouse man who had been the team’s equipment manager for more than 40 years. Sheehy, as much a fixture at the stadium as the plaques in Monument Park, was instructed by the Boss to do something with the kid. He did. Negron not only went on to become a Yankee batboy but also served in various jobs with the organization, including a stint as Reggie Jackson’s personal assistant. Today he’s a Yankee consultant who deals primarily with finding and signing Latin American talent.

Though he had a one-year, \$850,000 deal in hand, Gooden knew he still had to prove he could pitch. He also had to prove he could stay clean while coping with the temptations of big-league life. Ironically, after the months of desperately hoping he’d get another shot to play, Gooden, the contract awaiting his signature, suddenly developed doubts about whether he wanted to return after all. “I love baseball and I missed it, but at one point I told my wife I wasn’t sure I wanted to go back. When I wasn’t playing, I got involved with my kids’ lives,” says Gooden, who with his wife of nine years, Monica, has three children and a son due this month. “At one time, it was baseball, baseball, baseball. It came before everything, even my kids. And you know, for the first time I was really enjoying spending time with my family.”

Gooden’s family feelings may have been intensified by the guilt he felt for neglecting his kids when he was drinking and doing cocaine. One of his lowest moments came when he missed his daughter Ashley’s 3rd-birthday party in 1993. “I was in a hotel room,” Gooden says, looking me straight in the eye, “coming down from a high. Even today, it’s tough for me to look at the pictures from the party. When she asks, ‘Daddy, where were you?’ what can I say?”

Gooden was also just plain nervous about going back. He knew he’d have to face the fans and the writers, who were decidedly skeptical. But it was concern for his baseball legacy that finally swayed him. “I just couldn’t leave,” he says, “the way I went out in ’94.”

DURING SPRING TRAINING, IT LOOKED LIKE MAYBE HE’D MADE THE wrong decision. By the end of the seven weeks, when it was time to head north for the start of the season, Gooden had compiled an 0-3 record with an 8.88 earned run average. Nevertheless, Yankee management stuck with him as the regular season got under way. Despite their faith, things only got worse. Gooden lost his first three starts in April, never making it past the fifth inning and compiling an embarrassing 11.48 ERA. He finally bottomed

out in Minnesota when he was forced to head for the showers after only three innings. The next day in the *New York Times*, Jack Curry wrote, “The Twins might be remembered as the team that mercifully helped end the Yankees’ experiment with Gooden.”

For anyone who had seen him pitch in the eighties with the Mets, this was painful to watch. It appeared that all the years of drinking and cocaine and wear and tear on his arm had finally done him in. How else to explain the horrible, completely ineffective performances by a man who was once considered perhaps the greatest pitching prodigy in major-league history? In 1985, only his second big-league season, Gooden was 24-4, leading the majors in victories, earned run average (1.53), and strikeouts (268). Still only 20 years old, he was the youngest pitcher ever to win the Cy Young Award.

And he did it with a devastating display of power. He didn’t just get hitters out; he overwhelmed them. The synchronized thrust of his six-foot-three-inch, 210-pound frame was a joy for fans to watch. Purists recognized that an explosive pitching talent like this came along maybe once in a generation. His dominance earned him the nickname Dr. K (eventually just Doc), and Gary Carter, his catcher, said that watching some hitters come up to face Gooden took him back to Little League: Their goal was simply not to strike out.

In public, the Mets handled young Gooden like a fragile piece of china, though it has since become clear that they were less attentive to what he did when he wasn’t at the ballpark. And he was, of course, virtually deified by an overheated New York sports press. It was a heavy load to bear. The stakes were enormous, the pressure unrelenting, and the temptations everywhere. This was before Magic Johnson and AIDS, before Len Bias OD’d, before Mike Tyson’s rape conviction, and before conspicuous asceticism became trendy. “I came from a good family,” Gooden says. “My mom and dad taught me right from wrong. But there was no way they could have prepared me for what I faced as a professional athlete. How could they have known?”

Of course, it didn’t help that Gooden had always been pampered, first at home in Tampa by his parents and then by everyone else because of his athletic talent. He never had to cut the grass or help around the house or do any of the normal chores adolescents do. When he first got to the minor leagues, he had no idea how to do his own laundry. Like most star athletes, he had little sense of what living in the real world is like. “There were times I needed to hear I fucked up,” Gooden says, “but nobody would say it. . . . If you’ve got nobody to get in your face, you begin to think whatever you do is fine. Even if you know it’s wrong, you get this attitude that you can do whatever you want. And if you get into trouble, you think, hey, it’s no big deal, you’ll just get out of it.”

Expectations were so high that when he got off to a bit of a rocky start in 1986, still just his third season and the year he started drinking heavily, there was disappointment and bewilderment. Examining the Gooden-mania, the *Times*’s Ira Berkow wrote, “In his third season we could expect nothing more than that he become the first player named to the Hall of Fame while still active. . . . He was like some superhuman force, some marvelous mythical character who comes from nowhere possessed with the most awesome, the most dazzling gifts.”

There was certainly nothing awesome or dazzling about Gooden this past spring. Struggling in what was surely his final comeback shot, he was facing the humiliating prospect of being sent to the bullpen. Or worse, down to the minors. “It was really frustrating,” he says. “My arm felt good, my velocity was there, but I was totally out of sync.” Only a couple of weeks into the season,

“You better never mess with me,” Steinbrenner told Gooden. “If you do, you’ll be sorry you ever heard my name.”

the sports columnists were writing his obituary. Meanwhile, Torre and pitching coach Mel Stottlemire, who had worked with Gooden as a Mets coach in the eighties, adopted a posture of extreme patience. "Mel didn't see any big dropoff in his stuff," Torre says. "He just had trouble locating the ball. We chalked that up to inactivity. When the season started, we had confidence in him; but we realized he had no confidence in himself."

Gooden was in fact banished to the bullpen in late April, where he spent nine days trying to figure out what had gone wrong. He realized that his pitching mechanics were not the only thing out of whack. He had let things get away from him emotionally as well. He knew that he had slipped back into at least one layer of his old skin—he was trying too hard to please other people, to demonstrate that he belonged in New York, which is what he believes got him in trouble off the field in the eighties.

"With each game I pitched that didn't go well, in the next game I would go into the first inning and just try to totally dominate, to show everyone I could be the pitcher I once was. It's like when I was in recovery and first tried to get clean, before the relapses. I wanted to have a whole year clean before I even had 24 hours."

Gooden got back in the starting rotation, as if by providence, when concern over the numbness in David Cone's fingers, caused by an aneurysm eventually discovered in his shoulder, resulted in his being pulled from the lineup (he remains on the disabled list). At the same time, Stottlemire made a small but, as it turned out, major change in Gooden's pitching motion. "When I'd warm up before a game," says Gooden, still amazed at the results, "I'd stop throwing for the National Anthem. But as soon as the anthem was over, I'd be off the mound and I'd make three real quick throws. Mel said, 'Your position is much better when you do that than it is when you're on the mound and you take your full windup.' He said, 'Let's try it on the mound; let's cut out all the extra movement.'"

Gooden credits Stottlemire for much of the success he's had as a pitcher since 1984. He is so devoted to the 54-year-old coach, whose Yankee jersey hangs in Gooden's home office, that when he got suspended in 1994, he was too embarrassed to call him. Gooden felt he had let his teacher and friend down. "I called when Mel was named pitching coach for the Yankees," Gooden says, "but it was kinda like one of those calls where you really want to catch the answering machine so you can leave a message to break the ice."

Stottlemire says that Gooden is a different pitcher now than he was in the eighties. In addition to adding a slider and a change-up to complement his fastball-curveball arsenal, he's changed how he mixes his pitches and his preparation. Gooden relies more on craftiness now. In the old days, he would challenge anyone. "You think you're a good fastball hitter," Gooden remembers thinking, "Well, hit this." Now Gooden focuses on the little things: He studies the scouting reports; he spends more time with his catcher developing a game strategy; he works to hold baserunners on; when a hitter is successful against him, he remembers what he threw; and he works with the trainers on his arm every day instead of every fourth or fifth day. "The bottom line is what's important now," says Stottlemire, feverishly popping sunflower seeds one day at the ballpark. "He wants to win; everything isn't wrapped up in the strikeout the way it once was. That was the way people looked at him as a pitcher. It almost wasn't important whether he won or lost. It was how many he struck out, how he dominated the game."

The culmination of the Gooden-Stottlemire partnership came, of course, on May 14 when Gooden pitched the no-hitter against Seattle. It was a strange night. Gooden arrived at Yan-

kee Stadium unsure whether he was even going to pitch. His 64-year-old father, already weakened by years of poor health, was scheduled to undergo open-heart surgery the next day. Gooden believed that with all his father's problems, there was a good chance he wouldn't survive the operation. Still, he wouldn't be able to get to Florida until the next morning in any case, and he decided his father would want him to pitch.

Warming up, he had trouble focusing. Once the game got started, Gooden would take refuge, between innings, in the tunnel that connects the dugout and the clubhouse. Some innings, he'd be in there with tears streaming down his cheeks. Trainer Steve Donohue and pitcher Kenny Rogers offered comfort, but there wasn't much they could do. He was pitching the game of his life, but for most of it he just wasn't *there*. "When I walked off the field in the seventh inning, the fans were really cheering and I looked up at the scoreboard and my heart started to race. You know, up to then I was just pitching, throwing whatever [Joe] Girardi [the catcher] called for. I wasn't really focused. Then, when what was happening finally started to sink in during the last two innings, I was thinking, *Who am I kidding? This don't happen to me, especially after what I've been through.*"

In the ninth inning, after giving up two walks, Gooden got Paul Sorrento to pop up to shortstop Derek Jeter to end the game. He began to jump up and down. Surrounded by his teammates, Gooden had a look on his face of pure joy, the kind of all-consuming happiness that floods your whole body. And just for a moment, it was 1985 again. "When that ball was popped up," Gooden says with an almost dreamy look in his eyes, "everything was lifted off my shoulders."

**Says Gooden:
"There is no way
my family could
have prepared me
for what I faced as
a professional
athlete."**

AT A QUIET CORNER BOOTH IN A RESTAURANT called Charlie's in Boston's Back Bay, Gooden picks at his lunch, a Cajun chicken sandwich and fries. He wants to eat, but he also wants to talk. Talking is one of the things he does most now. It's the part of his twelve-step regimen that is actually called *sharing*. Talking to me about his life and his feelings, he says, is as good as going to a Narcotics Anonymous meeting or talking to his sponsor on the phone.

Strolling the four or five blocks from the hotel to the restaurant, Gooden caused a minor stir. He signed a few autographs, but mostly he just smiled and continued walking. Like most athletes, he is bigger in street clothes and a real-life context than he is on the field or on television. Even people who were unsure who he was had no doubt they were looking at an athlete. If his muscular frame and his slow, slightly rolling lope didn't convince them, then his clothes surely did: custom-made black-and-white checked pants with a matching banded-collar overshirt, black Gucci loafers, and a small Euro-style Vuitton handbag.

Even in the dim light of the restaurant, it was easy to see that his face had lost its innocence. There are lines and angles now. His eyes are the eyes of a man who has locked stares with drug dealers on the street at three in the morning in Belmont Heights, one of the roughest parts of Tampa. "It's funny," Gooden says between sips of iced tea. "I put myself in all types of situations I shouldn't have, because I wanted the drugs so bad. I could've been robbed; I could've been killed. I was never worried about the danger or about who might see me and recognize me. But when it came time to go to a meeting, I'd be like, 'Man, I don't know who's in there. I don't want nobody to see me.'"

The twelve-step program saved his life. If he hadn't killed himself with the drugs and alcohol, he probably would have done it driving his BMW or his Mercedes at more than 100 miles an hour, as he did regularly late at night to cover the 21 miles between his

home in St. Petersburg and his haunts in Tampa. The bottom came in 1994 when he received the letter from Bud Selig, the acting commissioner of baseball, informing him of his suspension. He says he held a gun to his head until his frightened wife summoned his mother, who talked him out of it and eased the weapon from his hand. He also thought about getting high. Instead he called Ray Negrón and asked for help.

Negrón in turn called a friend in Atlanta named Vince Kenyon. Kenyon, a former Wall Street broker turned drug addict who was in recovery, came down to Florida and led Gooden to a place called Freedom House. Though Gooden had been to Smithers in New York in 1987 and to Betty Ford in 1994, this was a whole new experience. There were no rich people or celebrities or sports fans at Freedom House. There were only junkies. But when Gooden looked at them, he realized that he told the same lies, ran the same cons, and was destroying his life in exactly the same way.

The leader of the group was a man named Ronald Dock, a 45-year-old guy from the Bronx who joined the Marines at 17, went to Vietnam and used drugs to numb his fear. He brought his habit home. Gooden was captivated by Dock when he heard him speak. "It was a shock to Dwight because he felt at home [at Freedom House]," says Dock, who initially questioned Gooden's sincerity but would eventually become his twelve-step sponsor and close friend. "Some of the people looked like people he got high with. Betty Ford is a therapeutic community, but this was the real community. Don't talk to me about no centers where you get up and have caviar for breakfast. That's a hustle; that's all about money. I mean, let's get real with this."

But the defining moment of Gooden's early recovery, that moment of clarity, came when he'd been clean for about three months. Gooden and Kenyon had formed a bond, and Kenyon stayed on in Florida to be the pitcher's first sponsor. One day, Gooden and Negrón went out to do some shopping at a mall and Kenyon, who'd been clean for a year and a half, was left by himself. He wasn't feeling so great. He took a ride into downtown St. Petersburg, where he ran into someone he knew from meetings. One thing led to another, and pretty soon Kenyon and the acquaintance were having a beer.

Three days later, Negrón got a frantic call from Kenyon, who said he was being held captive by drug dealers in St. Pete. This was an old addict's con and Negrón was skeptical. Still, he called Gooden and the two of them picked up Ron Dock and they all went to look for Kenyon. They found him in an alley, lying in a pile of garbage sobbing and surrounded by three armed dealers.

"Doc walked in there and told those guys point-blank he wasn't leaving without me," says Kenyon, who's clean again and back living in Atlanta. After five tense minutes that included threats of violence and several blows to Kenyon's head and face, Gooden paid the dealers \$200 and the four men walked out of the alley. "That experience was the best thing for me," says Gooden. "To see what Vince looked like in that condition... I was like, 'Man, that was me.' It really scared the shit out of me."

Gooden is now so steeped in the twelve-step ethic that he says he would challenge a teammate if he believed he had a drug problem. He would even risk breaking the code of silence. "I would go to management if I felt the player was hurting the team."

Not everyone is buying Gooden's tale of redemption. Some Yankee observers continue to see in him the manipulative personality of a junkie. When he revealed the suicide incident several weeks ago for the first time, he was accused of making the whole thing up to hype his movie deal (oddly, Gooden had never mentioned the episode to sportswriter Bob Klapisch during the many hours they spent together last year on a book Klapisch

wrote about the pitcher and Strawberry called *High and Tight*). Jack O'Connell, who covers the Yankees for the *Hartford Courant*, wrote that Gooden "hasn't a shred of credibility left."

When I ask Gooden whether he made the suicide incident up, as a number of the writers believe, he is incensed. "Here I am spilling my guts, putting my family through this," he says. "I'm gonna do that for a dollar?" But he knows the doubts will always be there. Even in his own house. When he says he's going out somewhere, he still gets "that look" sometimes from his wife or his mother. "Listen," he says, leaning across the table. "I know I can't change what's happened in the past. I just gotta keep going, keep moving forward and doing the best I can."

IT IS STRANGE TO STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE YANKEE CLUBHOUSE, turn to the right, and see three lockers next to one another labeled CONE, GOODEN, STRAWBERRY. You almost blink and do a double take. However, this is not, as Yogi would say, *déjà vu* all over again. Though all three players are thrilled to be back in New York, this is no Mets redux. There is no locker-room discord on this Yankee team, no unmanageable egos, and the focus is on playing baseball, not partying.

Torre will tell you how much he appreciates his players' work ethic. He has them playing his kind of baseball, which means that they win by stealing bases, advancing runners, playing smart defense, taking the extra base on a hit. And, of course, with strong pitching. Torre will also tell you how easy they are to manage, because no one complains about trivialities like where they bat in the order. And now they have Cecil Fielder.

If there has been one disappointment in the Bronx this season, it is the crowds. The fans have simply not come out in the numbers one could expect for one of the most exciting Yankee teams in decades. Andy Pettitte could win the Cy Young, Derek Jeter could be Rookie of the Year, and Gooden is a contender for Comeback Player of the Year. Still, for Gooden's first start after the no-hitter, for example, there were only 15,600 people at the stadium. Overall, the Yankees are thirteenth in attendance in the majors so far this season. When Steinbrenner

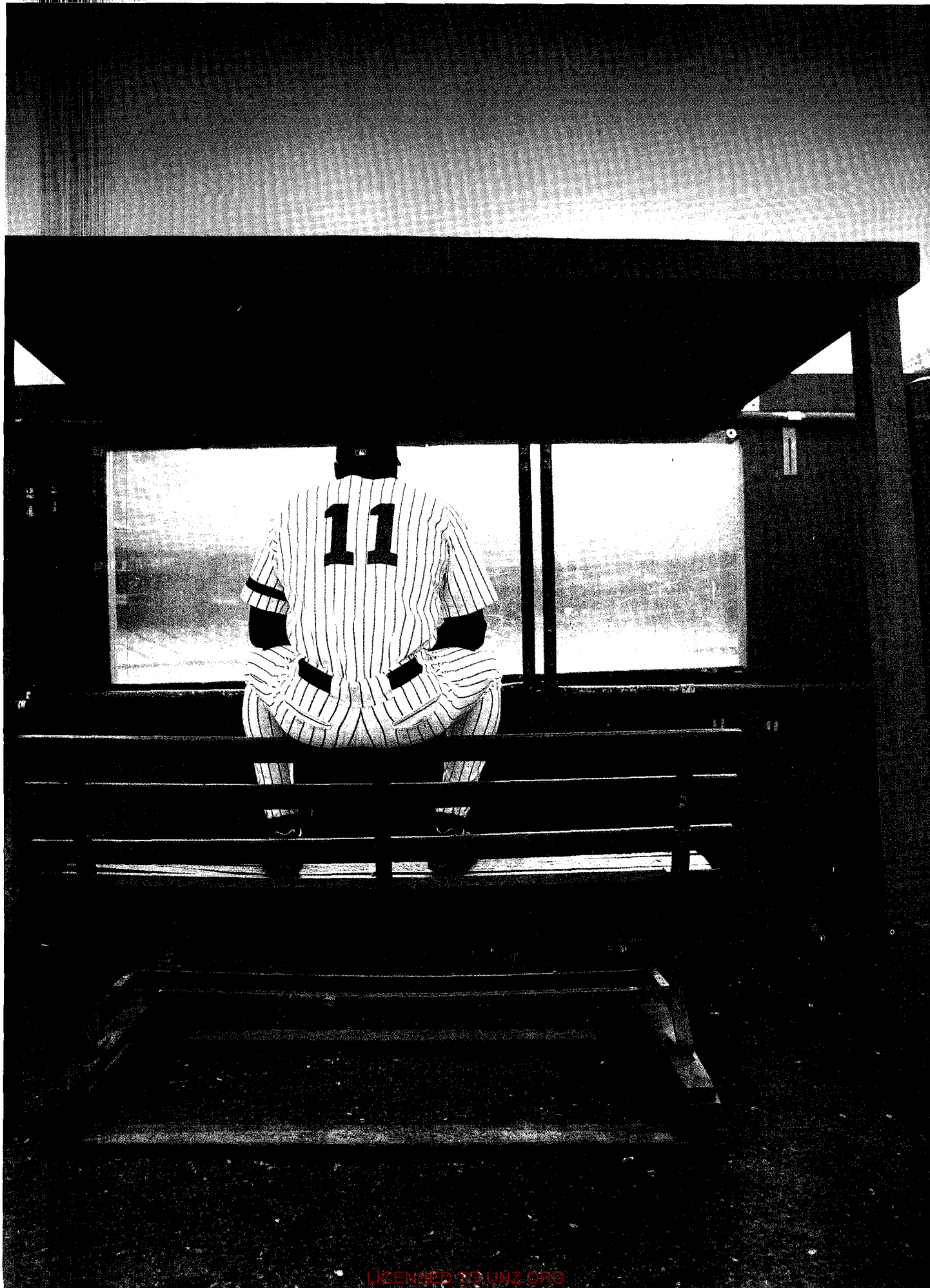
bellows that fans don't want to go to the Bronx, it is hard to argue—especially when television ratings are up 37 and 19 percent, respectively, for MSG and WPIX over last year.

"It's pretty discouraging," Steinbrenner says. "These guys deserve support, and they're not getting it. Look, we've said it over and over again about the Bronx. [Bronx borough president Fernando] Ferrer can keep yelling and yelling, but let him do something about it. I read the other day in the papers that 30,000 square feet of office space and 400 employees of the city and state are moving out of the Bronx. I'm tired of it. Ferrer has not been helpful at all in our dealings with the city."

When asked whether this will have an effect on his decision on where the team plays when its lease at the stadium is up, Steinbrenner talks as if he hasn't already made up his mind to leave. "You'd be stupid to sit here and say it won't have an effect. It's got to. If we don't start coming up with 35,000 or 40,000 a game consistently, well, then I've gotta say, 'Hey we tried, we really tried.'"

For Gooden, there are more personal, longer-term issues than the number of fans in the seats. "A lot of the stuff my father's going through is because he was a heavy drinker. And it was the same with his father," Gooden says as he signs a bat, a ball, and a photo album handed to him in front of his Boston hotel. "I know the risk is there. I've talked to my older son and I've taken him to a couple of meetings. I've told him," Gooden says, finally, as he ambles over to Strawberry and Gerald Williams in the hotel lobby, "that somebody's got to break the chain." ■

**"Don't talk
to me about no
centers where you
get up and have
caviar for break-
fast. That's
a hustle."**





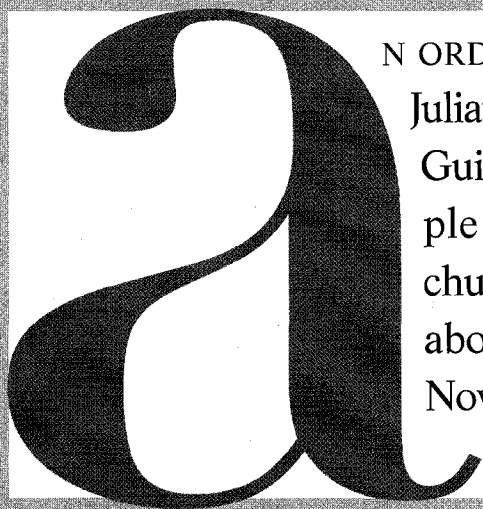
Julian Schnabel, he of the oversize paintings and the oversize ego, has always been his own best publicist. Now, with his new movie, *Basquiat*, he's written himself into an eighties legend.
By James Kaplan



Schnabel in Montauk: "Most
of the artists I know are infants."

Photographed by Dan Chavkin
for New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AN ORDINARY TUESDAY EVENING, HAMPTONS-STYLE: Julian Schnabel is giving a slide show of his work at Guild Hall. The theater is packed, the tanned people in the audience so sophisticated that they chuckle appreciatively at a joke the artist makes about Vence, France, site of the Matisse chapel. Now the slides are over, the stage lights come up, and . . . Schnabel puts on a pair of sunglasses.

It's a strange moment. Up to this point, the crowd has been right with him, thrilled at being in the presence of the great man, who—with his goatee and fierce belly, his loose dark shirt, baggy chinos, and espadrilles—looks the very image of a world-famous artist who's just motored over from his place in Montauk. But with the appearance of the shades, a nervous, disbelieving laugh bubbles up from the seats. This is not a group unfamiliar with fame and its adornments. Yet even here, even with Schnabel, sunglasses onstage, on a weekday night, are, well, a little much.

The artist appears to sense it. He removes the shades, asks for the lights to be turned down, and takes questions from the audience.

"Why do you paint so big?" someone asks.

Schnabel blinks at the question. "Why do I paint so big," he repeats. He has a high, slightly nasal voice, a little like Danny De Vito's. He stares off to the side for a moment. "Do you really mean that question?" he asks.

He is, of course, famous for the large scale of his paintings—not to mention the scale of his whole life. The questioner nods. The crowd laughs. Schnabel looks more relaxed: back in control. "I think everything has its size," he says. "I built a studio out in Montauk, and the walls are sixteen feet tall. That is a size that I like. . . . When I paint something, I feel like I'm making a painting of a slice of the bigger world. I don't know if that answers your question or not, but I don't think there's any real explanation or apology that someone needs to give that will satisfy anyone to why a picture will be a particular size."

He smiles. "Jean Renoir once said that the problem with the world is everybody's got their reasons." The East Hampton audience laughs knowingly. The fact that the paraphrase is from Renoir the great filmmaker, son of Renoir the great painter, is telling. For with his new movie, *Basquiat*, Schnabel the painter—who has never been shy about placing himself alongside the greats in his field—is now Schnabel the first-time movie director, sunglasses firmly in place.

MOVIES ABOUT PAINTERS TEND TO BE awful for much the same reasons movies about writers and composers are: Artists' lives aren't especially interesting. The creative life is interior. Artists' lives clunk along in much the same way as those of other humans, with perhaps a bit more neurotic irritation, more solitude and competitive anxiety, and possibly a little more worry about paying the bills.

What you usually get with movies about painters is the grossly broad strokes: big Hollywood clunkers like *Lust for Life* and *The Agony and the Ecstasy*—a vision of the artist as Kirk Douglas. Here and there, an interesting character might pop up, like Alec Guinness's Gully Jimson in *The Horse's Mouth*, or Alan Bates's Sol Kaplan in *An Unmarried Woman*. But those are characters; the art itself, and what goes into producing it, are barely addressed. When Bates dumped cans of paint on canvas, it was a dramatic act, a cinematic act, and you got the idea: Mere brushes were too prosaic for old Sol. He was a creative swashbuckler. Was he a good artist? Of course he was: He had piercing eyes, and he made money. And he made Jill Clayburgh tingle.

Julian Schnabel's *Basquiat* is a new kind of painter movie, one made by another painter. It's not awful, exactly. (Think of a very downtown, very late-nineties *Lust for Life*.) But the temptation would be to think that one artist would understand another better than a Hollywood director ever could, that a painter movie by another painter would avoid many of the standard Hollywood pitfalls. In some ways, this works in *Basquiat*; in other ways, Schnabel has managed to dig heretofore unimagined pits.

And the picture elicits a crucial question: Which painter is *Basquiat* about?

The film is ostensibly a portrait of the swift rise and rapid decline of Jean-Michel Basquiat, one of the seminal figures of the explosive New York art scene of the eighties (Jeffrey Wright plays Basquiat—with astounding accuracy, according to those who knew the artist). So moneyed were the times, and so ravenous for celebrity—and so hungry were newly rich art collectors for stars—that Basquiat, the son of a middle-class immigrant Haitian father and Puerto Rican mother, was able to rocket at unprecedented speed from graffiti artist to world-famous painter. Too much, too fast: His first major show, at Mary Boone's Soho gallery, was in 1985; by 1988, Basquiat was dead, at 27, of a heroin overdose.

Schnabel's *Basquiat* is—no surprise—a work of great ambition. It not only attempts, in standard cinematic terms, to chart Basquiat's own arc as creative swashbuckler but also tries to give us, in metaphoric images, the interior life of an artist. It also sets forth, in documentary style, arresting images of the three-ring circus that was the Manhattan art world in the eighties:

the limos pulling up at the new West Broadway galleries, the late-night dinners at Mr. Chow's, and Warhol, Warhol everywhere.

But the eighties was also the time when Julian Schnabel himself was bursting onto the scene. And what is most arresting about *Basquiat*—in the lightly fictionalized portrait of an older, wiser painter played by Gary Oldman; in the very dialogue and the texture of the images; in every molecule of the movie—is how much it tells us about Julian Schnabel.

I HAVE A FUNNY ILLUSION WHEN I MEET Schnabel for the first time. He's opening the door of his West Village loft, and he seems very tall, bigger than me. Only after a minute do I see this isn't true. Did he look bigger because I was coming up the stairs? Was he standing on something? Or had his reputation simply preceded him? (Or does he loom large, then shrink upon closer examination?)

Schnabel is big, even if not tall: His thickly hairy chest and jutting belly, along with broad shoulders, give his torso an aggressive barrel shape, which is accentuated by his outfit, a distressed-looking dress shirt open to the navel, collar pulled back down his neck; baggy linen pants. (This is fairly conservative: He's famous for going around in pajamas or sarongs.) He has small, slitty, assessing eyes, an assertive prow of a nose (*Schnabel*, in German, means prow, or beak). The thick goatee masks a double chin. It seems amazing, given all he's been and done, and relinquished, that he's only 44 years old. "If I didn't have this beard, I'd look younger, but I feel a little less aggressive if I look a little older," he says, a bit confusingly.

But don't look for Schnabel to explain himself. His speech is like his canvases: broad, sweeping, picturesque, rarely crisp or literal. Sometimes he talks in riddles, sometimes in allegories, content to go where his thoughts take him. He likes his thoughts (look at his painting titles). He seems to like himself, period: His most characteristic expression is a smile of self-satisfaction in which his plump cheeks turn his eyes into sideways commas. He does De Niro takes, turning his head to the side, then glancing back wryly. Sometimes he resembles an art gangster, sometimes a chunky Brooklyn boy who can't believe his good fortune, but it all *works*

somehow—his self-assurance carries him along. He's seductive, but not especially eager to please. He's working the angles, sizing up the situation, cooking on all burners at once. Control of the context—his control—seems important. You can see how he took his talent and got where he got.

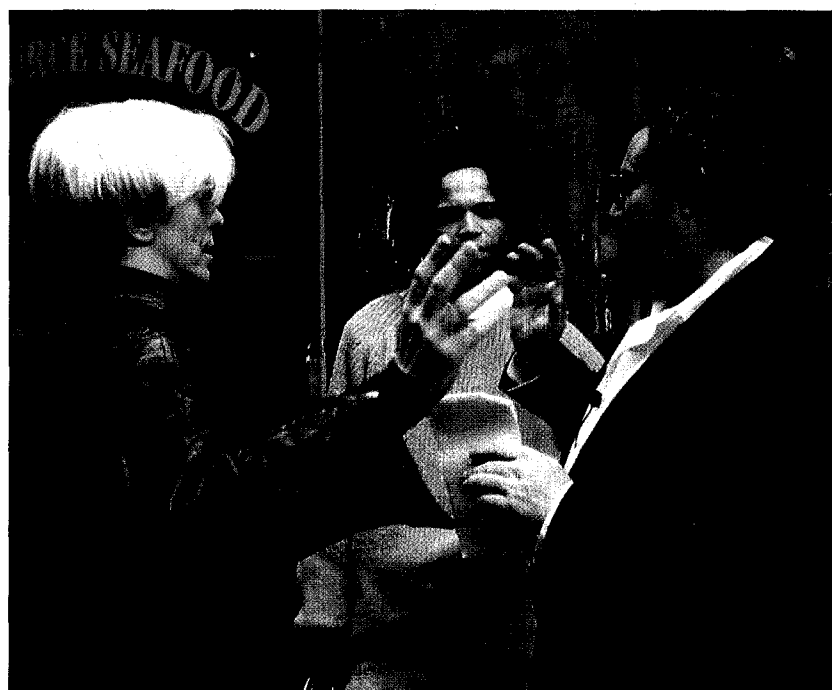
Our meeting goes badly at first. Here's America's premier painter of the eighties, and he doesn't especially want to talk on the record *about* the eighties, or the difference between the art world then and now (he won't quite admit there is an art world), or about money, the last of which would seem to be germane in Schnabel's case—he made quite a lot of money in that decade, and now, even with the balloon of contemporary-painting prices pretty much popped, he still appears to be doing all right. A 1981 painting of his recently went for a million dollars on the secondary market. He wants me to read his 1987 autobiography, *CVJ: Nicknames of Maitre D's & Other Excerpts From Life*, to study up, and *then* we can talk. Here I am at 11 P.M. in Julian Schnabel's moodily dim, legendarily gundo loft, its sixteen-foot ceilings and monumental canvases and outsize furniture making me feel a little like Alice through the looking glass—or perhaps a visitor to the Batcave—and Schnabel doesn't even want to describe the art on the walls.

He points to a large, impressive canvas, by a significant twentieth-century artist, on the wall in back of him. "I mean, it's interesting for you to see, but I think it's more about you getting acquainted with the sort of world I'm living in, or who I am, in a way, rather than telling somebody what pictures are hanging in the room," he says.

The pictures hanging in the room are *big*. They look like the kind of pictures you'd see on Julian Schnabel's walls if you were seeing a movie about Julian Schnabel, a painter whose life would seem to be aspiring to the movies. Move over, Kirk Douglas. Unlike the rest of the artist-zhubs who slog through their lives buying stretcher bars and canvas and turpentine, listening to NPR, drinking coffee from a dirty cup, trying to figure out how to pay the rent, Schnabel lives—has always lived—in very broad strokes, with a resolute horror of the banal details of existence. The only sports he's interested in are surfing and bullfighting. He has no idea what the stock market's doing. "Most of the artists I know are infants," he says. (Hence the pajamas?)

Even when he was poor himself, when he first came to Manhattan in the seventies, working as a cook and hanging out at Max's Kansas City, he seems to have had a master plan to avoid insignificance: His autobiography (a surprisingly interesting read) is

Schnabel directs David Bowie as Warhol and Jeffrey Wright as Basquiat.





Schnabel with his wife, Olatz, and their twins, Cy and Olmo, at their Village table.

replete with tales of early encounters with the great—Clement Greenberg, Jasper Johns, Brice Marden—and his attempts (a semi-fistfight, in the case of Marden) to impress them with his own inevitable greatness.

The son of a meat wholesaler from Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, Schnabel started painting and drawing at 3; encouraged by his mother, he did little else throughout his childhood. But his life changed after his father went into the used-clothes business in Brownsville, Texas. Schnabel spent his teenage years, in the mid- to late sixties, down near the Mexican border, an ex-

perience that formed and toughened him. South Texas was a wild and woolly place for a Jewish boy from Brooklyn. Schnabel learned to surf and play guitar, visited Mexican whorehouses, took peyote and acid.

By the time he arrived at the University of Houston, as a painting major, he was artistically confident, and unruly. He supported himself by painting cartoon characters on the naked torsos of waitresses at a topless club. He battled his teachers, incorporated objects into his canvases, and later, with a breakthrough painting, a scarified image of a faceless head called

Jack the Bellboy, discovered a precociously mature style. He sent the slides accompanying his 1973 application to the Whitney Museum's Independent Study Program in a brown paper bag, between two slices of bread. He got in.

Mary Boone first saw his work only four years later. It was a moment when smart people were proclaiming the death of painting: Minimalism, in the form of fussy, arid grids, reigned, along with conceptualism. "Julian was in a very small, less-than-1,000-square-foot studio," Boone recalls. "And there were twelve to fifteen *large* canvases, like nine by seven, completely covering the walls, piled on top of each other. Oil and wax on canvas, the wax applied in a very painterly fashion.

"My initial reaction was so positive that I didn't trust it," Boone says. "It was the energy and the obsession—most people are looking for something they've never seen before, and Julian's work was definitely that. Uncharacteristically, in the first visit I told him I wanted to do something, and Julian, being the definite person he is, called me up that night and wanted to know what that meant."

What it meant was a career-making one-man show in Boone's new West Broadway gallery in February 1979. "Not long after, he called me up one morning and told me about these paintings he'd just started making—they were covered with plates, and he'd spent the night listening to the plates falling on the floor," she says. "There was always such an intensity to his vision of the world that you couldn't help being impressed by it."

Now Schnabel mans the controls of a mammoth industrial elevator and takes us up to the aircraft-hangar-size studio above the living quarters. Large objects, paint tables and a grand piano, loom in the gloomy half-light. "It's like a visit with Charles Foster Kane," Schnabel says, smiling.

He turns up the lights. There are new plate paintings on the wall; images of his daughters from his first marriage, Stella and Lola; a picture of his new wife, Olatz, with their twin sons, Cy and Olmo. "I made paintings with plates in 1978; I made these paintings six months ago, a year and a half ago," Schnabel says. "I didn't paint this one the same way that I painted that one, because a new set of problems arises when I get involved with the physical material. Making a film was no different—I'd have to deal

Schnabel mans the controls of a mammoth industrial elevator and takes us up to the aircraft-hangar-size studio above the living quarters. "It's like a visit with Charles Foster Kane," he says, smiling.

with a problem that day, and, using whatever sensibility I have, I responded to the problem that would arise."

We take the freight elevator back to the main level. There, in what might in an apartment of normal size be called the foyer, is a tremendous abstraction, a somber field of gray-brown with a squiggly horizontal white streak in the center and the initials JMB, and the numerals 8/12/88, in black, in the upper right corner.

"This is a painting that I painted the day I found out that Jean-Michel died," Schnabel says. "He died August twelfth. I painted it on the thirteenth." The painting appears in *Basquiat*, when Basquiat visits the loft of Albert Milo, who, in the movie, is a kind of mentor, a wise older-brother figure. "That was sort of interesting, for him to come here and see his own painting—to be alive and see his own painting," Schnabel says.

BY HIS OWN PAINTING, OF COURSE, SCHNABEL means the painting he himself made in tribute to Basquiat. (If there are any works by Basquiat in his loft, he doesn't show them to me.) But the squint of the phrase is intriguing: because, Schnabel says, Basquiat's father wouldn't allow his late son's work to be used in *Basquiat*, the paintings Jeffrey Wright works on and completes were, in fact, painted by Julian Schnabel.

On some level, Jean-Michel Basquiat clearly meant, and means, a great deal to Schnabel, but what level is that, precisely? By most accounts, the two men weren't especially close. "I almost never saw them together," says Mary Boone, who began exhibiting Basquiat in early 1982. "I never saw Jean-Michel with Julian," agrees the painter Kenny Scharf, who also knew both men well. "Everybody [in our world] knew everything about everybody, but there didn't seem to be this knowledge about their hanging out together. But it seems to me if he felt strongly enough to make a movie about him, and include himself as a personality in the movie, there must've been a lot more going on than I knew about."

There seems to have been a lot go-

ing on from the beginning. Schnabel first met Basquiat when he paid a visit to the younger man's studio in 1981. Schnabel had already taken the art world by storm with the first show at Mary Boone and then a joint show at Boone and Leo Castelli; Basquiat was just beginning to show his work at the small gallery of Annina Nosei. "It was very much like the scene in the movie where Gary [Oldman] walks in," Schnabel tells me. "He said, you know, 'That's the big J.S.' He was working on a few different things, walking on top of them, back and forth. And acted like he just wasn't paying attention. He was putting a show on [for me]. Very spontaneous."

Was Schnabel impressed with Basquiat's work?

"I definitely thought he was talented," he says carefully. "You know, it didn't blow my mind at that moment." His voice trails off. "I think when he was alive—I don't know if I was too critical. Or I didn't give him enough credit for what he was doing."

There's a silence. "But I don't really believe that there was a battle going on between us," Schnabel says. "It's just not true. He was always invited to my house. I always treated him like he was an artist—like I respected him. And he was always given that sort of freedom in my house. I enjoyed showing my paintings to him."

But not giving them. An indication of the edgy relationship between the two men is that they never traded their work. "I think he wanted me to pick a painting or something like that, but I never did," Schnabel admits. "But he did give me a beautiful drawing that he made of me. He was at my studio, sitting on the floor, drawing this very detailed thing of me standing there painting this painting. And then he painted a big head on it—crossed everything out. And the day he made this thing, I went to the door to say good-bye, and he was peeing in the hallway."

The scene is in the movie. "I think he was trying to reclaim his territory," Schnabel says. In making *Basquiat*, was Schnabel himself—well, performing a similarly territorial act?

"I got roped into doing this," he insists. "Somebody came to interview me about Jean-Michel—I thought they had a good idea. As time went by, I helped them work on the script. But we really disagreed about a lot of things, and it just didn't seem like it was going to work out. Besides, it was almost impossible to get the movie made with this person directing the film. And the more I found out about the whole process, I realized I would be very unhappy if my name was connected to this thing. So I bought the project from this guy, rewrote the script, and became my brother's keeper somehow."

The basic details of the story check out: The idea for a Basquiat movie originally belonged to Polish film director Lech Majewski, who interviewed Schnabel for the project. But when Schnabel disagreed with Majewski's take on the story—could it have had anything to do with Schnabel's significance in it?—he bought Majewski out, gaining control of history.

The resulting film has an odd tone vis-à-vis its ostensible subject. *Basquiat* is less *hommage* than inhabitation. Is it also a form of apology?

Schnabel shakes his head. "I mean, I did not feel competitive with Jean-Michel. He was like my brother in some kind of way."

"But was he competitive with you?"

"Yes, yes," he says.

He takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes; he puts the glasses back on. "I did something once that I think really hurt his feelings," he says. "This guy Rockets Redglare was walking down the street, and I said, 'What are you doing?' He said, 'I'm going to Jean-Michel's—he's going to make a painting of me.' I said, 'I'll make a painting of you.' So he came over to my studio and I made a painting called *Rockets Redglare in Paradise*. Nude painting of this big, fat guy. That really hurt Jean-Michel's feelings. It was totally insensitive of me—unconscious."

UNCONSCIOUS? LOOKED AT CYNICALLY, *Basquiat* is a perfect career move for both director and subject. "The worst living American painter does a film

I never saw Jean-Michel with Julian,” says Kenny Scharf. “Everybody knew everything about everybody, but there didn’t seem to be this knowledge about them hanging out together.”

about the worst dead one,” says critic Robert Hughes. “It’s a sentimental piece of myth-mongering mixed with self-aggrandizement.”

The movie is sentimental—at times, painfully so. The recurring image of the artist shuffling down the sidewalks of lower Manhattan, stoned, wearing only ill-tied pajama pants, his braided hair plumped up into two mounds like the ears of some cute, sad creature in a children’s book, the pained, prissy smirk on his face seeming to show he’s simply too pure for the world, is insufferable. Then again, Basquiat himself appears to have often been insufferable. Gary Oldman’s Albert Milo, the film’s Schnabel surrogate, also seems too good for this world: When he tells Basquiat, at one point, “I mean, your audience hasn’t been born yet,” you expect the strings to come up in the background. Is this also, somehow, autobiographical? Certainly a long scene of Milo waltzing with his young daughter in his studio is—and it’s not only gratuitous but mawkish enough to make you wince.

But then, Julian Schnabel has frequently made people wince in his career. When he came on the scene at the end of the seventies, like a bull elephant; when he proclaimed himself the equal of Picasso and Pollock; when he made big paintings full of broken dishes—he seemed the essence of the eighties, the artist as gawking superstar, with the new bank account to back it up.

Basquiat never had the chance to get rich. His prices didn’t go above the mid-five figures till after his death (a canvas of his recently went for \$233,500). But in the style of the time, he did get famous: He cut a swath. Andy Warhol befriended him for a reason—like Warhol himself, he had actual talent; he was a Wild Child, an outsider who had zoomed in, fast. In a way, as the eighties rose toward their inevitable burst, Basquiat superseded Schnabel at the white-hot center of the scene. In a way, Basquiat’s death ended the decade of the superstar artist.

Is this why Schnabel made the picture? To correct the past? To give his

own faded superstardom a polish? To try to work people up again? Though the picture was made in just over a month for \$3.3 million (part of it Schnabel’s own money, the rest kicked in by two friends, financier-polo player Peter Brant and his partner, newsprint mogul Joe Allen), the director was able to attract significant acting talent to work at scale: Oldman, Willem Dafoe, Dennis Hopper, and Christopher Walken all do respectable jobs. The film’s one flat-out wrong note is David Bowie’s portrayal of one of the film’s pivotal characters, Warhol. Bowie has done good acting elsewhere, but what he’s doing here feels a lot like David Bowie in a wig. Still, Miramax wasn’t insane to distribute the picture—whatever you say about it, it has a certain energy, and a certain respect for its nominal subject.

Yet the tone of the movie’s best, and also most loathsome, scenes—the predatory art-trawling of puffed-up nouveau collectors; Mary Boone’s (Parker Posey) raw horse-trading of artists; the openings packed with arrogant, self-satisfied, vacuous faces—is uncertain. The eighties, after all, didn’t hurt the film’s director a bit.

BUT THE EIGHTIES ARE LONG GONE. Schnabel vigorously disputes any hint he’s a has-been, citing his worldwide shows and continuing placements in important museums as well as steadily robust sales. His prosperity and his smiling confidence would seem to back him up. Still, the cold fact is that models, not artists, are the superstars now. And art history is mercilessly clinical.

“If you ask anybody on the street when Schnabel was doing his best painting,” a well-known gallery owner tells me, “the consensus is that it was between 1979 and 1982. The plate paintings, the paintings on velvet—there was almost no bad work coming out of his studio then.

“When you talk about Basquiat,” the gallery owner says, “the great period was between, maybe, ’81 and ’83. I think if you look at the anatomy of his career and Schnabel’s, they’re essentially the same. The one thing Basquiat’s

been robbed of is a second career. But then, only a handful of artists in the twentieth century have been gifted enough to influence two generations.”

Is Schnabel? “It’s too early to tell,” the gallery owner says. “It’s even too early to tell what the impact of the artists of the eighties will be. I think by the year 2005 or so, we’ll know how the eighties stack up against the sixties and seventies. It took 25 years to know about Pop Art, about minimal art—this is the same. But I think by the year 2000, a lot of the skepticism about the eighties will have subsided.”

Robert Hughes begs to differ. “The eighties was about the conversion of the art world into the art business,” he says. “You had this highly organized promotional machine essentially running on vapor. The idea that Schnabel reinvented painting is false. Neo-expressionism offered collectors who were naïve a replay of what they imagined Abstract Expressionism had been—this heated existential angst. It gave them Van Gogh’s ear all over again. I found it deeply unconvincing.

“That was one of the reasons you got that inflation of generally quite small talents like Basquiat’s,” Hughes says. “This notion of the artist as hero sort of played out okay in the forties and fifties, but of course history plays first as tragedy and then as farce. And there’s something undeniably farcical about the eighties.”

Even those who did well by the decade agree. What Kenny Scharf calls the underground—the stew of artistic, musical, and literary talent that seethed in lower Manhattan in the mid- to late seventies—ended, he says, around 1982: the year Basquiat went to Mary Boone. “As far as artists helping other artists, and creative competition, the underground ended when money came in,” he says. “I think Basquiat was a lot more fun before he became famous—the fame, instead of making him happier, made him more miserable.”

BASQUIAT IS PAINFULLY CLEAR ON THIS point. The Jean-Michel of the movie is, indeed, not much fun to be around; the picture is only fitfully illuminating

about why he thrilled people in the first place. One of the film's persistent images is an apparently metaphorical process shot of a surfer on a tremendous wave, projected in the sky or on the sides of buildings. "Jean-Michel loved Hawaii," Schnabel explains. "He went there; he took his father there. He also had this idea about escaping all the time."

"And I think that the image of the surfer is very exuberant. It's like a barometer for Jean-Michel's emotional state—at first this guy is riding the giant waves with great bravado; and as things get more problematic, the sea gets more ominous, and there's nobody there anymore. Finally, it's like he's drowning. I think the sea has that infinite potentiality."

Who is that surfer? We're standing by the sea at Schnabel's place in Montauk, next to—pointedly enough—his own collection of surfboards. It's late on a summer afternoon; the light is gorgeous, eerie with land's-end mist. The surf roars steadily. In his shorts and flowing shirt, with his beard and big glasses and potbelly, Schnabel looks a little like Tennessee Williams. This is a good place for him, a fruitful place: On the land side of the house is a tremendous (of course) roofless wooden enclosure, 60 feet by 30, with 16-foot green walls. It looks like a titanic, dilapidated handball court. The splintered floorboards are spattered with paint and resin. "This is really my studio," Schnabel says. "I can see better outside. Most people work in one kind of light all the time—I find that very limiting." He paints outdoors rain or shine: He did some particularly good canvases, he says, during Hurricane Bob.

We go back into the rustic house and sit under the rafters in old-fashioned, boathouse-style chairs. On the walls are a Picabia painting of a smiling pinup blonde and two large Schnabels, a tan-and-purple abstract and a fifteen-foot-long canvas, largely empty except for the word OLATZ in alizarin crimson. "I painted that to Olatz, before we were together," Schnabel says.

As if on cue, his wife emerges. Schnabel likes to be with beautiful women: After his divorce from his first wife, Jacqueline Beurang, he lived with artist-model Ahn Duong. Olatz—the name is Basque—is a former model. She is blue-eyed, honey-haired, and stupendously gorgeous.



Rear view: Schnabel in the driveway of his Montauk house.

Schnabel smiles at the sight of her, and at his visitor's sight of her. Olatz says "Ciao" and goes to town.

The kitchen is big but old-fashioned, the opposite of East End chic. A delicious-smelling stew is simmering on the stove. Cy and Olmo, the 2½-year-olds, run in, fraternal twins in identical plaid outfits. Blue-eyed Olmo (named after a main character in Bertolucci's 1900) speaks Spanish and English; brown-eyed Cy (named after Schnabel's friend Cy Twombly) doesn't say much. "Venga, Olmo," his father calls, but the children run outdoors with the white-dressed Spanish maid. A minute later, I glance out through the screen door and see the twins, the maid, and the maid's son playing ring-around-the-rosy in the dusty driveway, the scene looking, in the ocean light, at the magic hour, like a scene from a movie.

It's all like a movie: the outfits, the surfboards, the picture-perfect wife,

the rustic house, the giant open-air studio, the barefoot children. What does it mean to try to be an artist, even a great artist ("I'm as close to Picasso as you're going to get in this fucking life," Schnabel has said), in a time when people think in cinematic rather than painterly terms—when, in fact, almost everyone is far more interested in movies than in painting?

"Do you see yourself as a great painter, as an important painter in the history of art?" I ask.

"I think that puts me on the spot," he says. "You know, you say that to me and I say something, and it'll be Julian Schnabel saying what he thinks about himself in this magazine article. So I think it's unnecessary for me to answer that."

But then he smiles, like a cat with a whole mouthful of canaries, and answers it anyway.

"I wouldn't trade places with any other painter," he says.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Louis Felipe

"Bond Street is small-town and friendly, like SoHo was thirteen years ago when we first opened T & K French Antiques," says Annick de Lorme, a former partner in the French provincial store known for its eclectic stock. At Cap-Sud, her cavernous new shop, de Lorme has teamed up with entrepreneur Catherine Glazer; and though the furniture still looks very Louis XIII and XIV, it's all handmade in Mexico and can be custom-ordered. The wool carpets, inspired by thirties constructivist artist Torrès-Garcia, are made in Mexico, too, but you can also find Garouste and Bonetti sofas and Gatti's classic wicker bistro chairs, which are both actually made in France (from \$12 for a lavender soap bar to \$300 for a wrought-iron-and-canvas chair to \$5,000 for a rosewood cupboard).

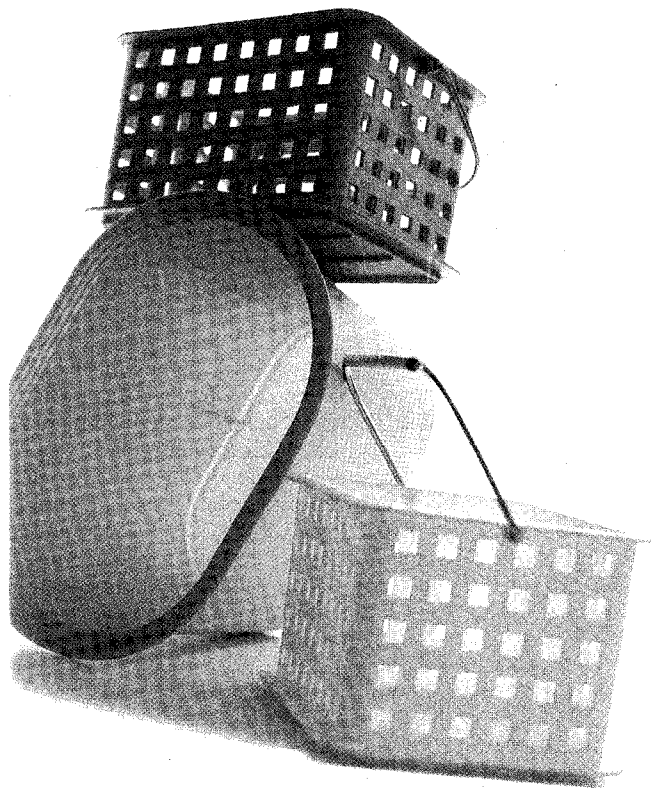
CAP-SUD, INC./50 Bond Street/260 9114



Alpha Bet

Avenue A is known for hyperhipness, not rampant domesticity, yet when Linda Heidinger (owner of the funkified gift-shop trio Alphabets) opened Lancelotti Housewares, she discovered that the area was actually lousy with homemakers. Though her little retro-Italianate shop is far from superstore coldness, its scope approaches Bed Bath & Beyond comprehensiveness. There are stylishly fun things, too, like InterDesign's opaque-plastic wastebaskets and utility crates that come in these refreshing shades (\$6.95 to \$8.95).

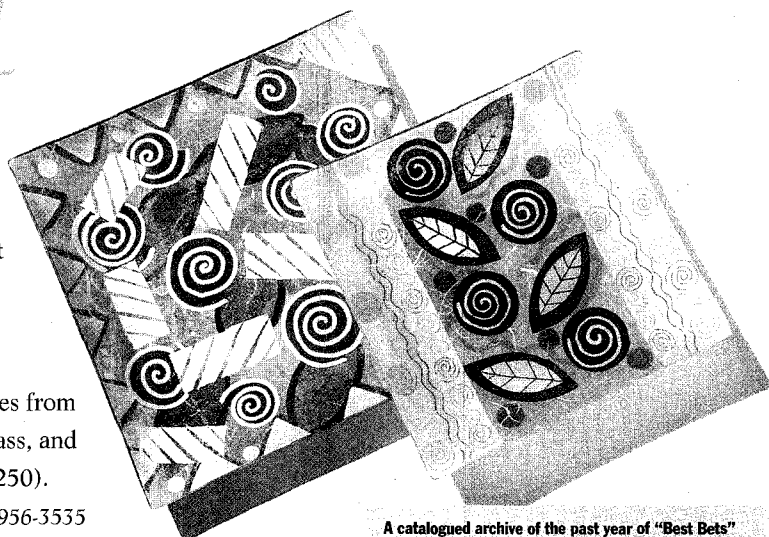
LANCELOTTI HOUSEWARES/66 Avenue A, near 5th Street/475-6851



On the Cutting Edge

Most of today's devotees of découpage—the art of cutting and pasting—use vintage designs to duplicate a Victorian look. But graphic artist Margarita Carreras has moved in a new, bolder direction. She cuts organic and geometric shapes from intensely colored rice paper, applies them to glass, and produces striking platters and plates (\$30 to \$250).

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM STORE/40 West 53rd Street/956-3535



A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York Magazine* Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York Magazine* representative. Current CompuServe users, go NYMAG.



Wheeler Dealer

The Mercedes-Benz mountain bike touched off unprecedented choruses of wows when it arrived on *New York's* editorial floor. Test rides elicited such comments as "Amazing braking system" (it's equipped with rear and front disc brakes, a first), "Incredible suspension" (it's *dual*), "So smooth you can't even feel the potholes" (dual adjustable springs and hydraulic shocks). Jointly designed by Mercedes and AMP Research (known for its high-technology bikes), it weighs only 24 pounds, can be disassembled in ten minutes, and fits into its own 27½-by-34-inch suitcase on wheels (\$3,300; carrying case included).

MERCEDES-BENZ OF MANHATTAN/536 West 41st Street; 629-1616/
430 Park Avenue, at 56th Street; 629-1666

Marching Orders

Cigarette pants, earthy sandals, socks, stockings, and thigh-highs:

This week's bargains have legs, and you know how to use them.

FROM HER EAST VILLAGE SHOP, Jutta Neumann hand-makes stylish leather sandals that are just the right side of hippie. Used by Anna Sui in her flower-powery spring-'96 fashion show, the leather sandals come in black and brown; patent-leather sandals in bright colors like lime green and red. Selected styles and colors are now on sale. For example: patent-leather pair, was \$195, now \$130; brown leather, was \$140, now \$95. Some fabric bags are also on sale: were \$160, now \$115. *Jutta Neumann, 317 E. 9th St. (982-7048); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.-Sat. noon-8 p.m. or by appointment; through 8/17.*



A handmade's tale: Jutta Neumann's East Village shop.

The Name Game

START LISTING WHO WEARS KALINKA'S fabulous clothing and the name-dropping gets a little shameless. Uma Thurman, Annabella Sciorra, Suzanne Vega, and all three of Charlie's original angels (that would be Farrah Fawcett, Jaclyn Smith, and Kate Jackson) wear her suits, hip skirts, pea jackets, cigarette pants. Savvy plebeians pay retail at Henri Bendel; even savvier ones pay wholesale and below at her sample sale. Prices from \$50 to \$450. You can also pre-order from her winter collection. *Kalinka, 333 W. 39th St., Room 1501 (564-7112); checks accepted; Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-8:30 p.m., Sat. till 5 p.m., or by appointment; 8/5-8/13.*

It's All in the Thyming

TO CONJURE UP THAT CERTAIN SOUTHWEST feeling, the urban spa Carapan lays it on thick with mesquite incense, candlelight, and New Agey music. The recently expanded retail shop lets you pack up the whole vibe and take it home. Everything in the store—essential oils, candles, incense, and bath, body, and hair-care

products—now 20 percent off: Essential Elements Wake-up Rosemary Soap, was \$6.50, now \$5.20; Thymes Eucalyptus Moisture Rich Herbal Shower Oil, was \$14, now \$11.20; Aroma Vera Lavender Essential Oil, was \$16.50, now \$13.20. *Carapan, 5 W. 16th St. (633-6220); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sun. 10 a.m.-8 p.m.; through 9/2.*

The Revelers

THE SOHO-BASED GALLERY REVEL SPECIALIZES in contemporary impressionist art. Through the end of August, select works are being discounted 10 to 70 percent. For example: Guy Dessapt's (oil-on-linen) 30-by-40-in. *Jardins des Champs Elysées*, was \$14,500, now \$11,600; Charles Cobelle's (mixed-media-on-canvas) 30-by-40-in. *A Grand Afternoon in Paris*, was \$8,500, now \$6,800; L. Shelly's (oil-on-canvas) 24-by-30-in. *Venice Waterway*, was \$2,200, now \$1,540. *Gallery Revel, 96 Spring St. (925-0600); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Sat 11 a.m.-6 p.m., Sun. noon-5 p.m.; through 8/31.*

West Side Block Party

MY FAVORITE PLACE, A SORT OF MECCA FOR kids, is both toy store (with great stock, from Hello Kitty to K'nex) and indoor

play space. It also hosts art classes and birthday parties. This week, most merchandise and services (excluding birthday parties) are 25 percent off, Crayola products 40 percent off, Erector sets 30 percent off. There's also the obligatory *Hunchback* stuff, like stick puppets, were \$3, now \$2; and craft kits, were \$15, now \$11.25. *My Favorite Place, 265 W. 87th St. (362-5320); cash only; Tues.-Sat. 9:30 a.m.-6:30 p.m.; 8/6-8/10.*

Get Hosed

ANN ROSS, OWNER OF LEGGIADRO ON Madison, gets pink in the cheeks when she talks about how desperate she is to be rid of the stockings (more than 1,000 pairs!) that are plaguing her life. ("They're in my house; they're in my car...") The logical solution? A big sale on thigh-highs and stockings by Elbeo, Pierre Mantoux, and Wolford in opaque cotton and wool or sheer nylon and Lycra. Items that retail for \$10-\$45 are now \$2-\$10. Men's and women's socks from Calvin Klein, Missoni, Dore Dore, Achille, and American Essentials that retail for \$10-\$35 are now \$2-\$10. Also, Manuel Canovas beachwear is 50 percent off, and cute-as-a-button mini Lilly Pulitzer dresses (for kids) that were \$60 are now \$45. *Leggiadro, 700 Madison Ave., near 63rd St. (753-5050); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 10:30 a.m.-6 p.m.; through 8/17.*

Color By Numbers

JUDY DEGROTTOLÉ'S QUASI-SCIENTIFIC color-charting system seems a bit like that old buttercup trick, only instead of the flower, she holds a collection of what looks like paint chips under your chin to figure out what hues work best for you. Trained at Parsons and Il-Makiage, she also does closet clearing (i.e., she cleans up and then puts together new outfits from your old clutter). Through September, the following services are discounted: color analysis was \$40, now \$35; closet clearing was \$45 an hour, now \$40. *Bellina, by appointment only (772-2780); Sat.-Sun. 9:30 a.m.-6 p.m.; through 9/30.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York Magazine*, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY McRedford

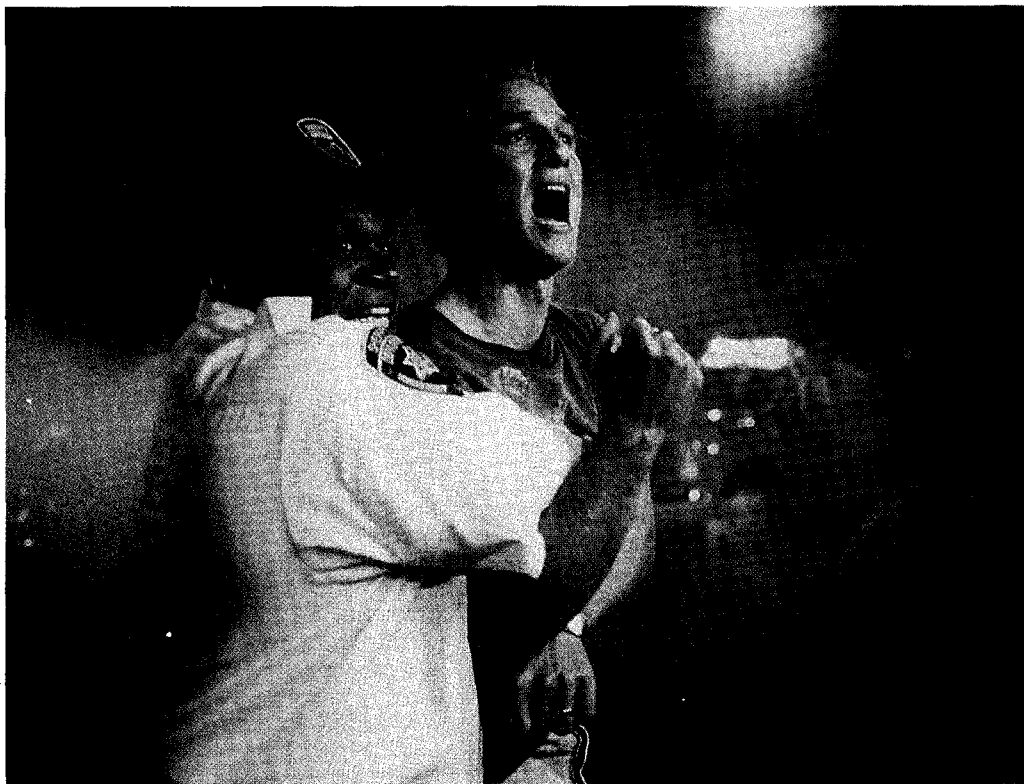
Matthew McConaughey is handsome, but his performance in 'A Time to Kill' is pallid: Will some great director teach him how to be a star?

THE LONG, HANDSOME FACE of Matthew McConaughey—the instant matinee idol who stars in **A Time to Kill**—can be very cold and sculpted, almost frighteningly blank; but then McConaughey smiles, and it's as if the sun had come out. He glistens, he gleams, he spreads warmth—on other people, of course, but most generously on himself. Physical beauty always creates its own fascination, and no one could deny that McConaughey has charisma. At the moment, however, he is a very limited actor. There's no connection between his poses—we don't have the sense of a complete person behind the camera moods, as we always did of Paul Newman's very ardent and heroic self in his youthful days. McConaughey is physically relaxed but temperamentally cautious and fragmentary—indecisive and too generalized in emotion. Alas, McConaughey fell into the hands of Joel Schumacher and not someone like Elia Kazan, who had an electrifying effect on Marlon Brando, James Dean, and Warren Beatty at comparable stages in their careers. McConaughey may have to shape himself. Which means that he may continue (as he does here) to wear clothes not as if he lives and works in them but as if he has just slung them on after a shower. In *A Time to Kill*, McConaughey embodies the Pepsi-generation jock-model approach to movie stardom. He's damp a great deal—from the heat, supposedly, but perhaps also because the clean-smelling golden-boy sweat is meant to be an erotic tease.

The stuff I enjoyed best in *A Time to Kill* had little to do with the plot, which is a cliché-ridden John Grisham courtroom drama set in the racially divided South. Sandra Bullock, as a law student, shows up in a Porsche and a short skirt; she's so inappropriate in manner, she seems to have wandered in from a self-conscious TV sitcom (she introduces herself as "Roark, brilliant law student"). Yet Bullock, flirting with McConaughey, is a relief from the movie's overpowering banality. Oliver Platt, of the Beethoven brow and rotten-angel lips, does his spoiled routine, and he's very good at it, and Donald Sutherland is charming as a drunken old lawyer who knows how to hold his liquor. The movie is filled with familiar actors

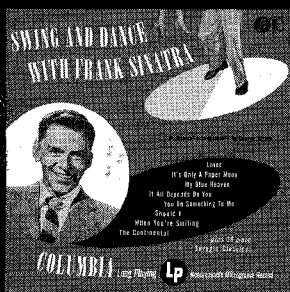
playing familiar types. (Oh, yes, there's Kurtwood Smith, in a mustache, as a vicious KKK leader, and Anthony Heald reprising his smarmy shrink from *Silence of the Lambs*). The movie is based on a Grisham novel (his first)—published seven years ago, after Grisham became a best-seller—but *A Time to Kill* has the feeling of movies from the morally unambiguous early sixties. Here we are in the corrupt, racist small-town South with its noble, victimized blacks and vicious white rednecks. "There hasn't been any Klan around here for years," says McConaughey's young lawyer, and I thought to myself, "Yes, and aren't the filmmakers glad to bring the Klan back."

Schumacher stages the secret oaths and cross-burnings with relish but no particular imagination or even garden-variety plausibility. *A Time to Kill* is like a war movie in which no one takes cover. Klan members burn, shoot, kidnap; and even after tearing up the town for weeks, they manage to take the locals by surprise. The characters are presented as shrewd, but many of them act stupidly and without explanation. The clever, enterprising side of the New South has disappeared, and the cretinous Old South has been hauled back onto the stage like a windy old play that still gets a rise out of the folks in the balcony. As in every cheap melodrama, you can tell immediately if someone is a good person by how nice he is. Even the great Kevin Spacey, playing an ambitious prosecutor, gives a blunt, obvious performance. Joel Schumacher and the screenwriter Akiva Goldsman use the Klan to distract us from their main story: A black mill worker (Samuel L. Jackson) has killed the two young rednecks who raped his 10-year-old daughter; he's then put on trial for murder, with only McConaughey's in experi-



Black-and-white justice: Charles S. Dutton (left) and McConaughey in *A Time to Kill*.

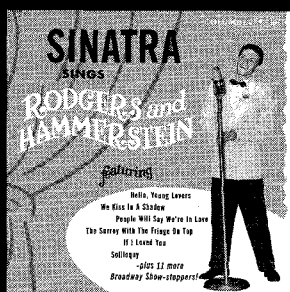
When Sinatra Sings, The World Listens



CK64852

"Swing And Dance With Frank Sinatra"

18 songs featuring the Sinatra classics
"All Of Me," "I've Got A Crush On You,"
and "My Blue Heaven"
plus 6 ultra-rare alternate takes.



CK64661

"Sinatra Sings Rodgers & Hammerstein"

17 showstoppers including
"The Surrey With The Fringe On Top,"
"You'll Never Walk Alone,"
"Some Enchanted Evening,"
plus 5 rare radio performances
and a special alternate take.



Sinatra Sings:

2 New Collections
That Capture Sinatra At His Legendary Best

Compilation Producers:
Didier C. Deutsch and Charles Granata



http://www.sony.com
COLUMBIA
"Columbia," "Legacy" and "L" Reg. U.S.
Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada
© 1996 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

**BEST
VALUE**



\$9.99 CD
pricing effective through 8/31/96

enced attorney—a Grisham standby—to represent him. The mill worker pleads not guilty by reason of temporary insanity, but anyone can see that, right or wrong, he's the sanest man in the county. The melodramatic devices insult our intelligence: The redneck rapists and the Klan are made as revolting as possible so the black man's revenge will seem justified and even necessary. The movie is meant to appeal to what might be called liberal primitivism: Everything is stacked against a black man, therefore he's not to be held accountable.

Jackson gives a somber and powerful performance, but he's playing a saint who wields an automatic rifle. By getting us to root for a verdict of innocent, *A Time to Kill* becomes a defense of vigilantism. But how can you praise vigilantism and attack the Klan in the same breath? They think they've got a sacred cause, too. They're wrong, evil, and stupid, but unless you adhere to the rule of law, you've got no grounds except sentiment on which to say so.

Jackson's mill worker sits in jail, yet he seems so much smarter than McConaughy's lawyer—meant to be the hero of the movie—that *A Time to Kill* compounds its embarrassment. We have to wait for Mc-

Conaughy to figure out that a black man can't get a fair trial in this country. The focus is on McConaughy. Will his soul be saved? That is, will he admit that he's a secret racist himself?

The movie is extraordinarily high-minded (in all the wrong ways) even as it's selling us a sexy jock to drool over.

THE MUCH-PRAISED *Trainspotting* HAS enough spark in it to ignite a dead movie season. But enjoyable and energetic as it is, the film is not always what it seems. It's narrated by a junkie and purports to be a fiction of life on scag, but actually has little to do with heroin. (Kids who try the drug after seeing *Trainspotting* could be in for a hell of a surprise.) Written by John Hodge, who adapted the cult novel by Irvine Welsh, and directed by Danny Boyle, *Trainspotting* celebrates the days and nights of raffish pleasure—the euphoric highs and racking, beaten-out lows—of four deadbeat Edinburgh thugs. The hero, Renton, may be a working-class squatter and hooligan, but he's literate, he entertains us, and we want him to succeed. Ewan McGregor, who plays him, has an Olivier-like cockiness about his eyes and mouth. And as McGregor recites the very chipper narration, we may think that he's a scoundrel and a cheat, but at least he never lies to us.

Perhaps a realistic movie about heroin would be unwatchable. (Alex Cox's *Sid and Nancy* was accomplished but almost excruciating.) And *Trainspotting* is far from a raw documentary. But it is precisely this evasion of realism that makes it so

much fun. The boys shoot up and fall down in pleasure, and sometimes they jump about Edinburgh, chasing down streets like the Beatles in *A Hard Day's Night*, romping in and out of bars or just sitting around making preposterous jokes. They commit every imaginable crime against bourgeois propriety; they outrage all the proud, hapless clichés of Scottish nationalism. The style of the movie is fast, voluble, allusive, the bits of dialogue and ghastly jokes and ludicrous physical disasters held together by Renton's narration and by the wildly inventive but disciplined editing. In all, *Trainspotting* is a much more effective and honest piece of work than *Shallow Grave*, Boyle's last picture, which was nothing but cynically empty visual flash. Cynicism isn't the problem with *Trainspotting*. More than anything, the moviemakers wanted to reject hypocrisy.

These boys don't become addicts because they are failures or victims or because they are unhappy and can't face life; they become addicts because they want to experience more and more intense pleasures. Living on the floor, living in blood and shit, Renton and his friends glory in the utter lousiness. Crud for crud's sake. The absolute lack of dignity—the squalor that is always seen as a tragedy—is here turned into a joke. (In the movie's most notorious sequence, Renton's life literally goes down the toilet.) *Trainspotting* joins the tradition of self-mythologizing male narrative in which young men will do anything for pleasure. The movie has less to do with heroin than with Henry Miller's Paris novels (*Tropic of Cancer*, etc.) and the punks of twenty years ago. For, of course, life on heroin isn't fast. Heroin slows people down so much that actual time loses its meaning and the concept of boredom disappears. An hour passing by may be experienced as no more than a minute. Here we have a movie with one-line jokes and cabaret-skit satirical brevity, and reviewers are writing about how realistic it is.

When *Trainspotting* stops being funny and tries to pull us up short with tragedy and pathos, it falls on its face. The hip brutality that is an acceptable comic convention seems utterly pathetic when it's a question of a baby dying of neglect and innocent people getting bloodied in pub fights. Hodge and Boyle want to show us they are aware of moral issues without actually dramatizing them. Who, for instance, is the mother of the dead baby? We barely see her, so we can't identify with her pain. We're pretty much protected from pain all the way through. For all the scandalous goings-on, Renton's story is perhaps the most upbeat narrative of the season. The hero gets up and out: *Trainspotting* is a fable of upward mobility. It is also a shrewdly calculated and commercial piece of work.

'A Thousand Clowns' remains a well-crafted though occasionally pretentious situation comedy; Patti LuPone misses in 'Master Class.'

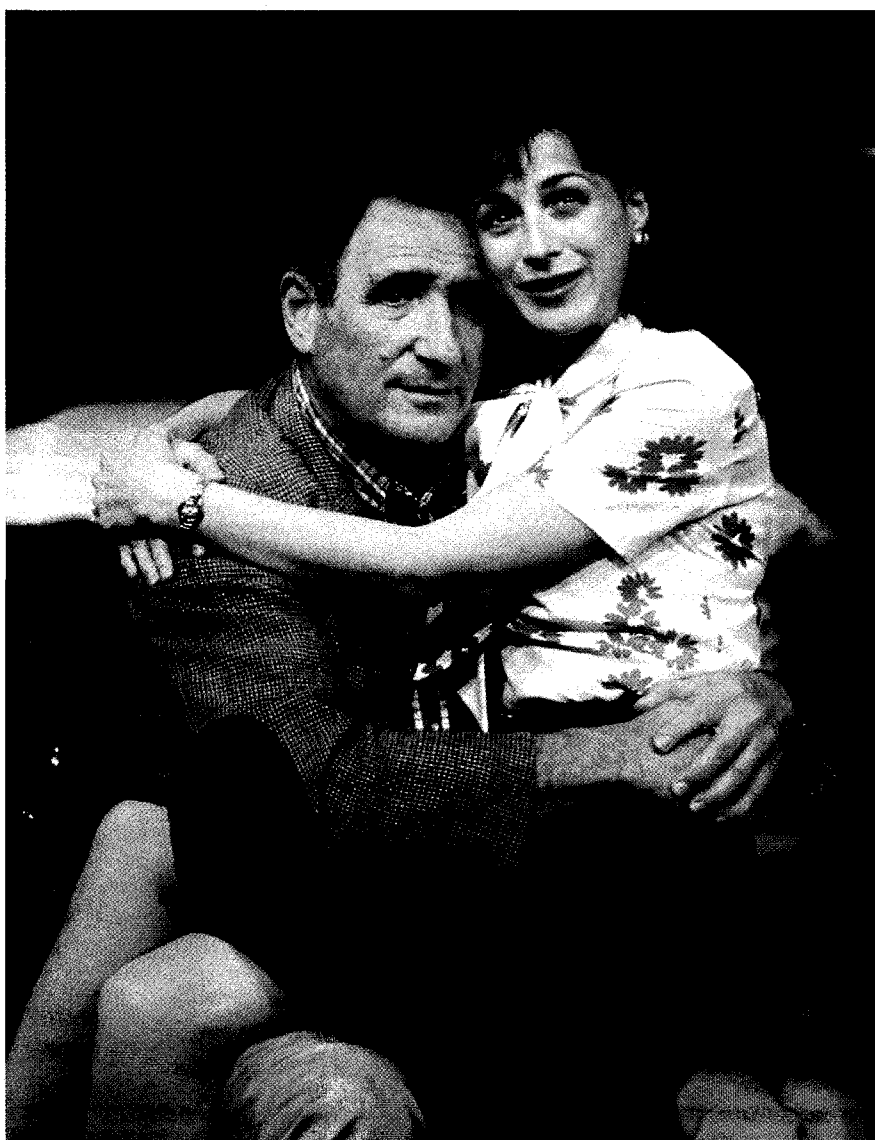
A **Thousand Clowns**, FIRST STAGED IN 1962, is Herb Gardner's tidiest play, its yucks most widely and evenly distributed. First, there are the family jokes. Murray Burns, a TV-kiddie-show writer, is unofficial guardian to his adoring, precocious 12-year-old nephew, Nick. They live in an untidy, overstuffed apartment seemingly coming apart at the seams. With Murray unemployed and Nick cutting school, they have time for nonstop wisecracking.

Next, child-rearing humor. The Child Welfare Board has sent Albert Amundson and Sandra Markowitz to investigate Murray's parental fitness. There is sardonic fencing over the proper way to bring up Nick. There is also on-the-job-rivalry humor, as Amundson (a stuffy goy) and Markowitz (a neurotic but lovable Jewish girl) have their internecine tiffs. Again, social-critical jesting, as Murray hurls jeering reprimands at neighbors through the window, or remonstrates drolly with the recorded voice of the telephone weather forecaster. Also employer-employee fun, as Leo Herman (a.k.a. Chuckles the Chipmunk, the kiddie-show host) shows up to beg Murray to return as his writer.

And, of course, man-woman japery, as Sandra, dissenting from Albert's negative findings, spends the night with Murray, then rushes out and redecorates the place at a clip undreamt of by Martha Stewart, and may move in permanently. There is evidence for viewing Murray as the author's self-projection, when he yields to filthy TV lucre and conventional conjugality from the noblest of motives: Nick's future.

Unfortunately, one detects artistic pretensions behind the boulevard-comedy exterior, intimations that big cultural and philosophical insights underlie the repartee. At least the Roundabout revival has it over the early-sixties premiere in that the leads are no longer poeticized but played by the earthily credible Judd Hirsch and Marin Hinkle, though the latter is no histrionic match for the former. As Murray's workaholically prosaic brother, David Margulies is impeccable, and Jim Fyfe makes Albert Amundson suitably prissy. John Procaccino, though not quite the Jewish comic envisioned by the author, brings off Chuckles's chipmunky-shines enchantingly, and manages to be ludicrous, pitiful, and still somehow dignified.

The only weak link in Scott Ellis's otherwise efficient staging is Dov Tiefenbach's Nick. The suitably droopy young actor vocally goes an emery board one better in rasping monotony. Barry Gordon, who played the kid on Broadway 34 years ago, was far less trying. On the whole, child actors have not improved over the decades, at least in America.



THEATER JOHN SIMON **Shtick, Circa 1962**

ANOTHER BOULEVARD COMEDY WITH SERIOUS OVERTONES is **Grace & Glorie**, in which Gloria, a discontentedly displaced New Yorker and charitable volunteer, is helping Grace, an ancient Blue Ridge-mountain woman, get through her last, lonely days on earth. Gloria—or Glorie, as Grace keeps calling her—and her lawyer husband have moved to Virginia after their young son's death in a car accident, a tragedy that left Gloria emotionally stunted.

Grace's problems, besides dying, include having been undercompensated by developers for her land, even having had her beloved orchard cut down (Chekhov, are you listening?), the dynamiting and other construction noises robbing her of deathbed peace, and the apparent lack of a proper heir; then there are the doubts Gloria instills in her about both her life and her hoped-

House calls:
Marin Hinkle
and Judd Hirsch
in *Clowns*.



Boston New York AIDS RideSM 2

PRESENTED BY
Tanqueray®

BENEFITING
OHF COMMUNITY HEALTH PROJECT
Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center

Sponsored By
BANANA REPUBLIC
POZ Magazine
USAir/USAir Shuttle
HX Magazine
Crunch Fitness

Riders • Volunteers • Crew
Donations To The Cause

Space is limited. Call now for a free full-color brochure.

(212) 242-RIDE

Created and Produced by Pallotta & Associates, Inc., Los Angeles

DO THE AIDS RIDE

for afterlife. The two-character play is a variation on the country-mouse-and-city-mouse fable, the cat in this case being urban sophistication that bodes Grace seemingly no good, though in the end it rather does.

Tom Ziegler's writing tries to be even-handed and not make the simple but pawky countrywoman who buried five sons morally superior to the nervous career woman with adultery in her past. Ziegler further strives to make it all end as painlessly as possible, with each woman learning and profiting from the other. But the rather pat moralizing, fit for a fable, is a bit enfeebling when dumped on the fragile shoulders of a slender stage comedy.

Objection to manipulative contrivance applies here, but there are some shrewd observations and pleasantly prickly lines. Further assets are Gloria Muzio's expert staging and Edward Gianfrancesco's cunningly cluttered set, redolent with rusticity. And, above all, Estelle Parsons's pungently idiomatic Grace, who achieves loveliness without any playing on our sympathy. In the

scene where she turns down Gloria's upscale Manhattanite gourmet lunch, preferring such good, down-home fare as Velveeta and Miracle Whip, she positively radiates contentment. Lucie Arnaz, as Gloria, does what she can with what is essentially a straight-woman part, and bustles, seethes, and despairs most prettily.

TERRENCE MCNALLY'S SUCCESSFUL **Master Class** has just acquired a new star and mainly new supporting cast. The play is an apocryphal rendering of Maria Callas's Juilliard teaching days, wherein the diva bullies three young singers, teases the young piano accompanist, and pontificates sassily to the audience (representing the Juilliard students) about art and life. She gets two flashbacks besides, in which she must also enact her husband and her lover.

Patti LuPone is younger and easier on the eye than her predecessor, has the advantage of being a singer, and handles one-liners equally well. But she lacks Zoe Caldwell's commanding presence, crystalline diction, and cosmopolitan aura. And in the awkwardly written flashbacks, she can't quite summon up Miss Caldwell's near-miraculous forcefulness. The other newcomers do decently, but the handsome Helen Goldsby needs more assurance before she catches up with Audra McDonald, the previous incumbent.

As for the play itself, its laugh lines, like most jokes, were funnier the first time around. And in reality, Callas behaved much more professionally. Even sacred monsters deserve fair play. ■

EVER SINCE **Lincoln Center Festival 96** announced its eclectic agenda earlier this year, some folks have been vainly trying to locate the thematic rationale that must be driving such a sprawling carnival of the arts. There is none, of course. The whole point of this enterprise, it seems to me, is to stroll down the midway and choose from what was always meant to be a delirious exercise in cultural diversity. New York City itself is rather like that, and so are the well-known pantophagous tastes of the festival's director, John Rockwell, the *Times's* former rock critic, classical-music critic, European-culture correspondent, and irrepressible gadfly. Those of us at the paper back in the seventies knew that if an article on anything from ancient Chinese pottery to Baroque-dance traditions was needed in a hurry, Rockwell could produce 1,000 plausible words within the hour. That facility never got him the music department's top job, which once seemed his by right of succession ("The *Times's* promises are always written in water," I heard a weary, wise old *Times*man sigh just when Rockwell's future looked so assured). But perhaps that disappointment led him into something more constructive and important, especially now that the post of the *Times's* chief music critic scarcely seems to carry the same influence and prestige it did a decade ago.

My beat takes me only to the festival's classical-music events, but there has been more than enough here to fill the evenings, and the days too. On paper, the choice of the peripatetic **Kirov Orchestra** to provide the kickoff event in Avery Fisher Hall looked disappointingly unimaginative and everyday; after all, the Kirov and its indefatigable conductor, Valery Gergiev, are frequent visitors to New York and turn up in festivals the world over. But they have probably never been asked to perform two programs of official Soviet music written between 1936 and 1957, a time when every composer was expected to serve the regime by producing accessible, militantly patriotic poster art. Much trash was inevitably ground out by lesser talents—I doubt that many today are curious to hear Alexander Krein's *U.S.S.R., Shock Brigade of the World*, based on a Stalin speech entitled "On the Tasks of Managerial Workers." But two musicians of genius also had to fall in line, and the Kirov engaged us in the uncomfortable task of reassessing scores that even the staunchest admirers of Prokofiev and Shostakovich might have preferred that they had never written.

We are often told that Shostakovich's most public symphonic statements should now be understood as coded protests against the system, although that theory is severely tested after hearing the Symphony No. 11, and its musical description of the revolutionary year of

1905. But then, who would not be shaken by the memory of the cold-blooded massacre of unarmed peasants in front of St. Petersburg's Winter Palace and respond with music from the heart? That event certainly stirred Shostakovich to produce some of his most viciously brutal music as well as outbursts of strikingly eloquent grief. And I suppose it could be argued that the hollow triumph of the tub-thumping finale is intentional, possibly suggesting that Lenin-Stalinist oppression was an even greater evil than the one it replaced. In any case, Gergiev led a sensational performance that left no instrumental detail unconsidered and no expressive point to the imagination.

Prokofiev's obeisances to authority are less ambiguous in the *Cantata for the 20th Anniversary of the October Revolution* (based on texts by Marx, Lenin, and Stalin) and *Zdravitsa*, a toast to Stalin on his 60th birthday. Neither score actually did the composer much good—even avid socialist realists in 1937 accused Prokofiev of writing music that smacked of "leftist deviation and vulgarity." That, along with its huge performing apparatus and fearsome technical demands, kept the *Cantata* from being heard until 1966, thirteen years after the composer's death. Some pure souls nowadays insist that such music, explicitly composed

Black and white but red all over: Valery Gergiev conducting the Kirov Orchestra.



CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS **Heavenly Hash**

Beethoven on period instruments, avian theater, a toast to Stalin—Lincoln Center's Festival 96 is something else.

STAGE Deli

New York's Most Famous
For Over Half A Century!

DELI / RESTAURANT / BAR
OPEN 7 DAYS 6 AM - 2 AM
834 7th AVENUE
(Bet. 53rd and 54th Sts.) N.Y.C.
Free Delivery To All Hotels
(212) 245-7850

SPEND AN EVENING IN EUROPE
(without traveling 3,000 miles)
Enjoy fine Italian dining in the center of Manhattan



CIAO EUROPA
63 WEST 54TH STREET • 247-1200

Felix
FRENCH BISTRO

340 WEST BROADWAY
☎ 212-431-0021

Discover the imaginative cuisine
of Chef Christian Caiazza.



Arlo's
york ave@74th.street
212.327.0870

TAPIKA

950 EIGHTH AVE. AT 56 NYC (212) 371-3737 TAPIKA@AOL.COM

★★★ N.Y. TIMES
"One of the Best
Spanish Kitchens in N.Y.C."

Lunch • Dinner • Cocktails
226 Thompson St. 475-9891
(in Greenwich Village)

Rincon DE ESPAÑA

VILLA MOSCONI

"Top 10 Moderate Priced Restaurants in NYC"
—Marcellino's 1996

- Homemade Northern Italian Specialties
- Four Season Garden for Weddings & Parties
- Lunch • Dinner • Closed Sunday • Since 1976

69 MacDougal St. Tel: 673-0390/473-9804

for the use of totalitarian regimes, is tainted and should never be performed at all. Perhaps, but Prokofiev typically responded to the celebratory texts with amazingly naïve, almost childish glee, and at the time, his creative juices were at their bubbly best and never flowing more freely. The sheer ruckus of the piece, with its military bands, choral eruptions, exploding percussion, and sawing accordions, is hard to resist. Offended moralists put off by all this may have been somewhat assuaged by the Kirov's other two, less politicized Prokofiev offerings: music for Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky* film and the powerful, darkly brooding Sixth Symphony, written just after World War II.

For its other two concerts, the Kirov set the recent past aside and turned to less controversial fare. Even at that, complete performances of Berlioz's 90-minute "dramatic symphony" *Roméo et Juliette* are rare, and nearly 160 years after it was first heard, audiences can still be a bit disoriented by its unusual organization and such eccentricities as a love duet without voices, two "Queen Mab" scherzos, frequent passages of stop-and-go orchestral declamation, and a deafening grand-opera finale that outdoes Meyerbeer. Conductors as different as Colin Davis and Charles Munch managed to set this romantic tone poem on course, but Gergiev's treatment tended to be nervous and overblown. Only the succulent Olga Borodina proved to be an adequate soloist, and the performance as a whole sounded woefully underrehearsed.

That was just a momentary setback. At the final concert, the Kirov was once again back on form and dealing with congenial material: a pairing of two early avian theater works by Stravinsky, *The Nightingale* and *The Firebird*. The performances could hardly have been more lovingly or sensuously shaped—no doubt too luscious for the composer's own taste, considering how austere and diamond-hard he made these scores sound when he conducted them in his old age. A young soprano just beginning her career, Olga Trifonova sang the flashy coloratura phrases of the Nightingale with uncommon sensitivity and brilliance, and the audience was clearly delighted to stumble upon such an important emerging vocal talent. Gergiev was also greeted with unmodified rapture on all four evenings; he's a committed conductor who, New York concertgoers apparently decided some time ago, is a festival all by himself whenever he comes to town.

To judge from his equally ecstatic reception, **John Eliot Gardiner** also qualifies as a local hero, although his popularity hereabouts derives more from a ton of recordings than from his infrequent in-person

visits. Those discs alone give plenty of convincing reasons why Gardiner has overtaken his British colleagues—Roger Norrington, Christopher Hogwood, Trevor Pinnock—as England's most persuasive conductor versed in historically informed performance practice, on new instruments as well as old. His musical tastes cover an unusually wide territory, and I have enjoyed Gardiner most as a stylish exponent of French opera, from Rameau to Chabrier.

Beethoven was on the conductor's mind when he brought the grandly yclept Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique, his own hand-picked period-instrument band, to Avery Fisher Hall for performances of the Ninth Symphony, *Missa Solemnis*, and the seldom-heard original version of the composer's only opera, *Leonore/Fidelio*. I had hoped Gardiner might have rethought the Ninth since making his best-selling recordings of the complete Beethoven symphonies with the ORR forces (DG Archiv 439 900-2). Alas, like the recorded interpretation, the live performance was decidedly more *révolutionnaire* than *romantique*, a scrubbed-clean, overdriven statement that refused to allow even a hint of intrusive sentiment. To a degree, the conductor makes his businesslike, Beethoven Lite approach workable elsewhere in the canon, but not here.

There is a reason why Beethoven made the controversial decision to end his last symphony with an outburst of human voices: As the tensions build, the full emotive force of the score's abstract musical argument eventually becomes too much for mere instruments to communicate. Instead, Gardiner prepared us for that cosmic eruption with a rushed, crabby run-through of the first three movements, bustling along inflexibly and unfeelingly until the music began to sound virtually meaningless. In this context, the choral finale for once truly seemed tacked-on, even irrelevant—one might just as well have substituted the more congenial last movement of the Second Symphony if an ending in D major was wanted. The craggy *Missa Solemnis* responded better to Gardiner's laser-beam vision, and his virtuoso chorus and orchestra articulated even the thorniest passages with extraordinary lucidity. The solo vocal quartet was also first-class—most particularly Luba Orgonasova, whose shining, sparing soprano gave the lie to Beethoven's reputation as a composer who never understood how to write for the voice. Even at that, the exhilaration of the performance was more physical than spiritual. Gardiner can be a charmer when it comes to Massenet, but his grimly revisionist Beethoven is not for me.

RESTAURANTS CORBY KUMMER

Thyme Out

At Rockefeller Center's Artusi, the pasta is overwhelmed by sprigs and stalks. But the veal is spoon-tender, and it certainly won't hurt to stick around for dessert.

PELLEGRINO ARTUSI IS A HOUSEHOLD GOD IN Italy. In 1891, the cranky bachelor banker of 71 published *Science in the Kitchen and the Art of Eating Well* at his own expense—a century ago, publishers didn't think cookbooks could make money. By the time he died, at 90, the book was in its fourteenth edition and had nearly doubled in size. Today it ranks with *Pinocchio* and *The Leopard* as perennial Italian best-sellers.

Why is no kitchen in Italy without a copy of Artusi? Because he was the first to recognize that Italy's culinary gold lay in the hands of its mothers and grandmothers, and he was the first to transform their typically vague descriptions of family favorites into recipes anyone could cook. Also, he introduced the recipes with funny anecdotes, some of them racy. Though he wrote in the patriotic decades following the country's reunification, Artusi upheld the northern snobbery against the South that still divides Italy: He concentrated on the northern Emilia-Romagna, his home province—as famous for its rich and beautiful cooking as the region of France around Lyons—and on Tuscany, the northern region where he lived as an adult.

Artusi, a new and luxurious restaurant in the middle of Rockefeller Center, features a number of appetizers and entrées said to be based on the master's recipes. The provenance of the chef, Mauro Mafrici, is promising: He worked in his—and Artusi's—native Emilia-Romagna and in New York for Lidia Bastianich, who brings diners mighty close to homemade Italian flavors at Felidia. Artusi is owned by the splendid Villa d'Este hotel on Lake Como—many Italo-philos' favorite retreat.

Why is the restaurant such a bland disappointment? One of my enduring struggles is to convince people that real Italian food is far subtler than the garlic-and-cheese-laden dishes so often presented here as Italian, even by native-born cooks. Real Italian flavors often whisper rather than yell. But at Artusi, they have severe laryngitis. So insipid are many of the first courses that if I close my eyes, I can hardly distinguish a single ingredient besides pasta and tomatoes.

I want to like the room and the food nearly as much as I like Carlota Damiani, the welcoming hostess with kind eyes, who reverently shows me a copy of Artusi with Art Nouveau illustrations, and the waiters, who seem both humorous and efficient—even when their Mediterranean accents turn out to be Romanian and neither Italian nor English is their strong suit. But it's hard to know what the designers had in mind when they installed blondwood banquettes as pallid as most of the food. The table spacing is the best part of the characterless room, and lunch is crowded with people who can pay for it (pastas cost \$17 to \$19 at lunch and dinner, and main



courses \$20 to \$24). Already, the expat Italian business community is trying the place out, drawn by the location and the owners. And its members seem content.

But I'm afraid this restaurant will give true Northern Italian cuisine a bad name, and that poor Artusi will fare even worse. The dishes attributed to him are at best unidentifiable, as with vitello tonnato, the classic summer cold, sliced veal roast Artusi says should be served with a sauce of tuna, oil, lemons, and capers—not the thin, vaguely tuna-flavored sauce the chef spoons atop slices of mystery meat. Spaghetti with baby cuttlefish has virtually no recognizable flavor, save for thyme, and too much of that; Artusi called only for parsley. Mafrici, who likes blanketing pasta with whole sprigs of thyme and sticking rosemary stalks upright into main dishes, seems to be another victim of the

The book was better: Artusi, named after Italy's answer to Mrs. Beaton.



Christopher, age 8

Adrian, age 6

OPEN YOUR HEART AND OPEN
A CHILD'S EYES.

THIS SUMMER, WITH YOUR HELP, A CITY CHILD
WILL GET TO SPEND TWO WEEKS AWAY FROM THE
CITY. TWO WEEKS LAUGHING, PLAYING,
LEARNING AND EXPLORING. YOUR \$338
DONATION TO THE FRESH AIR FUND WILL MAKE IT
ALL POSSIBLE. IT WILL SEND A CHILD TO THE
COUNTRY FOR TWO WEEKS. IT WILL OPEN THAT
CHILD'S EYES FOR A LIFETIME.



To help, contact The Fresh Air Fund
1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018
e-mail info1@freshair.org or call 1-800-367-0003
Web page: <http://www.freshair.org>

A copy of the last financial reports filed with the Department of State may be obtained by writing to:
New York State Department of State, Office of Charities Registration, Albany, NY 12231, or The Fresh Air Fund, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rosemary disorder afflicting many other city cooks: He should read Artusi, who often calls for a single rosemary stalk rather than needles, so you can take it out before serving.

Still, some pastas are actually good, with the long-simmered but not overseasoned tomato sauce that is a fundamental part of Italian cuisine and almost impossible to find here. A special one night, mislabeled as spaghetti, is soothingly soft egg noodles in a grandmotherly tomato sauce so gentle as to seem creamy. We do well, too, with a quail-and-mushroom risotto, so we don't have much appetite left when the main courses arrive.

A good thing. Leg of rabbit, which unfortunately really does taste like chicken, is coated with honey and served with strangely sweet polenta; luckily, Artusi doesn't get the blame. Snapper is offered instead of the listed sea bass in a Spumanti sauce, but the fish hardly matters given its desiccation. Rack of lamb, in contrast, is distressingly blue. The long-cooked fresh peas in tomato sauce served with it, though, are a genuine Italian flavor and worth having on their own.

I hope this doesn't make New Yorkers give up on the real Italian North, or on the merits of nineteenth-century food. Mafrici has some lovely old-fashioned ideas, for instance, serving a timbale of maccheroncini with eggplant, basil, and pecorino Romano in that nicely caramelized tomato sauce, or roasting veal until it is spoon-tender. But a decent pasta or two doesn't make a restaurant, especially not at these prices.

The wine list is familiar, but contains one or two outstanding bargains—an Argiano rosso di Montalcino is a steal at \$24, as Fred Plotkin, author of the new and encyclopedic *Italy for the Gourmet Traveler*, points out. Plotkin steers our table toward the magnificently syrupy red dessert wine primitivo di Manduria, made from grapes dried on the stem in the southern region of Puglia; we allow ourselves just one glass for the table, given the \$18 price.

The desserts merit wine that spectacular; Mafrici has remarkable gifts as a pastry chef. Although his sweets have no stated link to Italian history, in their plain goodness, they seem the closest to what Artusi wanted to preserve. A run-of-the-mill brioche is filled with wonderful banana ice cream. It comes in a pool of richly flavored zabaglione made with mascarpone. Chocolate zabaglione accompanies a stunning chocolate-hazelnut meringato (dacquoise) served with a small sourcherry tart. If Artusi could taste these, he'd be weighing out the sugar and eggs.

Artusi, 36 West 52nd Street (582-6900). Monday through Friday, lunch, noon to 3 p.m., and dinner, 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. A.E., Disc., M.C., V.

C **U** **E**
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

art 58

bars 68

cds 75

concerts 65

dance 65

kids 77

the mix 75

movies 50

nightlife 66

online 76

radio 75

restaurants 69

sports 76

theater 62

the written word 75

The Outer

Stanley Kubrick—the most enigmatic and emotionally remote of contemporary directors is the subject of a monthlong retrospective at the American Museum of the Moving Image (page 55)

movies

Coppola's Jack... Rendezvous in Paris

New Films

Adventures of Pinocchio—A live-action adaptation of the fairy tale with Jonathan Taylor Thomas as the marionette and Martin Landau as Gepetto. Directed by Steve Barron. (1 hr. 36 mins.; G) *Village East; Sutton; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Celestial Clockwork—An aspiring opera singer moves to Paris, where she encounters a woman who continually tries to thwart her success. Directed by Fina Torres. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Chain Reaction—Keanu Reeves stars as a scientist-in-training whose life is threatened when he discovers a cheap, effective method for harnessing energy. With Morgan Freeman. Directed by Andrew Davis. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cin-*

ema; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's latest is a funny but rather smug little movie based on Stella Gibbons's funny but smug little 1932 novel about an impoverished, well-brought-up girl, Flora (Kate Beckinsale), who goes to live with her dim, depressed relatives on a Sussex farm. Flora won't stand for anything but the best and most rational behavior, and the men and women on the farm are so abashed by her that they go along. The book is an implicit rebuke to the loamy novels of the early thirties influenced by D.H. Lawrence, with their sexy-peasant heroes who inflame well-born ladies. The sexy peasant here, played by Rufus Sewell, is thoroughly tamed—gelded, really. In all, life doesn't put up much of a fight. *Cold Comfort Farm* presents, without irony, a triumph of tidiness: Its wit is sarcastic, asexual, and finally more convenient and self-regarding than bracing. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Regency.*

★**Courage Under Fire**—Denzel Washington gives an intense, imploding performance as Lieutenant Colonel Nathaniel Serling, a Gulf War tank commander who gives an order

at Al Bathra that accidentally destroys an American tank and kills the men inside—men from Serling's own company.

But Serling is also a hero (we find out why later); and the Pentagon buries the friendly-fire incident. The colonel is given a lousy desk job: investigating whether servicemen nominated for medals actually deserve them. He becomes obsessed with the case of a Medevac-helicopter pilot, Captain Karen Walden (a convincing Meg Ryan), who died on the ground while trying to rescue some stranded soldiers. He becomes obsessed, we gradually realize, because he can't accept the lies that have been told about his own acts in the war. What is the truth about Karen Walden? Screenwriter Patrick Sheane Duncan and director Edward Zwick obviously took a good look at the familiar Kuro-

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

the helicopter go down. Did Walden maintain her authority? Or did she panic? Zwick stages the events again and again, with overlapping details—but significant and fascinating details. *Courage Under Fire* is a *Rashomon* with earnestness substituted for poetry, but it's still something to see. (Denby; 7/22/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema.*

★**Emma**—Gwyneth Paltrow stars as the titular matchmaker in this wonderful adaptation of the Jane Austen classic. With Toni Collette and Ewan McGregor. Directed by Douglas McGrath. (2 hrs.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Eraser—Arnold Schwarzenegger plays a man on the right side of the law—he guarantees the safety of the people in the witness protection program—yet whether Arnold is “good” or “bad,” whether he's the Terminator or the Eraser, he kills people by the dozen. That's his job: He produces corpses and explosions. The movie is not as unpleasant, redundant, and ugly-looking as *The Rock*; some of it is entertaining in a preposterous, over-the-top style. Yet there isn't much to say about it. In these summer thrillers, and in Stallone's movies, and Wesley Snipes's, explosions and punches, like rum in fruit punch, produce a mild kind of high. In order to keep the high going, audiences and moviemakers have made a kind of silent agreement about movie violence: It shall be as meaningless as possible. None of the characters in these

movies has anything more than one dimension, so the audience never feels the dread it used to when someone it identified with was placed in jeopardy. Despite the unending violence, there

is no danger. One comes away from *Eraser* sorely wondering if Hollywood has not caught itself in an endgame with no possible conclusion but declining interest, declining response, declining love. (Denby; 7/8/96) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *New York Twin.*

Fled—Two escaped convicts (Laurence Fishburne and Stephen Baldwin), on the run from both the feds and the Cuban Mafia, attempt to stay alive by retrieving stolen money and a valuable computer disk. Directed by Kevin Hooks. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Plaza.*

★**Flirting With Disaster**—David O. Russell's new comedy not only flirts with disaster; it waltzes, tangoes, and goes to bed with it, yet somehow survives and even flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel (Ben Stiller), an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make

Opening Space Cadet

A newly struck print of *Barbarella*, with a deliciously wacky Jane Fonda as that forty-first-century thrill-seeker, will open the tenth—and, regrettably, last—Festival of Fantasy, Horror & Science Fiction at Film Forum. (See “Museums, Societies, Etc.,” for info.)



“Cue” cover photograph by Neal Peters Collection.



Ingrid Sischy, *INTERVIEW MAGAZINE*

"EXPLOSIVE! IT WILL MAKE SPARKS FLY!"
Hats off to Jeffrey Wright."

Paul Wunder, *WBAI RADIO*

"★★★★★! DON'T MISS IT!"
Wonderfully acted, profoundly thought provoking and extremely moving entertainment."

Jeff Craig, *SIXTY SECOND PREVIEW*

"★★★★★! ONE OF THE COOLEST CASTS EVER!"
Jeffrey Wright's brilliant performance cries out for Oscar consideration. David Bowie is devastatingly funny."

Bob Colacello, *VANITY FAIR*

"'BASQUIAT' DEFIES EXPECTATIONS!"

Jeffrey Wright

David Bowie

Dennis Hopper

Gary Oldman

Claire Forlani

Courtney Love

Michael Wincott

Benicio Del Toro

Parker Posey



BASQUIAT

AN AMERICAN Success Story

MIRAMAX FILMS AND JON KILIK PRESENT A PETER BRANT JOSEPH ALLEN PRODUCTION A FILM BY JULIAN SCHNABEL DAVID BOWIE DENNIS HOPPER GARY OLDMAN JEFFREY WRIGHT "BASQUIAT" BENICIO DEL TORO CLAIRE FORLANI MICHAEL WINCOTT COSTUME DESIGNER JOHN DUNN EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DAN LEIGH PRODUCED BY RON FORTUNATO WRITTEN BY MICHAEL BERENBAUM BASED UPON THE BOOK BY LECH J. MAJEWSKI PRODUCED BY JON KILIK SIGURJON SIGHVATSSON RANDY OSTROW DIRECTED BY JULIAN SCHNABEL



REAL BLOOD. THE SCENT THROUGH THE STREETS. THE STREETS. THE STREETS. THE STREETS.

VISIT THE MIRAMAX CAFE ON THE WEB AT: WWW.MIRAMAX.COM

MIRAMAX FILMS



**Starts Friday,
August 9th!**

CITY CINEMAS
• **EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE**
3RD AVE. BET. 55TH & 56TH ST.
755-3020

• **ANGELIKA FILM CENTER**
CORNER OF HOUSTON &
MERCER ST.
995-2000



SOUNDTRACK ON ISLAND RECORDS • FEATURING: TOADIES • PJ HARVEY • TRIPPING DAISY • GRANDMASTER FLASH • AND OTHERS

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anyone look for new parents. (Moore is brilliant, a Jewish mother so armed against the world that as soon as she hears anything conceivably threatening, she comes out fighting.) The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette), and their baby take off on a quest in which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell is persistent. He clings to his idea, and he scores. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with five or six people together in a scene, all blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually gets stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

The Frighteners—Michael J. Fox plays a con man who actually works with ghosts he's been hired to exterminate in this black comedy. Directed by Peter Jackson (*Heavenly Creatures*). (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square*.

Girlfriends—An anthology of short films from around the world by and/or about lesbians. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Harriet the Spy—An adaptation of Louise Fitzhugh's beloved children's novel about an insatiably curi-

ous young girl who spies on everyone. Starring Michelle Trachtenberg and Rosie O'Donnell. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (1hr. 30 mins; PG) *New York Twin*.

Heavy—Set in an isolated town in upstate New York, James Mangold's debut feature tells the story of a painfully shy, overweight cook (Pruitt Taylor Vince) who falls in love with a beautiful new waitress. With Evan Dando, Liv Tyler, and Deborah Harry. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Film Forum*.

Hunchback of Notre Dame—Disney's animated adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel. With the voices of Tom Hulse, Demi Moore, Jason Alexander, and Kevin Kline. Directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise. (1 hr. 35 mins.; G) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2-4; Lincoln Square*.

Independence Day—To love this movie completely, you have to go beyond irony; you have to enjoy being had. The world gets smushed by alien invaders—cities flattened, people annihilated—and the spectacle is turned into merry pop entertainment. A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down streets like water rushing through a tunnel. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozier (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped

and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. The battle is joined, and the movie begins to resemble the last few scenes of *Star Wars*, with passages of *Alien* and other recent hits thrown in. The clichés achieve critical mass: Pop culture saves the world. Like the disaster movies of the seventies, *Independence Day* catches a wide variety of characters—selfish, screwed up, just plain busy—as they go about their little daily tasks. And then they are faced with The Appearance. Shadows pass over Los Angeles, New York, and Washington, and director Roland Emmerich gives us a recurring moment, The Look: The camera dollies in rapidly as one person after another raises his head and sees a huge, hovering craft, and is struck dumb. "If you feel impelled to leave the cities," the president says, "please do so in an orderly fashion"—a line that, in context, is hilarious. Mostly, the effects are cheesy. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin (whose last hit, *StarGate*, was cheesy on a smaller scale), seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible. Just as in a World War II platoon movie, the ethnic representatives—blacks, Jews, Hispanics—compose their differences and pull together. Emmerich and Devlin combine mass destruction and liberal sanctimony. An elderly Jew finds his

lost faith, the black pilot marries his woman and takes responsibility for her child, and so on, and the audience is left thinking, *If only the aliens would come!* (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza*.

Jack—Robin Williams stars as a 10-year-old boy who has a progeria-like disease that causes his body to age at four times the normal rate. With Diane Lane and Brian Kerwin. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG-13) *Guild 50th Street and area theaters*.

Joe's Apartment—What was once a highly inventive MTV promo about a single guy in New York City and his roach-infested apartment has been stretched into a feature-length film. Directed by John Payson. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square*.

John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.—In this reworking of *Escape From New York*, Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell) has been infected with a deadly virus. If he can follow presidential orders—that is, travel to L.A., locate the president's daughter, retrieve the valuable information she has stolen, and kill her—he will be injected with the antidote. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Area theaters*.

Kingpin—Woody Harrelson stars as a former bowling champ with a prosthetic hand and an Amish protégé in this comedy from brothers Peter and Bobby Farrelly, who were also responsible for *Dumb and Dumber*. With Bill Murray and Randy Quaid. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square*.

★**Lone Star**—John Sayles's latest begins with a skeleton discovered among the Texas cactus and a reluctant sheriff (Chris Cooper) trying to figure out whether his dead father, a hero, was also a murderer. What starts as a criminal investigation turns into a mini-epic. Two generations of white, black, and Mexican characters become mixed up in one another's lives, and while Sayles's ambition and ingenuity is surely admirable, one can't help but wonder how many packs of three-by-five cards he used to keep track of the plotlines. Characters who seem at first to have nothing to do with each other are brought closer and closer until they are all held in a tight web. So tight, in fact, that the movie becomes more of an extraordinarily well-crafted stunt than a dramatic construction that surprises us. Sayles, the veteran of many independent productions, will never be a natural. His screenwriting can be prosily overexplicit one minute, fancy the next, and his movies are visually undistinguished. Yet *Lone Star* is haunted by as sense of America as a peculiar destiny—uprootedness as a common fate. The movie never talks down to us, and we repay its trust by staying absorbed in it. (Denby; 7/22/96) (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

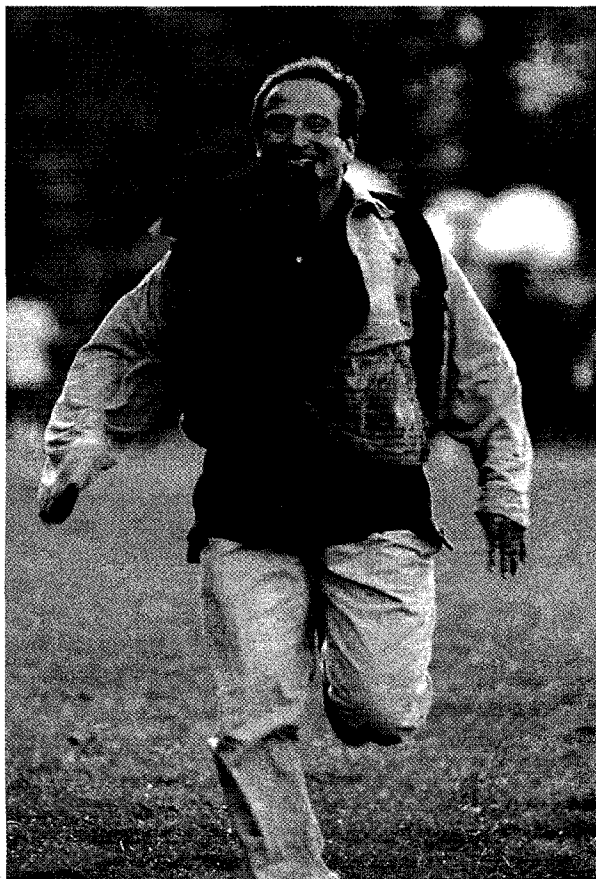
Manny & Lo—Two young sisters run away from their separate foster homes and, along the way, kidnap a kindly store clerk (Mary Kay Place) who is not what she appears to be. Written and directed by Lisa Krueger. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Matilda—Danny DeVito directed and stars in this adaptation of the Roald Dahl story about a magical little girl saddled with unresponsive parents. Starring Rhea Perlman and Mara Wilson. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum*.

Maybe . . . Maybe Not—Axel (Til Schweiger) has just been dumped by his girlfriend, so he goes to stay at the apartment of a gay acquaintance, and the usual sexual zaniness ensues. Directed by Sonke Wortmann. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Screening Room*.

Multiplicity—Michael Keaton stars in this comedy about a beleaguered man who clones himself in order to meet the demands of daily life. Directed by Harold Ramis. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square*.

★**The Nutty Professor**—This remake of the 1963 Jerry Lewis classic is a personal triumph for Eddie Murphy and one of the great turnarounds in the history of movies. It's still a Jekyll-and-Hyde story, but this time the chemist, Sherman Klump, is a



Opening Little Big Man

In *Jack*, Robin Williams plays a 10-year-old who suffers from a progeria-like disease that causes his body to age with preternatural rapidity. Francis Ford Coppola's bittersweet comedy, which chronicles Jack's adventures in the fifth grade, opens Friday.



Opening Leaving Los Angeles

Kurt Russell (left, with the ubiquitous Steve Buscemi) has, surprisingly, a co-writing credit for 'John Carpenter's *Escape From L.A.*' (opening Friday). In this reworking of Carpenter's 1981 thriller '*Escape From New York*,' Russell must infiltrate the state-cum-penal colony and kill the president's daughter.

huge fatty, 400 pounds or more, with a chin that starts under his mouth and ends near the middle of his chest. The way Murphy plays the role, and Tom Shadyac (the first *Ace Ventura*) directs it, the physical details are cruelly precise and often grotesque, but the spirit is not cruel. Sherman is a genuine character and a figure of some depth. When he falls in love with an appreciative graduate student (Jada Pinkett), he can't bear being fat any longer; he swallows the DNA liquid he has been using in experiments and becomes, as in the old Lewis movie, *Buddy Love*, a slender, handsome, fast-talking, and violently aggressive man. In brief, he becomes Eddie Murphy as we've always known him. But Murphy does something interesting: He shows us that Eddie Murphy going over the top is destructive and horrifying. By movie's end, we realize that he is telling us what was wrong with his old screen character: He wasn't quite human. The hero of *The Nutty Professor* isn't the fast-talking stud; it's the two-ton intellectual with soul. Eddie Murphy has always had a genius for mimicry and impersonation, but this is the first time he's gone beyond caricature. When Sherman is feeling cranky, he retreats to his family—his hearty big mama and her cranky husband, his voluble grandmother, and his crude brother. They attack one another, yet they are recognizably a family, and the joke deepens when you realize Murphy is playing all of them. They are the aspects of a single personality—they are him, the comic who can do anything. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin*; 19th Street East; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin.

Phat Beach—Two kids in search of some sun, some honeys, and some action head for the beach in a "borrowed" Mercedes-Benz, and havoc ensues when their cache of sunglasses—which they planned to sell—is stolen. Written and directed by Doug Ellin. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.

Phenomenon—On his 37th birthday, a pleasant mediocrity called George Malley (John Travolta) wanders drunkenly into the street and is sent

sprawling by a small circle of light that descends from the sky. When he wakes up, he feels an insatiable curiosity and desire—to read any book he can get hold of, to poke into things and figure them out, to experiment with planting and soil, to crack a complicated military code. Travolta's George is chagrined by how easily he outclasses his friends, but he can't help doing it—and Travolta gives him a little smile of pleasure (not vanity) when he struts his stuff. George becomes a genius but not an intellectual; he doesn't have ideas in the formal sense or develop cultural interests. One can see the commercial calculation here—the fear of turning the audience off with fancy talk. And the decision to keep George an informal country fellow makes sense; we know we're watching a tall tale and we're willing to be charmed. But then the movie changes its tone and starts to fall apart—it's a sanctification of simplicity, after all. When George saves a little immigrant boy, and people gather around him as though he were Jesus walking on water, you know there's trouble. What starts out as a comedy about a big brain turns ethereal, soft, and insufferably noble. (Denby; 8/15/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Village East*; 23rd Street West Triplex; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2-4; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.

The Pompatus of Love—A comedy about three days in the lives of four longtime friends as they grapple with their troubled love lives. With Jon Cryer (who also co-wrote), Adrian Pasdar, Tim Guinee, Kristin Scott Thomas, and Michael McKean. Directed by Richard Schenkman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Village East*; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.

★Purple Noon—Martin Scorsese presents this rerelease of Rene Clement's incredibly stylish, sexy, and intelligent thriller about an amoral young playboy (the stunning Alain Delon) who kills an acquaintance and adopts his identity. Not to be missed. Based on Patricia Highsmith's novel *The Talented Mr. Ripley*. (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema*; Paris Theater.

Rendezvous in Paris—In Eric Rohmer's latest, he constructs three vignettes in which the same scenario plays out: a lover orchestrates a profound be-

Blue Note
WORLD'S FINEST JAZZ CLUB & RESTAURANT • 131 W. 3RD ST. NYC • 475-8592
INTERNET <http://interjazz.com/bluenote.html>

THE LATIN CAT WITH THE HAT

GATO BARBIERI
QNT FEAT: BILL O'CONNELL, MARIO RODRIGUEZ, ROBBIE GONZALEZ & CARLOS GOMEZ
TUE AUG 6 - SUN AUG 11 AT 9PM & 11:30PM
DINNER SERVED NIGHTLY 7PM 'TIL 1AM • FRI/SAT 'TIL 2AM

AUG 13 - 18 **TANIA MARIA**
AUG 20 - 25 **LARRY CARLTON**
SUNDAY BRUNCH \$14.50 INCLUDES MUSIC • DRINK • BRUNCH

Salaam Bombay
Indian Cuisine

"One of the top Indian Restaurants" *Zagat '96*
"Top 10 Marcellino's Restaurant Report" *Marcellino '96*
"New York Times ★★" *Reichl, 1995*

317 Greenwich St.
226-9400
Private party room for up to 120

LIMONCELLO
Italian Dishes on American Plates
3-course pre-theater dinner \$32
from 5:30-6:30 • 777 Seventh Avenue
582-7932 • breakfast, lunch & dinner

Dish of Salt
Classic Cantonese cuisine
133 West 47th Street New York City
Reservations: 921-4242

PATRIA
"Nuevo Latino"
250 PARK AVENUE SOUTH 777-6211

★COLDWATERS★
FRESH SEAFOOD
Kitchen open until 3:00 a.m.
988 2nd Ave (52nd St.) • 888.2122

trayal. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR.) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Rock—A group of mad military types, led by Ed Harris, takes some tourists hostage on Alcatraz Island and points missiles at San Francisco. The FBI matches up its young expert in chemical-biological weapons, Nicolas Cage, and a British agent who has been rotting in jail for 30 years, Sean Connery, and sends them to eliminate the renegade military unit and free the hostages. The action sequences are pure fakery, a lot of whirling and thrashing about in semi-darkness. The director, Michael Bay, comes from TV commercials, where spatial logic is no longer important. A commercial conveys an idea or a mood, and the fastest way to do that is to jump from shot to shot. But in action movies, if you merely skip from one violent shot to the next, cutting always on movement, you may keep the audience jazzed but you are robbing it of the basic satisfaction of knowing, say, where two men are in relation to each other as they go at it with guns. Cage and Connery try to give the movie a grounding courage, loyalty, humor, and other humane virtues, but they can't transcend the absurdly violent fascist-adolescent-adventure atmosphere, in which people are chained, melted, crushed, and dropped onto spikes. (Denby; 6/24/96) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2-4; Sutton; Plaza Twin.*

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's latest film isn't very good, but at least there are some handsome bodies in it, and the shimmering golden heat of Tuscany. At an artist's villa in the hills near Siena, a group of characters found only in mediocre European movies—a sculptor, a dying playwright, an elderly antiques dealer, a declining earth mother or two—gather in various states of semi-nudity and conversational indiscretion and witness an *echt* art-movie spectacle. A beautiful American girl (Liv Tyler) has arrived from the States in order to find her father and also, it seems, to lose her virginity. Neither of these quests is carried out with any great sense of dramatic energy, but the movie is physically pleasing and occasionally very sexy. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Angelika 57; Baronet/Coronet.*

Stonewall—A drama set in and around the 1969 Stonewall riots and subsequent gay-rights movement. With Frederick Weller, Guillermo Diaz, and Matthew Faber. Directed by the late Nigel Finch. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

Supercop—Jackie Chan stars as a humorously determined police officer. Worth it for Chan's daring stunt work alone. Directed by Stanley Tong. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 1; Embassy 2-4; 86th Street East; Gemini Twin; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

A Time to Kill—See David Denby, p. 41. (2 hrs. 28 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Trainspotting—See David Denby, p. 41. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; UA East; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Walking and Talking—Two lifelong friends (Anne Heche and Catherine Keener) begin to drift apart when one announces her engagement. Written and directed by Nicole Holofcener. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Lone Star; Manny & Lo; Stealing Beauty; Trainspotting; Walking and Talking; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Chain Reaction; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Girlfriends.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Heavy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")



Opening

Déjà Vu to You Too

Eric Rohmer's latest, 'Rendezvous in Paris,' shares the conceit and construction employed in Hal Hartley's just-released film 'Flirt': three couples, at three different times, confronted with the same dilemma—a romantic interloper. The French film, which stars Clara Bellar as Esther and Mathias Megard as the flirt, opens August 9 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Celestial Clockwork; Cold Comfort Farm; Purple Noon; Stonewall.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Maybe . . . Maybe Not.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Phenomenon; The Pompatus of Love; The Rock.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Time to Kill; Emma; Matilda; Multiplicity; Supercop.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Kingpin; Courage Under Fire.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Kingpin; Multiplicity; Phat Beach; The Nutty Professor; Trainspotting; Walking and Talking.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-

CINE#614) *Fled; Phenomenon; Supercop.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Independence Day.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Chain Reaction; Fled; Joe's Apartment; The Frighteners.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *A Time to Kill; Chain Reaction; Courage Under Fire; Emma; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Matilda; The Frighteners.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Phenomenon.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Fargo.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Stealing Beauty.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Kingpin.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Stealing Beauty; Courage Under Fire.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Celestial Clockwork; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon; The Pompatus of Love; Trainspotting.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Time to Kill; Chain Reaction; Courage Under Fire; Fled; Multiplicity; Phat Beach.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Independence Day.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Walking and Talking.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Supercop.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kazaam; Supercop; The Rock.* Opening 8/9: *Phenomenon.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Phenomenon.* Opening 8/9: *Jack.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *The Cable Guy; Spy Hard.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *The Nutty Professor; The Frighteners.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Purple Noon.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Eraser; Joe's Apartment; Trainspotting.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Kazaam; The Rock.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Dragonheart; Fargo; Jane Eyre; The Arrival; The Cable Guy; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Independence Day.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Lone Star; Walking and Talking.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Independence Day; Chain Reaction.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Supercop; Kingpin.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Emma.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-

CINE#957) *Chain Reaction*; *Fled*; *Kingpin*; *The Frighteners*; *The Nutty Professor*.
Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Matilda*; *Multiplicity*; *Supercop*.
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Eraser*; *Harriet the Spy*; *Joe's Apartment*.
Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *A Time to Kill*; *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Courage Under Fire*; *Fled*; *Joe's Apartment*; *Phat Beach*; *Phenomenon*; *The Nutty Professor*.
Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Time to Kill*.
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Trainspotting*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Stonewall*.
84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Chain Reaction*; *Courage Under Fire*; *Fled*; *Phat Beach*; *Phenomenon*; *Supercop*.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Flirting With Disaster*; *Lone Star*; *Manny & Lo*; *Walking and Talking*; *The World of Apu*. Beginning 8/9: *Rendezvous in Paris*.
Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Time to Kill*; *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Emma*; *Hunchback of Notre Dame*; *Independence Day*; *Joe's Apartment*; *Kazaam*; *Kingpin*; *Matilda*; *Multiplicity*; *The Frighteners*; *The Nutty Professor*; *Trainspotting*.
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Courage Under Fire*; *Chain Reaction*.
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Chain Reaction*; *Matilda*; *Phat Beach*; *Supercop*.
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Chain Reaction*; *Phat Beach*; *Supercop*.
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *A Time to Kill*; *Independence Day*.
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Cold Comfort Farm*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Time to Kill*; *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Chain Reaction*; *Courage Under Fire*; *Fled*; *Harriet the Spy*; *Hunchback of Notre Dame*; *Independence Day*; *Joe's Apartment*; *Kazaam*; *Kingpin*; *Phat Beach*; *Supercop*; *The Frighteners*; *The Nutty Professor*.
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (588-8800) *A Time to Kill*; *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Chain Reaction*; *Fled*; *Independence Day*; *Joe's Apartment*; *Kazaam*; *Phat Beach*; *Supercop*; *The Frighteners*; *The Nutty Professor*.
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Phenomenon*; *A Time to Kill*.
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Time to Kill*; *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Chain Reaction*; *Fled*; *Harriet the Spy*; *Independence Day*; *Joe's Apartment*; *Kazaam*; *Kingpin*; *Phat Beach*; *Supercop*; *The Frighteners*; *The Nutty Professor*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *A Time to Kill*; *Courage Under Fire*; *Hunchback of Notre Dame*; *Matilda*; *Phenomenon*; *Supercop*; *The Frighteners*; *The Nutty Professor*.
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Chain Reaction*; *Hunchback of Notre Dame*; *Welcome to the Dollhouse*.
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Chain Reaction*; *Independence Day*; *Phat Beach*.
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *A Time to Kill*; *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Joe's Apartment*; *Matilda*; *Phenomenon*; *Trainspotting*.
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Chain Reaction*; *Independence Day*; *Joe's Apartment*; *Kingpin*; *Phat Beach*.

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Chain Reaction*; *Fled*; *Independence Day*; *Joe's Apartment*; *The Nutty Professor*.
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Chain Reaction*; *Matilda*; *Phat Beach*.
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Independence Day*; *Joe's Apartment*; *Kazaam*; *Phat Beach*; *Supercop*; *The Frighteners*; *The Nutty Professor*.
Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *A Time to Kill*; *Chain Reaction*; *Courage Under Fire*; *Kingpin*; *Matilda*.
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *A*

Time to Kill; *Independence Day*; *Matilda*; *Phenomenon*.

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *A Time to Kill*; *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Independence Day*; *Trainspotting*.

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Nutty Professor*; *The Rock*.

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Chain Reaction*; *Independence Day*; *Kazaam*; *Phat Beach*; *Supercop*.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Time to Kill*; *Adventures of Pinocchio*; *Chain Reaction*;

Retrospective Thus Sprach Stanley Kubrick



Sterling Hayden in
1956's 'The Killing'



Sue Lyon as
'Lolita' (1962).



Peter Sellers as
'Dr. Strangelove' (1963).



Kirk Douglas in
1957's 'Paths of Glory'

Stanley Kubrick (the subject of a retrospective at AMMI beginning August 10) has made only twelve feature films—yet almost every single one has sparked incendiary public debate over its artistic merits. Born in the Bronx in 1928, Kubrick was hired as a staff photographer at *Look* magazine when he was just 17; in 1950, he left to make movies. After writing, producing, and directing two ultra-low-budget—yet tightly wrought—features, he directed 1957's *Paths of Glory*, about a World War I suicide mission. It was, and is, considered one of the most disturbingly effective antiwar movies ever made. In 1964, with exacting precision and point-blank black humor, he simultaneously mined and mourned the absurdity of the atomic age in *Dr. Strangelove, or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*. His next two films were true landmarks of narrative and style. *2001: A Space Odyssey*, nearly two and a half hours long, contained only 40 minutes of dialogue, favoring instead elliptical storytelling coupled with awe-inspiring special effects. And *A Clockwork Orange* remains a chilling rumination on the interplay between counterculture nihilism and Establishment mechanisms of control. The reclusive Kubrick, now reportedly working on a romantic thriller in London, is often accused of misanthropic disdain and emotional aloofness, but his critics are missing some of the grace notes. In Arthur C. Clarke's novelization of *2001* (the film's screenplay was a co-adaptation by Clarke and Kubrick of the author's own short story), the space voyager ultimately obliterates Earth. Kubrick, much less heavy-handedly, sent his dead explorer back to Earth as an embryonic form. "If *2001* succeeds at all," he once said, "it is in reaching a wide spectrum of people who would not often give a thought to man's destiny."

MAUREEN CALLAHAN



presentation of food

ease

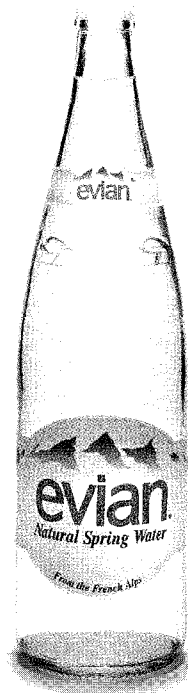
of conversation

and

choice of water are

essential ingredients

to a perfect meal.



Chelsea Bistro & Bar
358 West 23rd Street
(Betw. 8th & 9th Avenues)
212-727-2026

Park Bistro
414 Park Avenue South
(Btwn. 28th & 29th Streets)
212-689-1360

Cal's
55 West 21st Street
(Betw. 5th & 6th Avenues)
212-929-0740

La Colombe d'Or
134 East 26th Street
(Betw. Lexington & 3rd Avenues)
212-689-0666

La Metairie
189 West 10th Street
(West of 7th Avenue)
212-989-0343

Spartina
355 Greenwich Street
(Corner Harrison Street)
212-274-9310

Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; Matilda; Multiplicity; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Chain Reaction; Fled; Independence Day; Matilda; The Nutty Professor.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *A Time to Kill; Eraser; Fled; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam; Kingpin; Phenomenon.*

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *A Time to Kill; Chain Reaction; Fled; Kazaam; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Kazaam; Multiplicity; Supercop.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Independence Day; Kingpin; Matilda.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Independence Day; Kazaam; Phat Beach; Supercop.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Chain Reaction; Fled; Joe's Apartment; Kingpin; Matilda; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Kazaam; Supercop; The Rock.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Courage Under Fire; Trainspotting.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kingpin; Matilda; Multiplicity; The Frighteners.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Chain Reaction; Independence Day; Supercop.*

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *A Time to Kill; Chain Reaction; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *A Time to Kill; Chain Reaction; Eraser; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Independence Day; Kingpin; Matilda; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Cold Comfort Farm; Multiplicity; The Rock.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Fled; Independence Day; Supercop.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Chain Reaction; Harriet the Spy; Joe's Apartment; Supercop; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Matilda; The Nutty Professor.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Adventures of Pinocchio; Courage Under Fire; Independence Day; Matilda; Multiplicity.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Phenomenon.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *A Time to Kill; Chain Reaction; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Matilda; Phenomenon; The Frighteners.* Opening 8/9: *Jack; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *A Time to Kill; Courage Under Fire; Independence Day; Matilda; Phenomenon.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Time to Kill; Adventures of Pinocchio; Chain Reaction; Courage Under Fire; Fled; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Joe's Apartment; Kazaam;*

Kingpin; Matilda; Multiplicity; Phenomenon; Supercop; The Frighteners; The Nutty Professor.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—8/11: *Ms. 45* (1981). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of Natural History—Two IMAX films: *Destiny in Space* and *Titanica*. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5650); \$10 singly; \$13 double feature Fri. and Sat. nights.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Stanley Kubrick." 8/10: *Spartacus* (1960). 8/11: *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$7.

Anthology Film Archives—"Béla Tarr." 8/8: *Prefab People and Family Nest*. 8/9: *Damnation*. 8/10: *Alamancac of Fall*. 8/11: *Satantango*. Also, 8/9: "Ron Rice" and *Francesco, Giullare di Dio* (1949). 8/10: "Sidney Peterson" and *La Regle du jeu* (1939). 8/11: *Shorts* by Paul Sharits, Frank Stauffacher, and Michael Snow. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 8/5: *Forbidden Planet* (1956). 8/12: *To Catch a Thief* (1955). Raindates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Cinema Village 12th St.—*Blade Runner* (1982), the director's cut. Also, beginning 8/9: "Festival Hong Kong." 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); \$8.

Donnell Media Center—20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—*Picnic* (1955). Beginning 8/9: "10th Annual Summer Festival of Fantasy, Horror & Science Fiction." 8/9—8/15: *Barbarella* (1968). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film in Void—"Feature Film Wednesdays." 8/7: *Duel*. Drinking and smoking permitted. 16 Mercer St. (941-6492); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Le Livre, Le Film." 7/5: *Beauty and the Beast* (1946) and *Eyes Without a Face* (1959). 8/6 and 8/8: *Letters from My Windmill* (1954) and *Thérèse* (1986). 8/7 and 8/8: *The Charterhouse of Parma* (1948). Beginning 8/9: "The Films of John Garfield." 8/9 and 8/10: *Four Daughters* (1938), *They Made Me a Criminal* (1939), and *Force of Evil* (1948). "Movies for Kids." 8/10 and 8/11: *Knock on Wood* (1954). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); \$7.50.

French Institute—8/6: *La femme du boulanger* (1938). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, seniors, \$5.50.

Le Madri's "Film al Fresco"—"Film al Fresco," with live music and menu from Le Madri keyed to the film. 8/11: *Midnight Cowboy* (1969). 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022); \$8 admission; no minimum on food or drink.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/12: "Scorsese at the Movies: Selections From the Martin Scorsese Collection." 8/5: *Prince of Foxes* (1949) and *The Crimson Pirate* (1952). 8/6 and 8/8: *Flying Leathernecks* (1951). 8/6 and 8/9: *Halls of Montezuma* (1950). 8/8 and 8/9: *Battle Cry* (1955) and *Pork Chop Hill* (1959). 8/10: *The Man Who Could Cheat Death* (1959), *Outcast of the Islands* (1951), *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman* (1951). 8/11: *Goldfinger* (1964), *The Fly* (1958), and *The Incredible Shrinking Man* (1957). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

Queens Museum of Art—"Ordinary Heroes." 8/10: *Kanal* (1957). New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-592-9700); free.

Movie Listings Online

New York Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at go NYMAG.

Cramer *continued from page 21*
has embraced Motorola's much vaunted Power PC chip, and it wouldn't shock me if Apple defected to Intel soon. I smell a write-off lurking. (Yes, I'm short-selling Motorola.) Now Intel, in an unprecedented move, is actually rescinding planned price cuts—and even raising prices—for its next-generation chips, which are selling so fast it can't keep them in stock.

The longer-term strategy is paying off, too. If Intel has its way—and it will—you will make phone calls (including video calls), watch television, see movies, play all of your games, and shop on your personal computer. In fact, the only things standing in Intel's way are the phone companies, which aren't acting quickly enough to string the new, faster wires these PCs will require. But no matter: Intel is working 24 hours a day to figure out alternate ways to get into homes.

Other technology companies are just beginning to wake up to Intel's methods, and the change is rumbling all of Wall Street. One by one, tech companies are trying to distance themselves from the obsession with quarterly results in order to stimulate demand and lay waste to the competition. That's the story behind Microsoft's shocking increase in research and development announced last month on its quarterly conference call, as well as all of the hoopla over the Microsoft-NBC alliance. Microsoft, like Intel, has recognized that the world is becoming saturated with personal computers, and unless consumers can find new uses for them—uses that can't be achieved with current or older models of software and hardware—then the growth rate for personal computers won't be much different than that for televisions, and nobody makes much money building those. MSNBC may be the world's most expensive ongoing ad campaign for a product ever created.

Creeping Intelism also explains the enormous decline in the stock of former Wall Street darling U.S. Robotics. This phenomenal growth company now speaks of gunning for dominance, not pleasing the Street. It wants to make its modems so cheap as to drive everybody else from the business. You can't do that and please the short-term jackals. But if Robotics wants to be the leading modern company for the next generation, it has no choice but to sacrifice now.

Nowhere, however, has the pain been felt more than in the networking stocks. If you can stand the heat of the computer room at the company you work for, go back to that hellhole and check out the incredible profusion of companies involved in providing all of those flashing gizmos that keep your computers alive. Chances are you'll see, stamped on the outside of the metal boxes, names like

Cisco, Telebit, Baynet, 3Com, Cabletron, and a host of other U.S. companies that didn't exist a decade ago. These companies all make components to link local-area networks and provide remote access to wide-area networks, all of which mean that you no longer need an IBM mainframe for your computers to talk to one another.

For the past five years, these companies have added on billions upon billions in capitalization as mutual funds that crave growth piled into anything with the name *network* in or near it. But Wall Street in a sense shot itself in the foot. The stocks of these companies grew so high that their management teams could use them as currency to buy anything—competitors, suppliers, integrators, anything—in order to dominate networking. Some of these companies made bad acquisitions, so their stocks got punished. Now one company is emerging from the shakeout. Cisco, whose shares I perennially own, has recently been showing signs of adopting the Intel model of competitive destruction. Its chief executive, John Chambers, a man who inspires Patton-like devotion among his staff (and similar fears among his competitors), is hell-bent on creating the Intel of networks, and while he hasn't yet been vocal about spurning the Street's short-term hopes, as Intel is, he'd clearly sacrifice anything or anyone to achieve dominance. Already, Cisco is going to customers proffering great deals, better than anything their competitors can afford to offer.

For gunners like me, this shift from the short to the long term means Look Out Below. But for the companies, their long-term shareholders, and, most important, the consumer, I can't think of a better way to run a business. So I'm buying these companies, and you can, too, and stop worrying as much about the rest of 1996. But for anything else, I'm using tight stops, getting out at a moment's notice. I'm trading for singles, not homers. And I'm doing it while most of you are at work trying to make a living. You can't keep up with me with a fifteen-minute-delayed tape. In this market, you could be history in those fifteen minutes.

Those of you who, like my doctor and lawyer acquaintances, think the market is a pretty quick and painless way to make big money should recall that an occasional viewing of CNBC and a review of the business pages isn't cautious enough. I'm not advocating panic selling. But periodically, you just need to back off a bit. Preserve some capital. Take a little profit, hold back a little cash. Buy bonds or non-aggressive stocks rather than emerging-growth funds. Wait until I'm not fearful. I promise I'll let you know. Or you'll find out anyway, because stocks will be *really* cheap, and the news will be bannered across the front of the *New York Times*.

Fresh Basil's
The fresh taste of Italy served in a comfortable atmosphere. Lunch and Dinner - Monday to Saturday.
663 Lexington Avenue. (212) 888-4292
TRATTORIA

The Sazerac House
An 1826 Landmark
533 Hudson Street • 989-0313

WYLLIE'S
RIB & STEAK JOINT
891 1st Ave. NYC
at 50th St.
(212) 751-0700
*FREE DELIVERY
N.Y.'s Best Baby Back Ribs

Langan's
The Theatre Goes to NY
First Choice in Dining
150 West 47th St.
(bet. 6th & 7th Aves.)
New York, NY 10036
(212) 869-5482
3 COURSE PRE-THEATRE DINNER DAILY 4pm-7:30pm \$22.95
Open Daily 11:30 am - Midnight Reservations suggested

Great TVs Cozy Fireplace
Cigars Cajun Food
BLACKFINN
Bar ♦ Restaurant
994 Second Ave. @ 52nd St. New York, NY 10022
Phone 212-355-6993 Fax 212-207-3864

Zigino
TRATTORIA
AND TAKE AWAY
323 Greenwich St. • 431-1112

El Parador Cafe
EST 1959
MEXICAN CUISINE
Tequila Bar
325 EAST 34TH STREET
679-6812



SHARING IS CARING

art

Titian Ramsay Peale... Saville and Luchford

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

James Lee Byars—A monumental work titled *Angel* that consists of 125 handblown Venetian glass spheres arranged on the floor in a form suggesting a figure; through 8/30. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Luca Monzani—Paintings and drawings of architecture on Mallorca; through 9/7. Murakami, 17 E. 71st St. (717-6085).

Larry Poons—New abstract paintings that continue the artist's interest in surface texture; through 8/30. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

57th Street Area

Myron Lechay—Paintings by this Russian-born artist (1898-1972) who became associated with Stuart Davis and other American modernists in the twenties and developed a style similar to Milton Avery's, using broad, thinly-applied areas of color; through 8/30. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Loshe H. Kondo—Abstract relief paintings; 8/13-30. Swan-MyungSook Lee, 545 Broadway (334-3361).

Clifford Singer—New polystyrene wall sculptures based on the geometry of the artist's steel sculptures of the seventies; through 8/24. Eich Space, 184 Franklin St. (966-4819).

Tad Wiley—Paintings on paper of simple geometric forms; through 8/31. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Other

Elizabeth Catlett—A survey of the African-American artist's paintings, sculptures, and prints from the past five decades; through 8/15. Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute, 408 W. 58th St. (307-7420).

Eric Karpeles—The *Sanctuary Project*—an installation of abstract paintings that forms a 30-by-50-foot enclosure intended as a place of contemplation and renewal; through 9/8. Grand Central Terminal, Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Vanderbilt Ave. and Lexington Ave. (340-3284), daily 10-7.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Works from the collection of the Federal Reserve Board celebrating the twentieth anniversary of its Fine Arts Program and a selection of trompe l'oeil paintings of currency; through 9/7.

Davis & Langdale—231 E. 60th St. (838-0333). A summer selection of works by Lennart Anderson, Quentin Bell, Lucian Freud, Albert York, and others; through 8/30.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



Photography Pressing Matters

A collaboration between Jenny Saville, ordinarily a figurative painter, and fashion photographer Glen Luchford produced these unsettling, occasionally repelling images of Saville's ample nude body pressed against a sheet of glass. Saville did the "art-directing" from above; Luchford, standing below, aimed his lens upward. At PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 East 57th Street; through August 30.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Going Places: Images of Travel and Transport," with works by more than 45 American and European artists dating from the nineteenth century to the present; through 8/16.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-7338). Works by Carol Diehl, Charles Garabedian, Grace Knowlton, John Lees, Joan Snyder, Robert Rahway Zakanitch, others; through 8/16.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Works in media not commonly associated with a particular artist's oeuvre, among them films by Nancy Graves, photographs by David Smith and

Richard Pousette-Dart, and an architectural model by Frank Stella; through 9/22.

57th Street Area

Adams—50 W. 57th St. (489-5064). "Going Places," with works by Robert Arneson, Luis Cruz Azaceta, Jim Barsness, Jose Bedia, Joan Brown, Peter Saul, James Valerio, others; through 8/16.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). Ceramic tulip vases by Ralph Bacerra, Kim Dickey, Anne Hiron-delle, Philip Maberry, Matt Nolen, Adrian Saxe, Jan van der Waart, others; through 8/9.

Photograph courtesy of PaceWildensteinMacGill.

Del Re—41 E. 57th St. (688-1843). Works by Adami, Arman, Indiana, Pousette-Dart, Stella, others; through 8/31.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). Recent paintings by gallery artists, among them Leigh Behnke, Alice Dalton Brown, Jane Freilicher, Candace Jans, Polly Kraft, Billy Sullivan, and Jane Wilson; through 8/23.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, and still life by Anderson, Briggs, Berg, Fields, Kelly, Linehan, Monaf, J. Patterson, W. Patterson, Zigmond, others; through 9/3.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). "Recaptured Nature," with works by Giovanni Anselmo, Joseph Bartscherer, Lothar Baumgarten, Dan Graham, Richard Long, Gabriel Orozco, Ed Ruscha, others; through 8/30.

MB Modern—41 E. 57th St. (371-3444). "Sacred Matters: Works on Paper," with works by Bruno Andrade, Alan Gussow, Billy Lee, Emily Mason, and other gallery artists; through 9/21.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Barbara Hepworth, Donald Judd, Robert Mangold, Elizabeth Murray, and Joel Shapiro; through 9/7.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "Breaking All the Rules: Art in Transition," with works by Gerd Arntz, Max Beckmann, Sue Coe, Lea Grundig, John Heartfield, Hector Hyppolite, John Kane, Gustav Klimt, Justin McCarthy, Emil Nolde, others; through 9/6.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Peep Show," with works by Gregory Barsanian, Paul Caponigro, Janice Gordon, Holly Lane, Scherer & Ouporov, Idelle Weber; through 8/9.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "Affinities: Contemporary and Historic Art," with works by Milton Avery, Ilya Bolotowsky, Norris Embury, Laurie Fendrich, Hannah Fink, Luke Gray, John Obuck, Rolph Scarlett, Patrick Strzelec, Steve Wheeler, and others; through 8/16.

View—250 E. 51st St. (317-9757). "Sculptor's Drawings," with works by Agnes Denes, Richard Nonas, Clement Meadmore, Yoko Ono, Dennis Oppenheim, Mary Ann Unger, others; through 9/4.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). Images of dance in drawings, photography, and other media, by Laure Albin-Guillot, Brassai, Baron Adolphe de Mayer, Arnold Genthe, Barbara Morgan, and Abraham Walkowitz; through 8/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arstark—568 Broadway (431-7334). Recent abstract paintings and works on paper by Will Berry, Holly Hughes, Wendy Miller, and Bob Penrose; through 8/16.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). A selection of Boliw shrine figures of the Bamana people of Mali; through 10/5.

Bose Pacia—580 Broadway (966-3224). Works by Arun Bose, Ganesh Haloi, Madhoor Kapur, Manu Parekh, Arpita Singh, others; through 8/31.

Cavin-Morris—560 Broadway (226-3768). Works by self-taught artists and by Haitian and Jamaican artists; through 8/16.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). "Summer Pleasures, Summer Treasures," with works by Rafael Ferrer, Viola Frey, Frank Owen, Joseph Raffael, and others; through 9/3.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photographs, sculpture, and works on paper by twenty artists that depict the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, and the Flatiron Building; through 8/31.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Sculpture by Donald Baechler, Konstantin Kakanias, and Nancy Rubins; through 9/21.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). "Splash," with paintings, photographs, and sculpture by Peter Begley, Christina Bothwell, Christopher Giglio, Mac James, John Risley, Jacqueline Schatz, others; through 8/16.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Each of the 60 artists in this show—among them Larry Clark, Jane Dickson, David Humphrey, Suzanne McClelland, Alexis Rockman, and Kenny Scharf—was provided with a standard Rawlings Official American baseball and asked to transform it into an artwork; through 8/9.

Moore—594 Broadway (343-7016). Paintings by Fritz Drury, Kirby Fredendall, Elinore Hollinshead, Neill Slaughter, and Nancy Witt; sculpture by Matthew Fine; through 8/31.

Rosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). "Space, Mind, Place," with works by Michael Ashkin, Francis Cape, Craig Kalpakjian, Susan Goldman, Rachel Harrison, Calvin Seibert, and Andrea Zittel; through 8/7.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Approaches toward Abstract Expressionism from nine painters and sculptors; through 9/28.

Stendhal—386 W. Broadway (334-4649). Pop art, nineties-style, by Gio Bondi, Crash, Ron English, James Warhola, others; 8/8-31.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). "Photoworks/Artworks," with works by Victor Burgin, Patrick Faigenbaum, Kathy Grove, Louise Lawler, Allan McCollum, John O'Reilly, others; through 8/30.

Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West at Hicks St. and Old Fulton St., Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251). Creative Time's "Art in the Anchorage 96," with works by Doug Aitken & U-Ziq, Rebecca Bollinger, Jim Campbell, Shirin Neshat, Penelope Umbrico, others; through 8/25.

Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park—On the East River, between the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges, Brooklyn (718-596-2507). "BWAC 1996 Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park Outdoor Sculpture Show," with works by eighteen sculptors; 8/10-9/8.

Fredericks—504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555). "Everything is Real," with works by Matthew Antezzo, Robin Lowe, Kellie O'Bosky, Richard Phillips, Douglas Wada, Royce Weatherly, and Brenda Zlamany; through 8/9.

Morris Healy—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). Wall drawings and other wall-dependent works by Robert Adams, Quisqueya Henriquez, Steve Keister, Joyce Pensato, Cindy Poorbaugh, Mark Sheinkman, Meg Webster, and Kathleen White; through 8/23.

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St. at Mottorgate Parking Garage, Roosevelt Island (832-4540, ext. 359). Recent sculpture by Mary Carlson, Nina Levy, Heidi Schlatter, others; through 11/15.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.-Sun. 12-6, \$2 suggested donation. "Siah Armanjani: The Staten Island Ferry Pedestrian Bridge and Other Works"; through 9/22. . . . "Norman Pate: Retrospective Exhibition"; through 9/22. . . . "Studio Artists Exhibition: In the Spirit of Norman Pate"; through 9/22.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819), daily until dusk. "Tenth Anniversary Show, Part I" with outdoor sculptures by Colin Chase, Kurt Delbanco, Julie Dermansky, Darrell Petit, Kazumi Tanaka and George Mansfields, and others; through 8/15.

Taipei—McGraw-Hill Building, 1221 Sixth Ave. (373-1854). "In Search of Identity," with paintings, photographs, prints, and other media by seven Chinese-American immigrant artists who live and work in California; through 9/6.

Photography

Arsenal—Fifth Ave. at 64th St. (360-8143). "Games People Play," with vintage and contemporary photographs from the New York City Parks Photography Archive; through 9/13.

Anthony Barboza—Black-and-white jazz photographs; through 8/16. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). The gallery's third annual summer salon show, featuring works by Evans, Frank, Weegee, and by emerging artists Peter Garfield, John Goodman, David Stephenson, others; through 8/10.

Bing Wright/Jenny Saville and Glen Luchford—Monochromatic photographs on the theme of nature/Photographs taken by Luchford of Saville's nude body pressed against a sheet of glass above

him. Through 8/30. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Steven Brock—Black-and-white portraits of the people of Pomabamba, a remote Andean village in North-Central Peru; through 8/16. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

I.C.E.—521 W. 23rd St. (727-3612). "La Dolce Vita," paparazzi shots of Federico Fellini, Marcello Mastroianni, Sophia Loren, and others prominent in fifties Italian cinema; through 9/1.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2.50 students and seniors. "Landscapes of the Civil War: Newly Discovered Photographs From the Medford Historical Society; through 11/10. . . . "Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection: 100 Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 11/10.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783). Tues. 11-8, Wed.-Sun. 11-6. "In Times of War and Peace: The Photographs of David and Peter Turnley"; through 9/8. . . . "Emerging Photographers #2: Award-Winning Work by New York City Students"; through 9/8.

Petra Karadimas—Computer-manipulated portraits; through 9/14. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).

Gustav Klutis—Photographs and photomontages of designs for agitational-propaganda posters, plus original posters, poster sketches, and spatial studies; through 8/17. Schickler, 52 E. 76th St. (737-6647).

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). An exhibition of photogravures dating from 1903 to the present, ranging from examples from *Camera Work*, the illustrated periodical published and edited by Alfred Stieglitz, to contemporary projects by Robert Rauschenberg and Roy DeCarava; through 8/16.

Mary Anthony—589 Broadway (925-2300). "Nude York," with images of nudes by 31 New York-based photographers; through 8/17.

Jonas Mekas—Large-scale color film stills of Elvis Presley, Jackie Kennedy, Lou Reed, Andy Warhol, and other personalities by this filmmaker who has been one of the driving forces behind New York's underground- and experimental-film culture since the fifties; through 8/16. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Municipal Art Society—457 Madison Ave. (843-8075). "The New American Ghetto," Camilo Jose Vergara's photographs of urban communities; through 9/20.

Pedro Meyer—Computer-enhanced photographs whose imagery comments on the similarities and differences between Mexico and the United States; through 8/17. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Ricco/Maresca—152 Wooster St. (780-0076). Works by Robert Frank, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sally Mann, and other photographers chronicling attitudes toward delirium over the past two centuries; through 9/8.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). "Summertime," an exhibition of stock photography from Graphistock; through 9/8.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). "Out Takes," with obscure images by Sally Apfelbaum, Lorna Bieber, Sally Gall, Bill Jacobson, Geanna Merala, John Schlesinger, Jan Staller, Tseng Kwong Chi, and Penelope Umbrico; through 8/16.

Seagram—375 Park Ave. (572-7379). California photography from the seventies; through 8/16.

Wessel O'Connor—60 Thomas St. (406-0040). An exhibition commemorating the life and poetry of Walt Whitman, with works by Mark Beard, John Dugdale, Robert Flynn, Bill Jacobson, Russell Maynor, Steve Morrison, and Frank Yamrus; through 8/9.

Marc Wilkins—Images of New York's annual end-of-summer drag festival from the photographer's new book *Wigstock, Holiday on Heels* (St. Martin's Press); through 8/30. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Two," with photographs of couples by Bill Brandt, Robert Doisneau, Janine Niepce, and Edward Weston; now couples in Gallery Two, showing works by Evelyn Hofer; through 9/10.

World Financial Center—200 Liberty St. (945-2600). "Sacred Lands of the Southwest," an installation of

Harvey Lloyd's aerial photographs of national parks, monuments, pueblos, and Anasazi ruins on the Colorado plateau; through 9/6.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Breaking Barriers: Recent American Craft." Works by Wendell Castle, Dale Chihuly, Viola Frey, Michael Lucero, Albert Paley, Joyce Scott, and other contemporary craft artists; through 10/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10-8, Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$5, \$2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799-1885)." Paintings, photographs, illustrations and memorabilia by and about the artist/naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28/97. . . . "Scientists and Journalists—One Story, Two Voices: A Century of Science Reporting in The New York Times"; through 9/29. . . . "Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$7 suggested contribution, \$5 students and seniors, \$4 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars' Rocks"; through 8/18. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.-Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; \$3; \$1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Artist in the Marketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition"; through

9/28. . . . "Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works"; through 9/28. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$3, \$2 students, \$1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial vicerealties of New Spain and Peru; through 8/11. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"On the Prowl: Hunters and the Hunted" with hunting images in paintings and sculptures by Antoine-Louis Barye, Jean-Léon Gérôme, Constant Troyon, and others; through 10/5. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-visions of El Barrio." A selection of photographs and drawings made by East Harlem youths during a ten-week class held by El Museo del Barrio and the International Center of Photography; through 8/18. . . . "Working Shoes: A Site-Specific Installation by Ana Busto"; through 9/15. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." The first retrospective of the Swiss artist's work in the United States, spanning the

early thirties to the early eighties; through 10/9. . . . "Africa: The Art of a Continent." A survey of the artistic traditions of the entire African continent; through 9/25. . . . "In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present"; through 9/22. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$10, \$5 students and seniors.

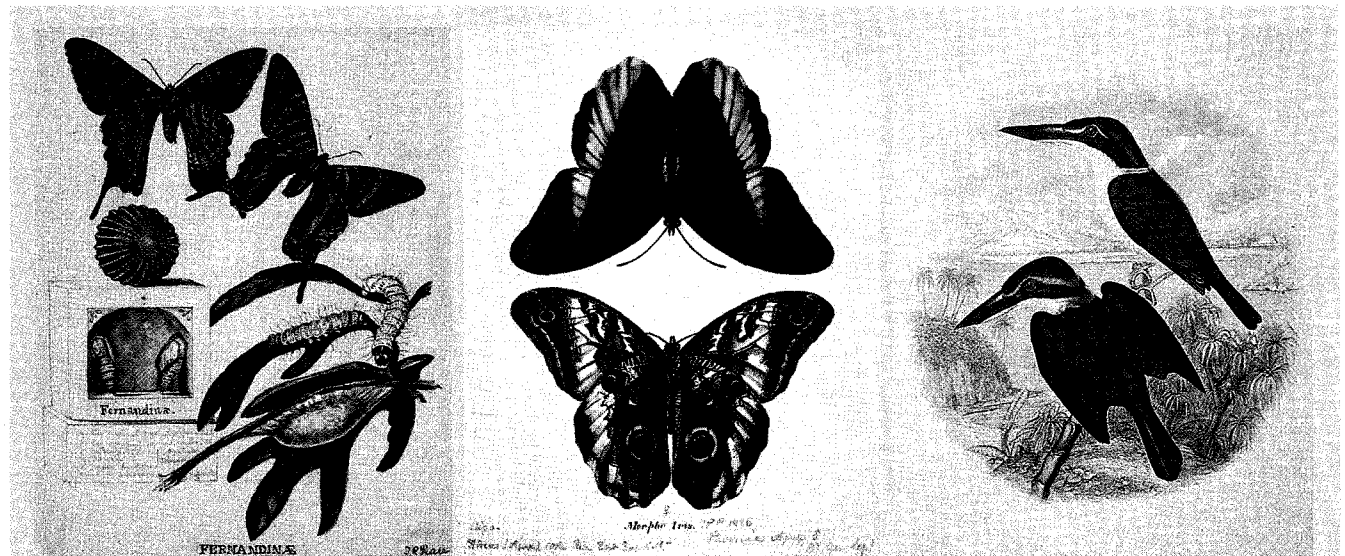
Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Mediascape." Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; through 9/15. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-8, Sun. 11-6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors.

Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum—Naval history exhibitions and vintage planes displayed on a retired U.S. Naval carrier. West 46th St. at 12th Ave., Pier 86 (245-2533); Mon.-Sat. 10-5 (last admission 4 p.m.), Sun. 10-6 (last admission 5 p.m.); \$10, \$7.50 seniors/veterans; \$5 children.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904-1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32-37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 11-6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half-hour; round-trip fare is \$5); \$4, \$2 seniors and children.

Jewish Museum—1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Winslow Homer." The first comprehensive retrospective of the American painter's work in more than twenty years, featuring approximately 180 paintings, watercolors, and drawings from all periods of his career; through 9/22. . . . "American Printmaking



Retrospective Prodigal Peale

Serious Peale fever won't set in until November, when the works of the entire illustrious Philadelphia family of artists and naturalists go on view at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Until then, New Yorkers have a rare opportunity to acquaint themselves with the life and works of the youngest son of eighteenth-century painter and Peale's Museum founder Charles Willson Peale. The American Museum of Natural History's recently opened "Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799-1885)" offers the first in-depth survey—and in many cases, the first public glimpse—of the paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia of the artist/naturalist.

Titian Peale, named after the sixteenth-century Venetian painter,

lacked the focus of his older brothers, three of whom became successful painters, but he inherited the famous Peale curiosity. The artworks and objects in the Natural History exhibition document Titian's enthusiasms as a boy (his inkstand of a bear on a leash must have reminded him of the grizzly-bear cubs his father kept at his museum); as a young man (his painting of a volcanic crater seen on the 1830s Wilkes Expedition to the South Pacific and illustrations of flora and fauna); and as a middle-aged man (his beautifully composed photographs of his family). A life of travel and experimentation, if not greatness, left Peale with no regrets. By the time of his death, he'd participated in a century of natural discoveries, a few of them his own.

EDITH NEWHALL

1880-1900: Winslow Homer and His Contemporaries"; through 9/22... "Toulouse Lautrec." Lithographs, related paintings, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 9/15... "Ancient Art From the Shumei Family Collection"; through 9/1... "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the studiolo of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97... "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York"; through 7/28... "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; through 8/18... "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25... "Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/6... "American Painting: 1930-1940, Selections From the Collection"; through 9/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$7 contribution, \$3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"An American Treasury: Quilts From the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 9/8... "The Art of the Contemporary Doll"; through 9/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17... "Pictures of the Times: A Century of Photography From the New York Times"; through 10/8... "From Bauhaus to Pop: Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson"; through 9/3... "Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20... "Thinking Print: Books to Billboards, 1980-95." Works by 147 artists drawn primarily from the museum's holdings of new prints and illustrated books acquired since 1980; through 9/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed.; \$8, \$5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish). Note: Admission to "Picasso and Portraiture" is by timed-entry tickets, available in the museum's lobby or by calling Ticketmaster at (212) 307-4545, for \$12.50 (adults), \$9 (seniors and students), and \$4 (children 6 to 15).

Museum of the City of New York—"Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97... "Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"171st Annual Exhibition"; through 9/1. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—"Crossroads Alaska: Native Cultures of Alaska and Siberia"; through 8/8. George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10-5 daily; free.

New York Public Library—"Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York Times Morgue 1896-1996"; through 10/19... "The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters"; through 7/31... "The Global Library <http://www.nypl.org>." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5,000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New York Historical Society—"Privy to History." A selection of nineteenth-century objects found during a 1995 excavation of an outhouse in lower

Manhattan; 8/7-9/21... "July 9, 1776: New York's Independence Day"; through 9/15... "In Search of Light: Tiffany Lamps at the New-York Historical Society." Seven Louis Comfort Tiffany lamps from The New-York Historical Society's Neustadt Collection, among them a Magnolia floor lamp, a Wisteria lamp, a Trumpet Vine lamp with an illuminated base, and a Drophead Dragonfly lamp; through 9/15... "Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884-1933." An exhibition that shows how the pre-White House years determined the future first lady's career through photographs, prints, furniture, books, pamphlets, jewelry and memorabilia; through 11/24... "Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897-1917"; through 8/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$3, \$1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Documenting the Times: Adolph S. Ochs and the Early Years of the New York Times"; through 9/15... "Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition"; through 9/1... "Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815-1860." An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18... "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings: The Art of the Book and Beyond"; through 9/1... "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts"; through 9/1. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Heroic Painting." Works by Bo Bartlett, Vincent Desiderio, Walton Ford, Lawrence Gipe, Julie Heffernan, Komar and Melamid, and Mark Tansey; through 9/8... "Visions of Ireland: Jack B. Yeats." Paintings by Ireland's most noted modern painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957); through 9/8. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3 suggested donation, \$1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Ceremony of Spirit: Nature and Memory in Contemporary Latino Art." Works by sixteen contemporary Latino artists, among them Santa Barraza, Josely Carvalho, Alvaro Garcia, Pepon Ossorio, and Regina Vater; through 9/15... "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence 1995-1996." Paintings, sculpture, and mixed-media works produced over the past year by the museum's three artists-in-residence for 1995-1996; through 9/15... "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Shigeo Kubota." An installation of the artist's video sculptures; through 8/25... "NYNY: City of Ambition." Paintings, photographs, films, architectural models, and period clothing produced in New York City between the turn of the century and 1960; through 10/27... "An American Story." Works from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/6... "Perpetual Image: Photographic Narratives of the Desert West"; through 9/22... "Collection in Context—Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy." The artist's paintings of carousing sailors on shore leave in Riverside Park in the early thirties; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Ik-Joong Kang: 8,490 Days of Memory." An installation that uses chocolate as a metaphor to revisit the past from the perspective of the present, specifically referring to the artist's memories of the candy bars given to him by GIs when he was in grammar school in Korea; through 9/27. 120 Park Ave. (570-1807); Mon.-Fri. 11-6; free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 8/14 at 10: "End of Summer Sale." On view from 8/10.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 8/7 at 2:30: "Posters." On view from 8/3.

The Best Ribs In Town

Rollicking 1807 Farmhouse, serving succulent ribs"....Bryan Miller, N. Y. Times

**MON. NITE, ALL YOU CAN EAT \$16.95
REDUCED DRINK PRICES**

TAKE-OUT ANYTIME

DELIVERY Mon-Fri 11:30 am-9 pm

TEL: (212) 431-3993 FAX (212) 966-4393

Party Facilities 20 to 100 Persons

Open 7 Days

- Lunch
- Brunch
- Dinner

**TENNESSEE
MOUNTAIN**

143 SPRING ST. (corner wooster)

Vong

INNOVATIVE
THAI
CUISINE

200 EAST 54TH STREET, NYC

CORNER OF 3RD AVENUE (212) 486-9592

Luncheon

Dinner

La Cote Basque

Closed Sundays

60 West 55th Street, NYC • Tel 688-6525

STEAKHOUSE RESTAURANT



**Where Good Folks
Meet And Eat!!**

Famous for Steaks & Chops.

269 W 45th St off Eighth Ave.

Free Dinner Parking • 212-997-9494

Open For Lunch: Tues - Sat 12:30pm

19405 North Blvd 718-357-2444

163 14th St, Hoboken 201-659-6202

Notaro

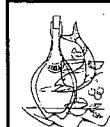
RISTORANTE
Fine Italian Cuisine

635 Second Ave
(bet. 34 & 35 St.)

212.686.3400

**USA
Brooklyn
DINER**
THE FINER DINER

212 W 57th St • Manhattan • 212.581.8900



Siambelli
50th

A 50 YEAR TRADITION
46 E. 50th St, NYC (Betw. Park and Madison Ave.)
(212) 688-2760-61 • PRIVATE PARTY ROOMS
"Open every day"



Cafe Nosidam
BISTRO ITALIANO

After The Opera, After The Theatre
After Anything

Prix-Fixe \$19.95

Lunch & Pre-Theatre till 7pm

Late Supper 10pm-Midnight

768 Madison at 66th • 717.5633

theater

Timon... Orestes... Hopeful Heterosexuals

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Hughie—Eugene O'Neill began his life in a seedy hotel at Broadway and 43rd; a few blocks up the street, Al Pacino is currently inhabiting the seedy hotel in which that life drew (metaphorically) to an end. This moody chamber piece about a self-deluding small-time hustler—the playwright's next-to-final Broadway production, staged posthumously in 1964—is in previews for an 8/22 opening; it runs through 8/31. \$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Circle in the Square, 50th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (239-6200).* 1 hr. 10 mins.

Timon of Athens—Free, with a limit of two tickets per applicant. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Tickets may be picked up on the day of performance, starting at 1 P.M. at the *Delacorte Theater* in Central Park, and between 1 and 3 P.M. at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.*; the closest entrances and footpaths leading directly to the Delacorte are at 81st St. and Central Park West and at 79th St. and Fifth Ave. Beginning performances 8/6; through 9/1. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (539-8750).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning cos-

tume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50–\$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Beckett Festival—This marathon presentation of all nineteen of Samuel Beckett's stage works by Ireland's Gate Theatre runs through 8/11 as part of Lincoln Center Festival 96. All performances at *John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave.*, are \$45; those at *Clark Studio Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., Floor 7*, are \$30. Call 721-6500 for tickets and scheduling information and 998-8705 for information on the series of related symposia sponsored by New York University's Center for French Civilization and Culture and Ireland House.

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. \$42.50–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 15 mins.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. \$20–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50–\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, having successfully dusted off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—and given the latter its first professional New York revival in 61 years, has recently moved it uptown. \$45 Tues.–Thurs., \$47.50 Fri.–Sat. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men (“hunters”) and women (“gatherers”) get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. \$47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVE-MAN).* 1 hr. 40 mins.

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee, the writer who infused Continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent, ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize-winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. \$35–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/29. *Plimouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 40 mins.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. \$25–\$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 20 mins.

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. \$35–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393).* 2 hrs.

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara (*Another World*) as bad boy Danny Zuko, Debby Boone as Rizzo, and Sally Struthers as Miss Lynch. \$30–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill*

Onstage Straight Talk

They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*, a musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—is currently bucking the trend at the Westside Theatre, 407 West 43rd Street (307-4100).



Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. \$30–\$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore*, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heart-throb Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. \$25–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre*, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

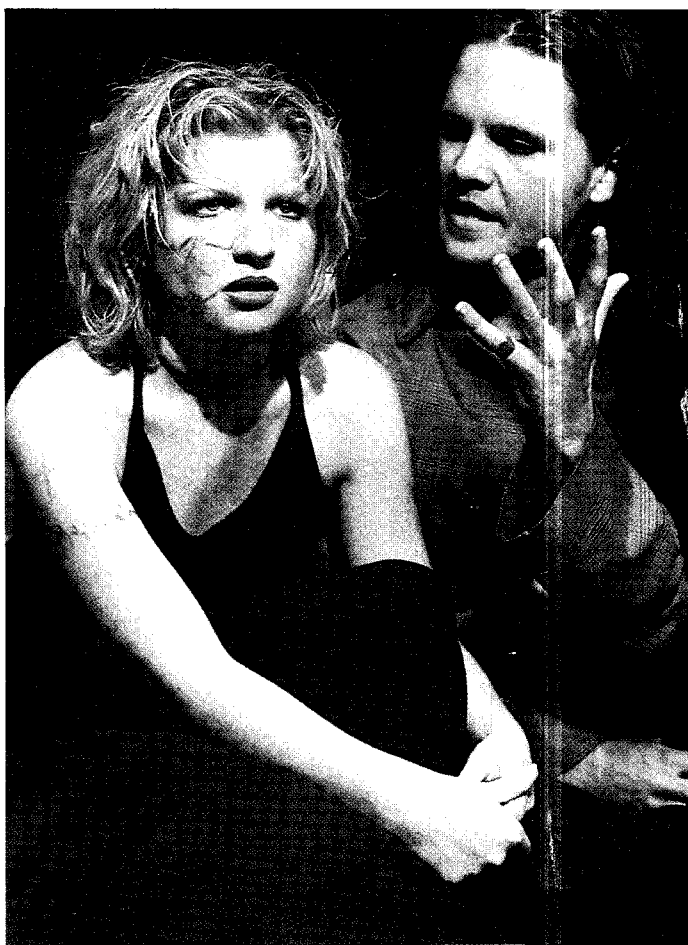
Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. \$15–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning 6/10: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre*, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. \$37.50–\$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. \$32.50–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre*, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Malby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15–\$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theatre*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15–\$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theatre*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.



Previews Pulp Fiction

Commendably intent on communicating the elevated "philosophical" underpinnings of classic Greek drama, modern stagings all too often ignore the equally important theatrical element of Greek tragedy: cheap thrills. 'Orestes: I Murdered My Mother,' an update of Euripides' drama, corrects that high-brow tendency by dragging Clytemnestra's matricidal kids through the contemporary nightmare of tabloid journalism. At One Dream Theatre, 232 West Broadway (279-4200).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. \$30–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theatre*, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. \$15–\$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/8. *Walter Kerr*, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs.

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broad-

way dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) \$40–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theatre*, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.

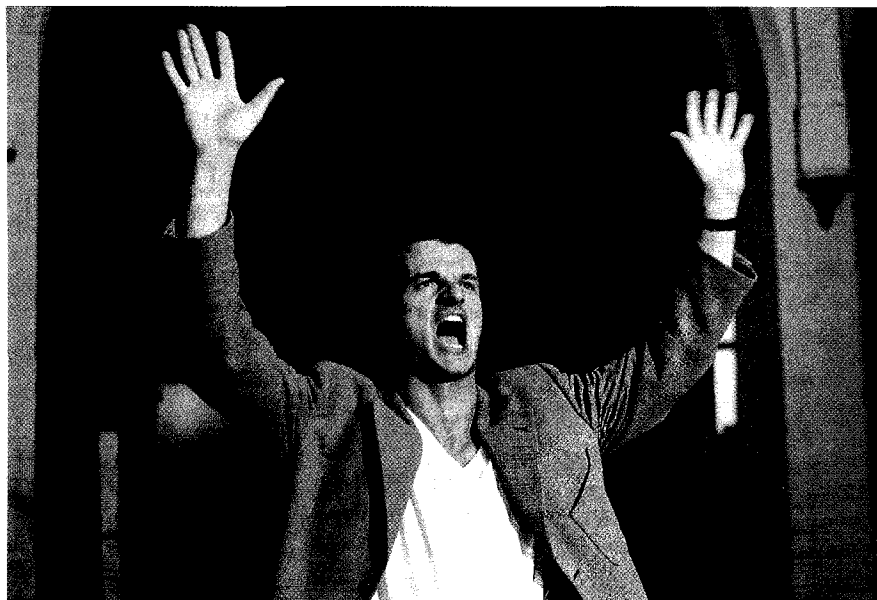
Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$35–\$70. At the *Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) Ms. Buckley will be with the show until 8/26, when London's Elaine Paige (*Evita*, *Cats*) takes over. \$25–\$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre*, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

A Thousand Clowns—Well before sixties counterculture developed its full head of steam, playwright Herb Gardner was already providing Broadway with characters who marched to a different drummer.

Judd Hirsch stars in this revival of his 1962 play about a refugee from the Manhattan rat race. \$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 8/11. *Roundabout*, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi



Onstage Bitter Harvest

Following (relatively) closely on the heels of Tony Randall's fine National Actors Theater production in 1993 is this summer's second Shakespeare in the Park, 'Timon of Athens.' The Bard's rarely seen late parable of curdled naïveté in a disillusioned idealist stars Michael Cumpsty ('L.A. Law') as the title character.

[texti?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing*. \$15-\$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. Opening 8/7. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. \$40. Mon.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. In previews for an 8/14 opening. Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

Valley of the Dolls—A stage adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's celebrated book-and-screen trashfest about three young, not particularly inhibited girls on the make in the big city. \$25. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 11. Beginning performances 8/7; through 9/14. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. (307-4100).

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$35-\$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

The Boys in the Band—So what if it has a cast of characters—The Brave One, The Scared One,

The Troubled One, etc.—seemingly lifted from a forties bomber movie? One excuses such roughnesses in the case of genuine thematic innovation, and Mart Crowley's groundbreaking 1968 script—the one that introduced gay culture, anxieties, and mating rites to mainstream theatrical audiences—is one of the few plays of the past 30 years unquestionably entitled to that distinction. \$40-45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. \$29.50-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Ln. (420-8000).

Da—Hugh Leonard's 1978 play about a returning expatriate coming to terms with the ghost of his dead father. \$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*, has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. \$19.96 through 8/11, \$35-\$40 thereafter. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$35-\$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.-Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).

Heavenly Days—The Greek myth of Amphitryon has been retold so many times that André Gide gave

up on the renaming process and simply appended a number in the high thirties to his version. John Glines's update of this classic text looks at it from a modern gay perspective. \$25. Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sun. at 10. Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. south of Christopher (924-1198).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—\$45. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).

Jasper in Gramercy Park—An elderly couple find themselves mysteriously sustained through the trials of "various and multiple lifetimes" by the presence of a large bossy dog in Mary Mitchell's new play. \$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (598-2385).

Making Porn—Ronnie Larsen's play about life in the gay-porn industry. With Rex Chandler; directed by Mr. Larsen. \$25 Tues.-Thurs., \$30 Fri.-Sun. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri.-Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).

Phaedra—Everett Quinton, doing that Everett Quinton thing he does to Euripides' classic tale of a mom with one bad case of ants in the pants for her stepson. (All right, that's not *exactly* what it says in *The Oxford Guide to Classical Literature*, but you get the idea.) \$20. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. at 10th St. (307-4100).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$29.50-\$42.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (279-4200).

Off-Off Broadway

A Midsummer Night's Dream/King Lear—Free. Thurs.-Sun. at 8. The currently playing "Dream" runs through 8/15; "Lear" begins performances 8/22 and plays through 9/15. Washington Square Park (330-8086).

Beyond Therapy—\$12, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. and Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. at Charles (330-7607).

The Donut Hole—\$10. Fri. and Sat. at 11. Through 8/31. The Interlude, 45 W. 21st St. (388-2260).

Godspell—Steven Schwartz's musical-comedy retelling of the Gospel of Saint Matthew. \$15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 9/1. Oasis Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).

Hippolytus—The drama by Euripides. \$15. Wed.-Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. American Theater of Actors, 314 W. 54th St. (581-3044).

Orestes: I Murdered My Mother—\$12. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 8/18. One Dream Theatre, 232 W. Broadway (279-4200).

Premium Bob—\$10. Thurs. at 8. Through 8/15. Workhouse Theater, 41 White St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (431-9220).

Romeo and Juliet—Free. Thurs.-Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. Municipal Parking Lot, across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (253-1813).

Smash the Treadmill—\$10. Mon. and Tues. at 8. Through 8/27. Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (721-7903).

Summerfest '96—A program of new scripts and revivals; call for scheduling details. \$10; \$8 for groups of ten or more. Mon.-Sat. at 8. Through 8/21. 42nd Street Collective, 432 W. 42nd St. (967-1481).

in concert

Menuhin Tribute...Jamison/Marsalis Work

Classical Music

Tuesday, August 6

Juilliard in Concert—The Gagliano String Trio. Performs the same program 8/7 at Stuyvesant Park, 15th St. bet. First and Second Aves., and 8/8 at Dante Park, West 64th St. bet. Columbus Ave. and Broadway. Continental Center, 180 Maiden Lane, at 12:30; free.

Celebration IV—Last part in a four-evening celebration of Hollywood songs, featuring works by Lerner & Lowe, Leonard Bernstein, and Kern & Hammerstein. Hudson River Park, Battery Park City (416-5354), at 6:30; free.

Brooklyn Funk Essentials—A fusion of jazz, funk, hip-hop, and reggae, fronted by poets Sylvester and Shakey. Fort Greene Park, Cumberland St. and DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn (718-360-2777), at 7; free.

New York Choral Society Summer Sings—Participatory choral reading of Verdi's *Requiem*; Bart Folse, guest conductor. CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; \$8.

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Morton Feldman, Richard Strauss, and Paul Hindemith with soprano Maria Ewing; Kurt Masur, conductor. Part of Festival 96. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$15-\$65.

Wednesday, August 7

New York Philharmonic—See 8/6.

Thursday, August 8

BAM Outside—Bobby Jay and the Legendary Teenagers perform fifties adolescent favorites like "I'm Not a Juvenile Delinquent." MetroTech Center, Flatbush and Myrtle Aves., Brooklyn (718-636-4111), at noon and 1; free.

Boys' Harbor Jazz Band—This ten-piece ensemble performs jazz standards by Basie, Parker, and Miles Davis. Community Garden, 237 East 104th St. (360-8805), at 5:30; free.

New York Choral Society Summer Sings—Participatory choral reading of Verdi's *Four Sacred Pieces* and Haydn's *Paukenmesse*; Lyndon Woodside, guest conductor. CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; \$8.

Bargemusic—Works by Beethoven, Shostakovich, and Richard Strauss, with pianist Randall

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Performance Brass Lungs

The Mostly Mozart Festival resumes after a two-week hiatus with the August 12 Baroque celebration by north-of-the-border favorites Canadian Brass. Trumpet player Jens Lindemann, a new addition to the ensemble, makes his New York debut with the Brass.

Hodgkinson. Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$23.

Gospel and Soul Celebration—The Sons of Thunder and Al Green bring a different vibe to Festival 96; Elder Edward A. Babb, director. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$15-\$65.

Friday, August 9

Bargemusic—The Boromeo Quartet performs works by Dvorák and Beethoven. Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$23.

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Tchaikovsky, Bernstein, and Prokofiev; Kurt Masur, conductor. Part of Festival 96. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$15-\$65.

Summergarden—Music for string quartets by Renaud Gagneux, Alejandro Iglesias Rossi, and

Henri Dutilleux. Museum of Modern Art Sculpture Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9491); garden opens at 6, concert at 8:30; free.

Saturday, August 10

New York Philharmonic—See 8/9.
Summergarden—See 8/9.

Sunday, August 11

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Mozart opera serenades, conducted by Johannes Somary. Van Cortlandt Park, The Bronx (718-601-7399), at 2; free.

Bargemusic—See 8/8, at 4.

Tribute to Yehudi Menuhin—An eightieth-birthday tribute by the Orchestra of St. Luke's, conducted by Lord Menuhin and narrated by Allen Ginsberg. Including the world premieres of violin romances by Steve Reich, Ravi Shankar, and Henryck Gorecki. Part of Festival 96. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$15-\$85.

Monday, August 12

Ben E. King—The former Drifter stops by for an evening of R&B classics. Von King Park, Lafayette and Marcy Aves., Brooklyn (718-360-2777), at 7; free.

Canadian Brass Baroque Spectacular—Performs works by Vivaldi, Gabrieli, and Handel with the New York Chamber Symphony; Gerard Schwarz, conductor. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$20-\$40.

Opera

New York Grand Opera—Maestro Vincent La Selva conducts Verdi's *I Masnadieri* on 8/7. A concurrent exhibition at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center displays Verdi memorabilia. Rumsey Field, Central Park, 72nd St. off Fifth Ave. (245-8837), at 7:30; free.

Dance

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater—A program of Ailey classics like *The River* and *Revelations*, plus the world premiere of *New Work*, a collaboration between Judith Jamison and Wynton Marsalis. Part of Festival 96. 8/7 to 8/10 at 8, 8/10 at 2, 8/11 at 1. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500); \$12-\$66.

Feld Ballets/NY—Eliot Feld, New York's undisputed master at grafting classical-ballet techniques onto a studiously irreverent modernist-hip sensibility, offers his yearly summer preview of new work (including, this time around, pieces titled *Industry*, *Shuffle*, and *Yo Shakespeare*) for the company's upcoming spring season. Through 8/17. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); \$30, \$15 children under 12 at matinee performances.

nightlife

Al Green... Sex Pistols... Yum-Yum

Concerts

Lincoln Center Festival—Through 8/11, the arts venue hosts a three-week-long celebration including more than 200 music, dance, theater, and cyber-arts events. Related performances are hereafter denoted with an asterisk (*).

Muhai Richard Abrams and Marty Ehrlich—The innovative pianist Abrams, both stride-style expert and leading light of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, performs with multi-reedist Marty Ehrlich on 8/11 at 3 P.M. *Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn.* (718-638-3731). \$6, including entrance to the museum.

Brooklyn Funk Essentials—One of several multi-genre party outfits (cf. Groove Collective, Jazzhole), Brooklyn Funk Essentials provide a hybrid of jazz, hip-hop, and rock for their hometown on 8/6 at 7 P.M. *Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn.* Free.

Jackson Browne—8/11 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh* (307-7171). \$32.

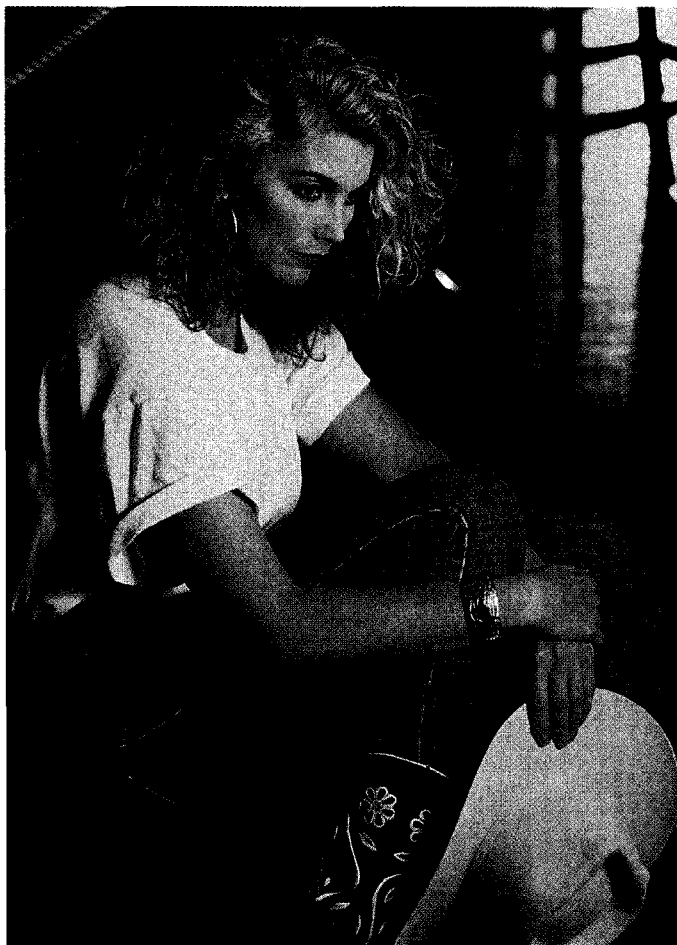
Ray Charles/Cassandra Wilson—Two wondrous voices, one legendary one deserving to be, both fitting easily into the worlds of jazz, R&B, and deep, deep blues. 8/10 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave.* (307-7171). \$31-\$41.

"Classic and Cool on the Hudson"—Dancing is encouraged. 8/7: Zairean Soukous singer Dominic Kanza and the African Rhythm Machine. 8/13: New Finnish folk songs performed by various musicians. Shows at 7 P.M. *World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St.* Free.

Elvis Costello and the Attractions—The punk era's most literate Angry Young Man, now post-punk's Cole Porter, brings out his greatest backing band for some oldies and new ones off his latest, *All This Useless Beauty*, an odd, possibly snide title for an album dedicated to material he'd originally given to other artists. 8/12-8/13 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St.* (307-7171). \$35.

Reverend Al Green—After years of singing strictly gospel music, the venerable Reverend Al Green returned to the temporal with, of all things, a duet with Lyle Lovett on 1993's *Funny How Time Slips Away*. This outing led to a series of uneven secular recordings, but the man who gave us such classics as "Love and Happiness" and "Take Me to the River" is lately back to his gospel best, bringing his drop-dead vocalisms to Lincoln Center's gospel and soul celebration. With the McCollough Sons of Thunder trombone ensemble. 8/8 at 8 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St.* (721-6500). \$15-\$65.

Indigo Girls—Their catchy 1989 debut having designated them standard-bearers of the Baez tradition,



Talent Southern Rose

Cowgirls' and -boys' prayers are answered as Emmylou Harris brings her Alabama-cured soprano to town for a rare club appearance. She sings at Tramps August 10.

this Georgia duo, on the heels of a recent star turn in the film *Boys on the Side*, continues to crank out solid folk rock fueled by soaring two-part harmonies. 8/14 at 7 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 54th St.* (307-7171). \$25.

Ben E. King—Singing "Stand By Me" and other golden oldies. 8/12 at 7 P.M. *Von King Park, Brooklyn.* Free.

Asser Levy Seaside Concert Series—Weekly shows at the Coney Island boardwalk. 8/8: Beach Boys crooner Mike Love. 8/11: Roberta Flack; the Spinners. Every Thurs. through 8/22 at 8 P.M. *Asser Levy Seaside Park, Brooklyn.* Free-\$5.

"Loud Music for Silent Film"—8/9: Clarinetist Don Byron accompanies the twenties African-American silent film *Scar of Shame*. 8/10: While *Metropolis*, Fritz Lang's 1926 expressionistic epic,

looms over it, the Alloy Orchestra performs an original score. Part of the Celebrate Brooklyn Festival at the Prospect Park Bandshell. 8/10 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park, Brooklyn.* Free.

Lynyrd Skynyrd/Doobie Brothers—Reunion fever continues on 8/8 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh* (307-7171). \$32.

Wynton Marsalis and Judith Jamison—Fronting a seventeen-piece orchestra, Marsalis joins the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater for a performance of "Sweet Release," incorporating the music of Ellington and Robert Ruggieri, with pieces choreographed by Jamison and Alvin Ailey. 8/7-8/9 at 8 P.M., 8/10 at 2 P.M. and 8 P.M., 8/11 at 1 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St.* (721-6500). \$12-\$66.

Meatloaf—8/6-8/9 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave.* (307-7171). \$31-\$41.

Midsummer Night Swing—8/7: New York-Buenos Aires Connection; Gabriela Anders Band. 8/8: Classic disco with France Joli and Tavares. 8/9: Jimmy Bosch and Masters at Work featuring Dave Valentin. 8/10: Swing with Frank Wess and His Orchestra featuring Grady Tate. Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8:15 P.M. *Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St.* (721-6500). \$8.

Daniilo Perez—The Panamanian pianist plays with a trio. 8/13 at 7 P.M. *Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn.* Free.

Seventies Music Explosion—A pretty redundant concept given the rest of Jones Beach's summer schedule, showcasing Village People, K.C. and the Sunshine Band, Gloria Gaynor, Kool and the Gang, Laura Branigan, and others. 8/10 at 6:30 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh* (307-7171). \$32.

Sex Pistols—"Fat, 40, and back!" Johnny Rotten recently taunted to a London audience, fittingly inaugurating what is either the long-awaited last chapter of the "Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle," or the most depressing of the summer's countless reunion tours. Sneering a version of "Route 66" for a Moun-

tain Dew commercial and wearing his mercenary urge like a badge of honor, Rotten is playing the Sex Pistols' pirates-of-the-record-industry side over the other, perhaps more temporal qualities that made the band a call to arms for a generation. Nonetheless, with all four original members intact, including pre-Sid Vicious bassist Glen Matlock, they are bound to satisfy those thirsting for anthemic, three-chord punk from the yobs that created—or at least most cre-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

stranger material. Shows at 8. 171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).

Stand-up New York—8/8-8/11: Gregg Fitzsimmons; Jim David; Eric Kornfeld. 8/15-8/17: Melvin George; Rick Crome; J. R. Havlin. Sun.-Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 8/24: Diana Krall in "All for You," a tribute to Nat King Cole. Tues.-Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.-Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). \$30; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).

Arcimbollo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is \$40; no music charge. 220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder and bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. 13 E.

12th St. (741-9105).

Bemelmans Bar—Through 8/10: Barbara Carroll. Tues.-Sat. from 9:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. \$10 music charge; no minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Through 9/7, dancing on Saturday evenings from 8:30 to 12:30, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. \$15; jacket and tie required. 2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).

F.lli Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.-Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. 39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Parker Meridien Hotel, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. \$25 cover, plus a two-drink minimum. Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).

Rainbow and Stars—Following the gratifying success of his show "20th Century Pop" with rock goddesses Marianne Faithfull, Merry Clayton, and

Darlene Love this past January, impresario Steve Paul continues his ongoing project of imbuing this customarily *soigné* nightclub with a slightly funkier note. This time, Maxine Brown, Vivian Reed, and Bunny Sigler are featured in "20th Century R&B: A Musical Celebration." Through 8/31, \$40 cover. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. Just down the hall, the **Rainbow Room's** "Hot Fun in the Summertime" series presents, for your dancing pleasure, the jazz ensemble Manhattan Latins and the new Rainbow Room Big Dance Band in alternating sets. (On Wednesdays, guest vocalist Lynn Roberts sits in.) Tues.-Sat. from 7:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. \$20 music charge; à la carte dinner menu is offered from 7:30, and supper is served from 10:30 Tues.-Thurs. and from 11:30 Fri. and Sat. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. 29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) 231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls. 889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).

bob—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. 235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. 145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. 520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall-subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. 176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).



Performance Sugar Rush

Call it Sgt. Pepper's revenge. While Green Day continues to kick out noisy odes to attention-deficit disorder, and fanzines champion "lo-fi" aesthetics, an increasing number of rock bands—from London's High Llamas to Toronto's Spookey Ruben to Chicago's Yum-Yum (Brownies, August 11; Coney Island High, August 12)—have discovered orchestras, found one or two more chords, and decided that, questions of hipster authenticity notwithstanding, more is actually more. Among the auteurs of this high-overhead "ork pop" movement is Yum-Yum's head Chris Holmes (at top in photo), who from his Lennon specs to the "Strawberry Fields" mellotron that opens Yum-Yum's debut album, *Dan Loves Patti*, shows a sure feel for this seemingly archaic terrain. A 24-year-old University of Chicago graduate (major: UFO studies), Holmes is a kid who has everything—an apartmentful of instrumental arcana (a sitar, a Moog synthesizer, an olde-time keyboard called a Chamberlin), two other indie-rock bands (Sabalon Glitz, Ashtar Command), and, in Yum-Yum, cute-as-a-button band mates who play violin, viola, and cello. But for all this embarrassment of riches, *Dan Loves Patti* has a distinctive and uncluttered ambience. Soft, breathy vocals, sighing mellotrons, and keening strings all tell dreamy, bittersweet tales of budding love and lost romance that skirt cloying sentimentality even as they evoke study-hall notes in which *i*'s are dotted with hearts. Sweet but not saccharine, Yum-Yum just may make alt rock safe for French horn. Of course, how they'll do it on the tiniest of East Village stages is anybody's guess.

CHRIS NORRIS

Photograph by Brad Miller.

actively marketed—the art form. With Gravity Kills. 8/8–8/9 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland*, 239 W. 54th St. Sold out.

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 8/7: Joe Grushecky and the House Rockers. 8/15: Psychograss featuring Darol Anger, Tony Trischka, Mike Marshall. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 8/6: Idaho; Lifter. 8/11: Yum Yum; Edsel. 8/14: Throwing Muses; Chimera. Shows nightly at 9. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. 8/9–8/10: "Ladies Sing the Blues" featuring Big Time Sarah, Shirley King, Melvia "Chick" Rogers. Shows nightly. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." Mondays are given to the jungle DJ. salon, "Konkrete Jungle." 8/8: Social Distortion. 8/12: Possum Dixon. 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridor home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding DJ's. 8/10: Ska from the Scofflaws, the Bluebeats, and Metro Stylee. Every Tuesday, it's the electro-funk rotating DJ. showcase party, Analog. 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist. 8/7: Gary Lucas; Barbara Brousal. 8/9: Nona Hendryx. *Time Cafe*, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 8/6: Death-metal kingpins Slayer. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 8/6–8/7: Philadelphia's thrilling live band and rap group the Roots. 8/8–8/10: A Grateful Dead tribute with Joe Gallant and Illuminati. 8/12: David Murray Big Band. Shows nightly. 74 Leonard, bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 8/8: Johnny "Clyde" Copeland. 8/9: Little Buster and the Soul Brothers. 8/14: Hiram Bullock, Will Lee, and Clint Degannon. 1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 8/7: Ex-J. Geils Band frontman Peter Wolf. 8/11: Possum Dixon. 8/12: Foetus; Congo Norvell. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays

and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 8/9: Zin. 8/12: Pete "El Conde" Rodriguez y La Familia. 8/14–8/15: Junior Reid. Shows nightly. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

Tramps—On last year's Grammy-winning, soulful, evocative *Wrecking Ball*, Emmylou Harris made a surprising and swift move by teaming up with super-producer Daniel Lanois, late of U2's behemoth *Joshua Tree*, whose ethereal drones blended beautifully with the country singer's pristine vocals, creating, among other things, a hauntingly chilling interpretation of Neil Young's "Wrecking Ball." She appears 8/10. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Jazz

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands, charges accordingly. 8/6–8/11: Gato Barbieri Quintet. 8/13–8/18: Tania Maria. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. Through 8/10: John Hicks, Idris Muhammad, and Curtis Lundy. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along the great guitar innovator Les Paul, who has moved Monday night his office hours here. 8/6–8/11: Art Farmer Sextet. 8/13–8/18: Ron Carter and Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 8/6–8/11: Louis Hayes Quintet with Javon Jackson, Riley Mullins, David Hazeltine, and Peter Washington. 8/13–8/18: The wonderful South African pianist Abdullah Ibrahim. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 8/6–8/11: Geri Allen, one of the two or three best pianists of her generation, occupies a unique and vital place in jazz piano—somewhere between Marilyn Crispell and Cyrus Chesnut, Herbie Hancock and Herbie Nichols. She leads a trio here. 8/13–8/18: Eric Reed Trio. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests. 8/8–8/10: Lew Tabackin Quartet. 8/13: Hernia with Ton Rainey, Marc Helias, and Tim Berne. 8/14: Fred Hersch Quartet. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece Orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sun—

day, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. 125 Macdougall St. (673-5576).

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 8/7: Salsoul Comedy Sketch Troupe. 8/8–8/11: Kevin Meaney. 8/12: New Talent Night. 8/13: New York Comedy Nights. 8/14: Hot 97's Phat Comedy. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).

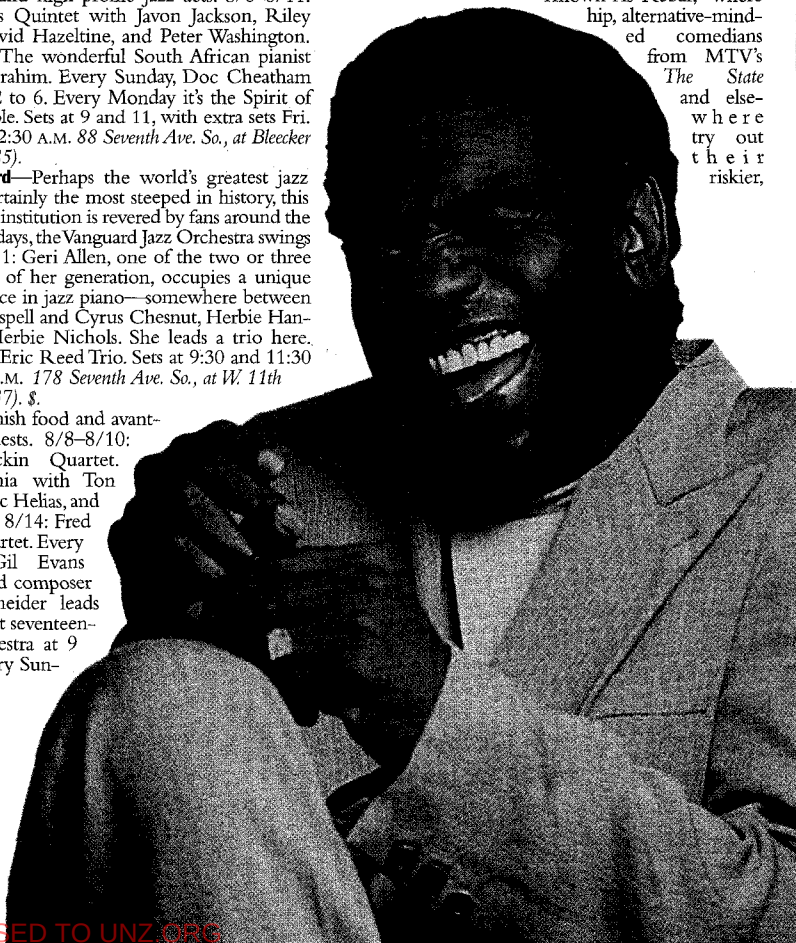
Catch A Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as an NYC apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. 253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Through 8/11: Jay Mohr; Greer Barnes; Dave Attell; Todd Barry; Rock Rubin; Jerry "Red" Wilson. Shows Fri. 9 P.M. and 11 P.M. Sat. 9 P.M. 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. and Sun.–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 117 Macdougall St. (254-3480).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 8/11: Rich Ramirez; Nancy Redman; Ben Creed; Joe Mulligan; Billy Jaye; Quentin Higgs. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 8/9–8/10: Wanda Sykes-Hall; Tony Woods; Eric Kornfeld. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., \$8 on weeknights. 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier,

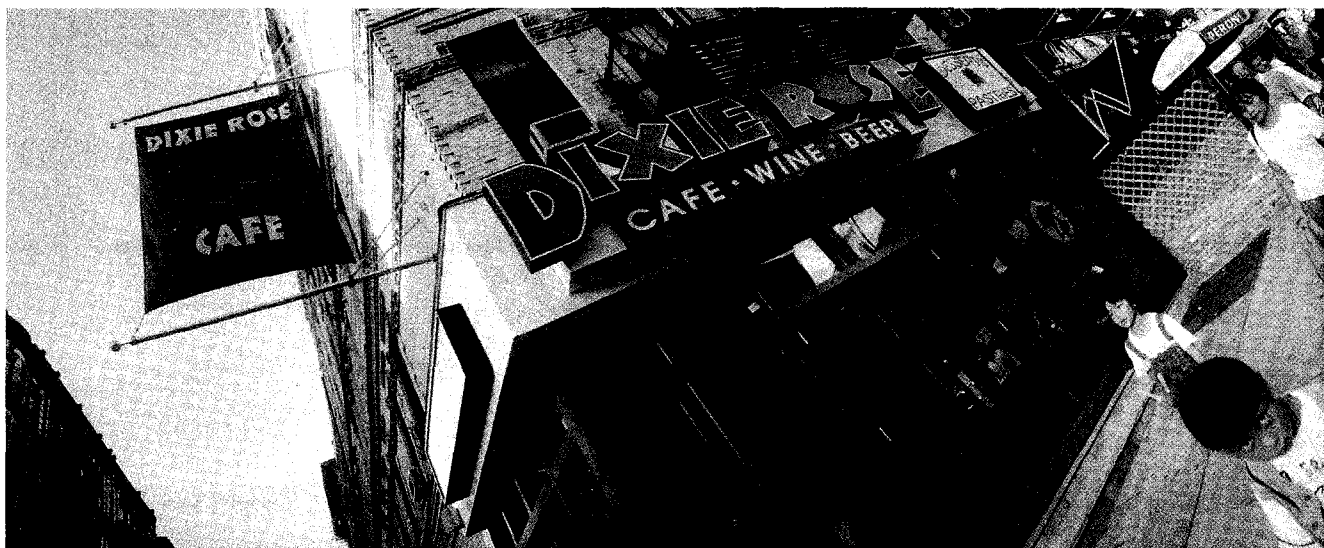


Talent Green's Day

The genre- and epoch-hopping Lincoln Center Festival 96 winds down with a true classic: R&B giant Al Green (August 8 at Avery Fisher Hall).

restaurants

Shopping to Eat... New Penang... Sugar, Spice



Opening Rose Redux

Dixie Rose Cafe, named for a notorious twenties club that once inhabited the same corner, treats Little Italy to some unusual—at least for this cannoli-filled precinct—feeding

possibilities: billowy waffles, peanut-butter-and-banana sandwiches, and cereal. Plus the customary assortment of espresso drinks and pastries. (388 Broome Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. Try chef Abdul Sebti's seared-tuna salad, pappardelle al funghi, and Kentucky-bourbon steak in a peppercorn sauce. 475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an aspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. 281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. 152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE, TM.

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. 482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building

hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. 218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.

Dean & DeLuca Cafe—The flagship of Dean & DeLuca's ultramodern, high-style cafés that are scattered between upper Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, this coffee bar offers much more, including gourmet sandwiches and salads and the same luscious pastries available at the market's bakery counter. 121 Prince St. (254-8776). (I) AE, MC, V.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed

Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Match—A SoHo loft space with a surprisingly creative modern American menu, a full sushi bar, and up-to-the-minute accoutrements like a D.J. and a jazz band. If all that hip posing makes you hungry, try fusion fare like wok-seared bluefin tuna with warm soba-noodle salad or spit-roasted duck with potato dumplings. 160 Mercer St. (343-0020). (M-E) AE, MC, TM, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15–\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (S) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets

everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. 38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M-E) AE.

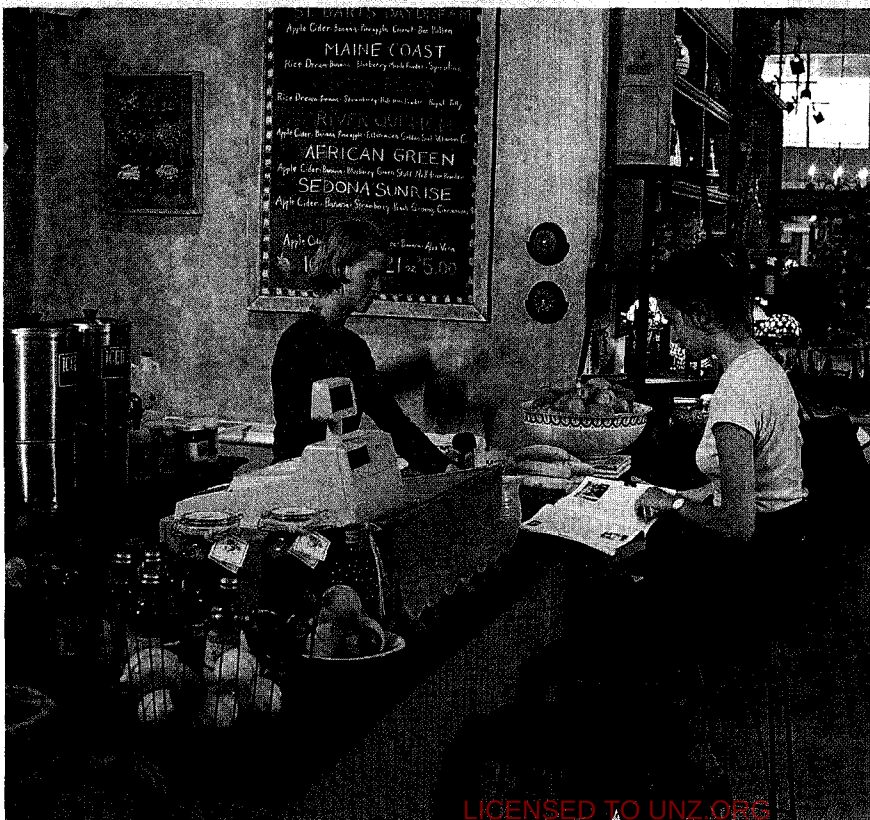
Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Trend Charging, Recharging

The current practice of outfitting virtually every new store with a café—a coffee bar, at the very least—may seem like the belated East Coast embrace of a Seattle convention. The Barnes & Noble-Starbucks partnership, launched at the book chain's Upper West Side superstore three years ago, has so set the standard for the future of book-selling that the beleaguered Shakespeare & Co. may end up sharing space with a coffee bar after loudly pooh-poohing such postliterate marketing practices. Suburban-scaled superstores like Virgin, Bed Bath & Beyond, and Old Navy have full-fledged coffee shops, urbanized versions of food courts that keep customers close to the cash registers should the urge to splurge strike. The coffee-bar-as-Euro-accessory approach is evident at Benetton, which is installing one in its new Fifth Avenue Scribner Building location, and the stylized retro-seventies café at Diesel. "Diesel's much more interested in its image than in selling coffee," says a clerk. "But if you're going to sell coffee to Europeans, you're going to sell Lavazza," Diesel's house brand. Unless, of course, you're selling illy, the other major espresso and the bean of choice at the new cappuccino bar at Wolfman-Gold & Good, which also bakes its own cookies and sells private-label bottled water. A SoHo neighbor and rival housewares shop has bucked the coffee trend by partnering with Lucky's Juice Joint to open Lucky's Fountain at Zona. Zona's owner, Lou Sagar, who wanted to conjure up the soda fountains of his Brooklyn youth, envisions the new bar, tastefully outfitted in Italian stone and American wainscoting, as an energizing space for customers to "sit and pause for a while." His other, more calculated goal is to "create a channel to bring in more product" linked to health, wellness, and, well, fruit. "I'm into color right now," says Sagar, who plans to sell things like marble and resin fruits, linens, lap napkins, and juice glasses in shades that "emanate from the color palette that smoothies and juice conjure up." Something, no doubt, F. W. Woolworth had in mind when he installed his first lunch counter.

ROBIN RAISFELD



Below 14th Street, East

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. 54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) (\$).

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. 112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. 83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. 28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. 268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I-M) (\$).

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. 190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassalette. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus at a table in the outdoor café. 569 Hudson St., at W 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. 533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets,
East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. 560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The real specialty is the menu of 36 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V

Empire Korea—This 500-seat restaurant in midtown's Little Korea broadens the neighborhood's culinary



Opening Cain and Abel?

The Malaysian restaurant dynasty called Penang is not growing quite as fast as one would assume from the appearance this week of Penang Bar and Grill. It's being opened by Michael Cheah, who is the estranged brother of the owner of the SoHo and Columbus Avenue outposts of the same name. Despite the uncannily similar bamboo décor, Malaysian menu, and—of course—that name, the two businesses, according to the other Penangs' Stanley Cheah, have nothing in common. In deference to its East Village locale, the new Penang has lower prices, lunch specials, and a sunny garden. (64 Third Avenue, at 11th Street.)

offerings with forays into Japanese and Chinese cuisines, with entrées like marinated short ribs and rib-eye steak, sushi and sashimi, teriyaki, hibachi steak, and everyone's favorite translucent noodle, chap-chae. 6 E. 32nd St. (725-1333). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton-ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. 35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Novita—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club-like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. FDR Dr. via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian

influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I-M) (\$).

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. 40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

The Crab House Seafood Restaurant—The first New York location of a Florida-based seafood emporium, this ultra-casual crab hall is justly famous for its all-you-can-eat salad and seafood bars and its variety of crustacean dishes. Drink or dine on the deck in fine weather. Chelsea Piers, Pier 61 (835-2722). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. 21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. 200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. 988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. 511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squash. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on

a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. 44 W. 44th St., in the Royaltan (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the \$12.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. 135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. 802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I-M) AE, DS

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated

French offerings and environs. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. 859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

57th-60th Streets

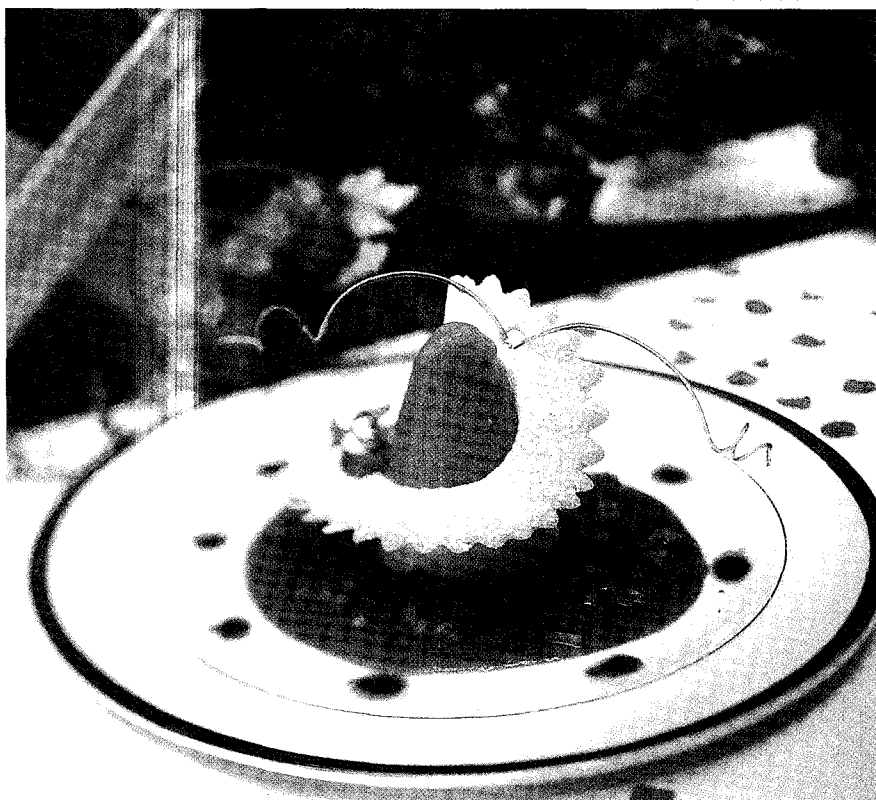
California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under \$10. 201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V



Ask Gael Carrying the Torch

What's hot—as in peppery—in Chinese food?

Cantonese sausage with Sichuan calamari and fragrant, torrid Hunan tripe from the new menu at Shun Lee Cafe arrive not a minute too soon for incurable hotheads. "My eyeballs are getting fogged," cries a friend as flames shoot out of his mouth. Tonight's soft-shell crabs suffer grease overload. And dim sum from the jaunty rolling carts ranges from splendid to sadly ho-hum. But now there are noodles from every region of China, always-exceptional hot-and-sour soup, Sichuan minced pork with sesame bread, and pig's knuckles stewed in a crock with oxtails for the cognoscenti. (43 West 65th Street.)



Object of Desire Sugar Bush

Inspired by Madison Cox's elegant new design for Aureole's garden, pastry chef Daniel Rundell has created a topiary-dessert tribute: A sculpted honey tuile crowns layers of citrus cheesecake and strawberry-daiquiri sorbet, ringed with strawberry-rhubarb compote. (34 East 61st Street.)

GILLIAN DUFFY

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fitzers Restaurant—This Continental restaurant at the Fitzpatrick Manhattan Hotel boasts the best Guinness in New York and serves a traditional Irish breakfast until 10:30 PM. Or stop in for tea and scones after a tiring afternoon of shopping at Bloomingdale's two blocks away. 687 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. (355-0100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. 42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. 104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole table-side (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. 225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) (S).

4th Annual Down East Clambake and Lobsterfest!



Every night
from 5 to 11 pm
through Sept. 7th

1 1/4 lb. Lobster
Steamed Clams and Mussels
With Boiled Potatoes
Corn on the Cob
Corn Bread and Coleslaw
and for dessert
New York Cheesecake
All for \$24⁹⁵

American Festival Cafe
proudly accepts the
American Express® Card



Don't leave home without it®



American Festival Cafe
at Rockefeller Plaza

20 West 50th Street, Concourse Level

For reservations:
(212) 332-7620

7 hours free parking
at Rockefeller Center® Garage after 5 pm

**"Northern Italian East-Sider...
First-rate all the way!
& of course, NINO, the Great
Host!" — Zagat**

ENTERTAINMENT 7 NITES!
Dinner 7 Nites 5PM to Midnight
FREE VALET PARKING 7 NITES

Nino's

1354 First Avenue, NYC
(Bet. 72 & 73 Sts.) Res. 212 988-0002



**What makes OSSO BUCO
different than any other
family style restaurant
in town? Not only is the food
reasonably priced &
plentiful but it is of the
highest gourmet quality!**

**OSSO
BUCO**

COMPLETE CATERING FACILITIES!

88 University Place
Between 11th & 12th Sts.
Res: 212 645-4525

jo jo

"Happiness is a thing called Jojo..."
— Gael Greene, NYM

160 East 64th Street • (212) 223-5656
(between 3rd Ave. & Lexington)



"Venice without the Canals"
— Zagats '95

Osteria al Doge

142 West 44th Street
212-944-DOGE (3643)

Sullivan's Restaurant and Broadcast Lounge

SULLIVAN'S

AT THE
ED SULLIVAN THEATER
1697 Broadway at 53rd St.
For reservations: 212-541-1697

...a big, bold, comfortable space...this is
1950's fare with a decided swagger."
—Ruth Reichl, NY Times ★★ 6/7/96

JAZZ 8PM Later on Fri., Sat.

BOOTH & BANQUETTE SEATING FOR 130

WITH A MARQUEE YOU MIGHT RECOGNIZE

World Wildlife Fund



1-800-CALL-WWF

Restaurants

Cafe Word of Mouth—This second-floor perch is a cozy oasis for breakfast, brunch, dinner, or tea, and the contemporary American menu features updated comfort food like corned-beef hash with eggs, Irish soda bread, and an eclectic array of salads and sandwiches. 1012 Lexington Ave., nr. 72nd St. (249-5351). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. 1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Hosteria Fiorella—This friendly neighborhood Tuscan trattoria serves especially fine antipasto and seafood, including a filet mignon of tuna and a claypot-roasted salmon, as well as a variety of pastas and thin-crust pizzas. 1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. 1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Monte's Italian Steakhouse—This two-in-one restaurant lets you OD on beef, with aged prime steaks prepared on a woodburning grill, or order Italian specialties like family-style chicken scarpaggio or angel-hair pasta with grilled eggplant and basil ricotta. 1294 Third Ave., nr. 74th St. (744-5924). (M) AE, MC, V

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. 1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American cafe for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Quisisana—This cozy Upper East Side Italian restaurant specializes in seafood. Try the grilled calamari, linguine with lobster, the John Dory, or anything out of the wood-burning oven. 1319 Third Ave., nr. 75th St. (879-5000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. 995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Twins Restaurant—With a staff consisting entirely of identical twins, this is the only restaurant in town where you're meant to see double. The menu features American food with a doubles theme, from twin lobsters every Tuesday night to double chocolate fondue. There's an outdoor garden and space for private parties. Children are welcome. 1712 Second Ave., at 89th St. (987-1111). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like veal capriciosa and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited champagne brunch reels 'em in. 106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). Also, 81 Greenwich Ave. (229-0234). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the licuados, fruit shakes, and the aguas frescas, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. 685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dali Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at \$17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. 2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions of moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabobs, and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. 2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

O'Neal's—A standby for pre- and post-theater dining, this Lincoln Center restaurant serves American food like potpie and ribs in a room designed to convey the feeling of Old New York. Live music on weekends, and kids eat free on Sundays. 49 W. 64th St. (787-4663). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. 328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This maze-like collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ifed steakhouse less stuffy than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

the mix

Jessica Hagedorn... Dragon Boat Festival

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—8/6: Handel's Organ Concerto in B flat, Opus 7, No. 1, and Schumann's Symphony No. 4 in d, Opus 120. 8/7: Myslivecek's Symphony in B flat and Litolf's Concerto Symphonique No. 4 in d for Piano and Orchestra. 8/8: Ippolitov-Ivanov's Symphonic Scherzo, Opus 2, and Brahms's Symphony No. 4 in e, Opus 98. 8/9: Kabalevsky's *Colas Breugnot*: Overture, and Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D, Opus 61. 8/12: Avison's Concerto Grosso No. 7 in g and Brahms's Violin and Cello Concerto in a, Opus 102, *Double*. 8/13: Grieg's *Holberg Suite*, Opus 40, and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 in A, Opus 90, *Italian*. 8/14: Salieri's Piano Concerto in B flat and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 9 in E flat, Opus 70. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Breakfast at Random House—8/11 at 12:30 P.M.: "Crosswords." With Eartha Kitt, Cynthia Rowley, Glen Bernbaum, Will Shortz, Stan Newman, and Maura Jacobson. Harold Evans is the host and moderator. WNYC, 820 AM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—8/10 at 1: Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. With Jeffrey Thomas, Dana Hanchard, Jessica Tranzillo, and Jennifer Lane. Gwendolyn Toth conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—8/11 at 8: Janáček's *Jenůfa*. With Gabriela Benackova, Leonie Rysanek, Wieslaw Ochman, Peter Kazaras, and the Schola Cantorum of New York. Eve Queler conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—8/6: Sally Goodgold, chair of the City Club, offers an insider's take on New York politics; Anne Rice on her latest novel, *Servant of the Bones*; Doctors Joseph McCormick and a n d

Susan Fisher-Hoch, authors of *Level 4: Virus Hunters of the CDC*. 8/7: Katie Hafner talks about the origins of the Internet in her book *Where Wizards Stay Up Late*. 8/8: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser offers a conservative cast to the news; Brock Yates discusses how a new generation of engineers, designers, and managers saved Chrysler in *The Critical Path*. 8/9: Al and Larry Ubell detail the nuts and bolts of home repair. 8/13: Sharon Robinson on *Stealing Home*; Olivia Goldsmith talks about her novel *The Bestseller*. 8/14: Etymologist and punster Richard Lederer takes on the English language; Richard Weiner, author of *Webster's New World Dictionary of Media and Communications*, talks about words you never knew existed and why. Every day from noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

Casper Citron—8/10 at 10 P.M.: Ex-Mayor Ed Koch talks with Wendy Corsi Staub; Joseph B. McCormick, M.D., and Susan Fisher-Hoch, M.D., discuss their book *Level 4: Virus Hunters of the C.D.C.*; A. E. Hotchner, novelist, talks about his book *Louisiana Purchase*, the story of one man's banishment from France and his coming to the New World; Dr. Rhoda Narins discusses the laser procedure tumescent liposuction with a past patient. WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

Jessica Hagedorn—8/14 at 6:30: Jessica Hagedorn reads from her new book, *The Gangster of Love*. In front

of Barnes & Noble (33 E. 17th St.) in Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

Teachings of the Kebzeh—8/10 at 2: Murat Yagan, an 80-year-old Kebzeh elder will offer an introduction to the 26,000-year-old spiritual tradition of the Amustah Kebzeh that springs from the Caucasus Mountains. Sufi Books, 227 W. Broadway, bet. Franklin and White Sts. (334-5212); free.

Elissa Schapell and Helen Schulman—8/14 at 7: Kraine Gallery Bar, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

Tours

Carnegie Hill—8/11 at 2: An architectural walking tour of the area where Andrew Carnegie built his family home. Magnificent mansions and town houses followed. This walking tour will view the mansions and homes of, in addition to Carnegie, Otto Kahn, Felix Warburg, Ogden Codman Jr., M. Merriweather Post, Paul Newman, Bill Murray, Dina Merrill, and Ralph Lauren, among others. The tour will also examine the designs of: St. Nicholas Russian Orthodox Cathedral, the International Center of Photography, the Jewish Museum, the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, and the Brick Presbyterian Church. Meet at Madison Avenue at 96th St. (N.W. corner). Call 348-4226 for more information; \$10.

Historic Harlem—8/10 at 1: As the center of African-American culture, Harlem is one of New York's most intriguing neighborhoods. This tour emphasizes the history and people of this neighborhood. Stops include: Abyssinian Baptist Church, Striver's Row, and the Theresa Hotel. Meet at the N.W. corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave. in front of the Schomburg Center. Call 439-1090 for further information; \$9, \$7 students and seniors.

The East Village—8/11 at 1: Explore the area made famous by radicals and immigrants alike, combining the history of German, Ukrainian, and Jewish immigrants with that of labor activism and the Second Avenue Stage. Stops include: the Fillmore East, Labor Lyceum, and sites associated with Daniel Tompkins, Peter Stuyvesant, and Sophie Tucker. Meet at the sculpture of the Black Cube at Astor Place. Call 439-1090 for further information; \$9, \$7 students and seniors.

Events

Harlem Week—Through 8/25. Music, dance, film, theater, and cultural events. All screenings will be at the Adam Clayton Powell Jr. State Office build-

Recordings Symphonies for the Devil

Ever wonder what Steven Tyler listens to when he's not shrieking Aerosmith songs? 'Exile on Classical Street' has the answer: De Falla's 'Ritual Fire Dance.' Plus unplugged favorites of other pop artistes, including Bono and Keith Richards (apparently a Mozart man).



Reading Jessica Hagedorn's first novel, *Dog-eaters*, earned her a 1990 National Book Award nomination and gave us a stunningly observed portrait of her native Philippines. *The Gangster of Love*, her follow-up, will be published at the end of the month (Houghton Mifflin; \$22.95). She reads from it on August 14 in Union Square Park (in front of Barnes & Noble). See listings.

ing. Call 749-5298 for information. Also a free performance of *Twelfth Night* at Riverside State Park as well as carnivals, fairs, and a food festival. For information on all the Harlem Week events, call 427-3315.

Sports

Yankees—For the Yanks, complacency equals death. Which is why whenever anyone talks about Cy Young or Rookie or Comeback Player of the Year, the Yankees should run screaming in the other direction. "I CAN'T HEAR YOU! I CAN'T HEAR YOU! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!" Each Pettitte blowout, each O'Neill or Boggs oh-fer, each feckless shutout against a left-hander is a smack-in-the-face rebuke—Don't get too big for your britches. You're not the 1927 Yankees yet. There's no question if they continue to play as they have all season, the Yankees could make the World Series. But if it comes down to a seven-game playoff with, say, Seattle with a healthy Randy Johnson in October, who would you put your money on? Chicago 8/6-8/8. Tues. (Ch. 11) and Wed. (MSG) at 7:35, Thurs. at 1:05 (Ch. 11). Vs. Detroit 8/9-8/11. Fri. at 7:35 (Ch. 11). Sat. at 1:05 (Fox), Sun. at 1:35 (Ch. 11). Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

Mets—More than anyone else, Anthony Young, Ryan Thompson, and Jeff Kent—the Pat Zachary, Dan Norman, and Doug Flynn of the nineties—embodied the post-Davey Johnson Mets' malaise. Now that all three are finally gone, it's morning in Metsville again. While Carlos Baerga has clearly not been the same 200-hit, 100-RBI man he was for the past four seasons, he is hardly, at 27, washed up. More likely, he became complacent, just another cog in the Cleveland Indians' hitting machine. He wasn't The Man (what his Indian teammates called him) anymore, because he didn't need to be. As a Met, however, Baerga will have to be both Howard John-

son and Keith Hernandez. At Chicago 8/5-8/7. Mon. at 8:05 (SC), Tues. and Wed. (SC) at 2:20. At Florida 8/8-8/11. Thurs., Fri., and Sat. (SC) at 7:05, Sun. at 4:35. All other games on Ch. 9.

Hong Kong Dragon Boat Festival—Post-Tarantino, the epitome of cool is not James Dean or even Fonzie but Chow Yun-Fat, wooden matchstick dangling from his lips, shooting up 30 or 40 bad guys in a John Woo action film. That other Hong Kong import, the dragon-boat race, has similarly grasped our fascination. In 1991, the first year the race was held in metropolitan-area waters, ten teams participated in the Hong Kong Dragon Boat Festival. This year, the sporting-cum-cultural event will feature some 50 teams, with the winner going on to the international championship in Hong Kong in June 1997. At Meadow Lake in Flushing Meadows Corona Park. 8/10, 8/11, and 8/18 from 11:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Free bus service 11 A.M.-6 P.M. from Chinatown (148 Lafayette St.) and Queens (St. George's Church, 39th Ave. on the corner of Main St.). Call 265-8888 for more info.

GHI Bronx Tennis Classic—An official USTA Challenger Event, awarding \$75,000 in prize money and featuring men's and women's fields of 32 players competing for the SOBR0 (South Bronx Overall Economic Development Corp.) Cup. GHI Wildcard Tournament, featuring nationally ranked junior players from the New York Junior Tennis League: Men's and women's singles and doubles through Wed., 8/7. GHI Bronx Tennis Classic 8/10-8/18 at Crotona Park, Crotona Ave. and Claremont Pkwy., the Bronx. Free admission. Call tournament director Cathy Greenwald at 718-786-7110 ext. 22 for more info.

MetroStars—At Colorado Sun., 8/11, at 3 (MSG).

New York Road Runners Club—Manhattan Hispanic Half-Marathon. Sun., 8/11, at 8:30 A.M. in Central Park. The race starts behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art on East Park Dr. and 82nd St. and finishes on East Park Dr. north of the 97th St. Field House at 101st St. Call 860-4455 for more info (on the Web, <http://www.nyrrc.org>).

Online

Teen AIDS Activist—Joey DiPaolo, who has AIDS, is a popular teenage spokesman for Love Heals, an organization that was co-founded by the three best friends of AIDS activist Alison Gertz. Ask him any questions you have about AIDS when he chats on America Online in the HUB: 8/6 at 8 P.M.

Christopher Darden—Los Angeles County deputy district attorney in the Major Crimes Division, was on the prosecution team assigned to the case of *People v. O.J. Simpson*. In the aftermath of the Simpson trial, Darden wrote a national best-seller, *In Contempt*. On Prodigy: 8/6 at 9 P.M.

Rockumentary on Deadheads—Chat with Andy Behar, the director of the documentary *Tie Dye: Rock 'n' Roll's Most Dedicated Fans*, about the Grateful Dead fans who followed the band from show to show. Simultaneously on CompuServe and People magazine's Website: 8/6 at 9 P.M. <http://www.people.com>

Fitness Facts—Trainer Lotus Bickerton offers advice on weight training, cardiovascular exercise, and more. On CompuServe in the Women's Wire Forum: 8/6 at 9 P.M.

Richie Rich—A performer who transcends gender, way beyond mere drag, blurring all boundaries of gender and genre. His debut double-A-sided single and video, "Love You a Million," has received critical accolades from all the usual places. On Prodigy in Pseudo's Hot Seat Auditorium: 8/6 at 10 P.M.

Amy Grant's Hubby—Gary Chapman, husband of Jesus-rock goddess Amy Grant and frequent host of *Prime Time Country* on the Nashville Network, talks about his latest album, *Shelter*. On America Online: 8/6 at 11 P.M.

Gov. George Voinovich—Chat with the current governor of Ohio for "Virtual Ohio Day." On the Microsoft Network: 8/7 at 7 P.M.

Cheap Trick—Band members Rick Nielsen and Robin Zander talk about their new boxed set on CompuServe: 8/7 at 9 P.M.

Romancing the Net—Richard Booth, who has had firsthand experience with online relationships, will talk about his book *Romancing the Net* and answer questions about online romance, the good and the bad. On Prodigy in the Personal Connections area: 8/7 at 10 P.M.

Candace Cameron—Best known for her role as D.J. Tanner on ABC's hit series *Full House*, Candace Cameron, now 20 and married, chats on America Online: 8/7 at 10 P.M.

Peak Performance Scholarship—Jennifer Love Hewitt, of Fox TV's *Party of Five*, is this year's spokesperson for the Sears/Seventeen Peak Performance Scholarship. Join with her to chat about how to apply for the scholarship, etc., and some of her savvy career moves. On America Online: 8/8 at 8 P.M.

Conan's Jokemasters—Talk to *Late Night With Conan O'Brien's* head writer, Jonathan Groff. On Microsoft Network in the NBC area: 8/8 at 9 P.M.

Yaphet Kotto—This Emmy-nominated actor stars as Lieutenant Al Giardello in *Homicide: Life on the Street*. Many still recognize him as the abusive keeper of Jane Seymour's character (Solitaire) in *Live and Let Die*. On Prodigy: 8/8 at 10 P.M.

Conferences last about an hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net



Happening Enter the Dragon

New York's urban mythology has always included tales of alligators in the sewers. But since 1991, the city's waters have also seen the periodic appearance of other exogenous monsters of lore: The Hong Kong Dragon Boat Festival returns to the Lake in Flushing Meadows Corona Park August 10, 11, and 18.

Photographs: top, Marion Ettlinger; bottom, Richard B. Levine.

kids

The Jig Is Up... Family Sail

Children's Events

Beatific Beat—Yusef Waliyaya, a.k.a. the Medicine Man, bangs the bongos, and entranced children chant his teachings. This energetic, call-and-response gig blends drums, triangles, and cowbells with audience yawps. The performance is this Fri., 8/9, at 6:30 P.M. at **The Brooklyn Children's Museum**, 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400). ●●

Surfing USA—It's a perfect day for the beach when you don't have to wear sunscreen or lug the cooler. Keyboards linked to computers allow kids to create their own symphony of surf sounds; there's a sand pit for sand castles; and kids can watch themselves surfing some gnarly waves on CMOM-TV. Participate in a demonstration of erosion and tide cycles and make sound waves at the Vibration Station. In the art department, you can watercolor a square for a quilt and paint with multi-colored sand. Beach week runs from 8/5 through 8/11 at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan**, 212 W. 83rd St. Call 721-1223 for a schedule of daily events. Admission is \$5, free for children under 2. ●

Kids Onstage—Children star in two performances at **TADA!**, a theater ensemble whose productions are consistently polished and lively. *Maggie and the Pirate* is a musical involving a mischievous new kid in the neighborhood. *Skates*, a dance piece, features several humanoid dogs and cats. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. at noon and 2, Sat. at 1 and 3, Sun. (8/18 only) at 1 and 3. Through 8/18. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); \$6 for children, \$12 for adults.

Dancing Folk—**Feld Ballets/NY** returns to New York—and the coolest stuff is the kid stuff. Two segments by a children's troupe that trains at Eliot Feld's preparatory school are sprinkled in between performances by his professional dancers. *Meshugana* (Yiddish for "crazy") *Dance* is set to rambunctious Klezmer tunes, and *The Jig Is Up* is a spirited Irish piece. The program runs from 8/5 through 8/17; Sunday matinees feature both kids' pieces and reduced ticket prices for children. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. Call 242-0800 for a complete program schedule. Tickets are \$30, \$15 for children under 12 at the matinee performances.

A Three-Hour Tour—Set sail on the Hudson River sloop *Clearwater*, a 106-foot replica of an eighteenth-century wooden ship. Kids of all ages can haul sails and nets, take a turn at the helm, and check out the aquarium on deck. A Zoological Society educator will identify the locals and give lessons in navigation. **Family Sail** departs Sat., 8/24, at 9 A.M. from the Cromwell Center on Staten Island and docks at noon. Preregister by 8/7 (718-442-3101); \$35 per person. ●

Pass It On—Malika Lee Whitney leads a series of free workshops where kids

and older people join in storytelling activities—including oral-history exchanges, reading groups, and spoken-word competitions. Participating children should be between the ages of 8 and 12. Tues. and Thurs. 10 to 12:30 through 8/15. The **Charles A. Dana Discovery Center**, Central Park at 110th St. nr. Fifth Ave. Call 772-0210 to register. ●●

Check Mates—Kids can join in weekly chess tournaments in Bryant Park at 11 on Sats. through September. There is a \$5 registration fee for each tournament. Also in the park every day of the week: games of backgammon, checkers, dominoes, go, and Scrabble, all for \$2 a half-hour, with free lessons for children. Little kids can also sail sailboats in the not-so-very-large fountain for \$1 a half-hour. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (302-5874).

Rabbit Redux—Singer-illusionist J. P. Jarrett, direct from Las Vegas, levitates, performs Houdini-like escapes, and, yes, produces a bunny. The **Altered Reality Magic Show**, now showing every weekend at Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, Sun. at 2). Call 838-8528 for tickets; \$15 for adults, \$10 for children under 12.

Freebies—Design colorful parachutes and windsocks to fly over Belvedere castle. Sat., 8/10 from 1 to 3. Record nature's music in Ramble's woodlands, then return to the Conservancy for a sing-along of nature songs. Sun., 8/11 from 1 to 3. Both events are held at the **Henry Luce Nature Observatory**, located in the middle of Central Park at 79th St. (772-0210). Origami lessons for children 8 and up. Fri., 8/9 at 2:30 at the **Brooklyn Public Library**, Grand Army Plaza (718-780-7717). ●●

Pugnacious Penguin—Wildlife Theatre stages a witty trio of plays. One Pete Penguin isn't satisfied with diving, fishing, and chillin' with the other Gentoos. As we follow his search for a new identity, we meet a crusty sea captain and a shark, and learn all about adaptation. Performances are staged near the sea-lion pool at 11:05, 12:35, 1:05, and 3:05 (and 4:35 on weekends) through Labor Day. **Central Park Wildlife Center**, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. (861-6030). Performances free with admission: \$2.50 adults, 50 cents children ages 3 to 12.

Ground Rules:

- = free
- = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Shrinky-Dink Theater—Marionettes, elaborate toy theaters, and costumed vignettes from the now-defunct King-Coit Children's Theatre (the first rotation of four is a scene from a 1958 performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) are presently on display. "Performance in Miniature" will augment the toy gallery's permanent exhibition. Museum hours are Wed. through Sat. 10 to 5 and Sun. 1 to 5. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Admission is \$5, \$4 seniors and children, or \$10 for a family.

Formidable Fashion—Silk-screen replicas of African prints on any piece of cloth you bring in—imagine underwear, T-shirts, headbands, pillowcases, a wardrobe(!) in patterns of bright green, yellow, orange, and red. Sat., 8/10 at 1, 2 and 3. Go fly a shoe box: The Sunday Artist's workshop makes the onetime-housing-for-Keds into soaring kites. This Sun., 8/11 at 1, 2 and 3. Come listen to the steel drums of Caribbean Calypso on the patio this Sun., 8/11 at 2. **Staten Island Children's Museum**, Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060). Admission is \$4; art workshops are an additional \$2. ●



Recordings Auto Mate

The world of Boomerang!'s news-and-entertainment audio-tapes is a rich, funny, and complicated place where a person—even a kid—could make a difference if he put his mind to it. As the refrain at the end of each news segment goes, "That's it for the news, and if you don't like it, go out and make some of your own!" The irreverent team of reporters, both kid and adult, shares insights about business gleaned from a rhubarb-and-banana stand. These are interspersed with snatches of songs, word games, and occasional grouching about "the grown-ups." Fictitious back-in-time interviews with the likes of Jonas Salk, Dian Fossey, or Isadora Duncan are mixed in with consumer taste tests of potato chips and bubble gum, groan-inducing jokes, and terrific, rambling yarns that hold the attention of kids aged 5 to about 12. The 70-minute tapes make especially good listening in circumstances that aren't otherwise conducive to such cheeriness. Sitting in traffic on the New Jersey Turnpike after the third chorus of "Are we there yet?" for example, would provide an ideal moment to pop one in. Order twelve monthly cassettes for \$43.95 by calling 800-333-7858, or singles—also available at bookstores—for \$7.95. BARBARA ENSOR

C	U	E
Kate O'Hara		Editor
Maureen Callahan		Movies
John Dioso		Sports
Barbara Ensor		Kids
Linda Hall		Books
		Events
		Radio
Alexandra Lange		In Concert
John Leonard		Television
Edith Newhall		Art
Chris Norris		Nightlife
		Popular Music
Robin Raisfeld		Restaurants & Bars
Randall Short		Theater
		Cabaret

Town and Country Properties

APARTMENTS FOR RENT Manhattan

Lovely Residential Suites—4 days - 4 weeks. Abode: 800-855-8880/212-472-2000

Aaah!—Highly Competitive, Charming Apts & Guest Rooms. Choice Locations. 212-246-4000 / 800-362-8585

HOME2—Furn Apts. Econ-Lux. Dly/Wkly/Mo. Bkr. 212-987-5491 / 800-203-7028

OLYMPIC VISITORS WELCOME!
FURNISHED wkly/mnthly, all over town. Licensed, established, all credit cards. 348-8100 OXBRIDGE@worldnet.att.net

Midtown—Lux furn studio-2BRs fr \$700/wk; \$1800/mo. Also days. 212-582-3799

As You Like It Select Furn Apts—Style/location/value. 212-695-3404/800-277-0413

COUNTRY PROPERTY For Sale

WINDHAM, NY Sales & Rentals... Good Values At This Time. Tom Sheridan: 518-734-4570/212-245-8606

REAL ESTATE SERVICES

GOV'T FORECLOSED—Homes for pennies on \$1. Delinquent Tax, Reposs. REOs. Your area. Toll-free: 1-800-898-9778 Ext. H-4235 - for current listings.

To advertise in TOWN AND COUNTRY call Chris Lutkin at 212-545-3673.

Inns and Lodges

BLOCK ISLAND, RI

BEACH HOUSE B & B

Our front yard IS Crescent Beach. Relax to the sounds of the ocean yr-rnd! 800-419-3228

COLORADO/SKI COUNTRY

VAIL HOTEL & CONDO RESERVATIONS

Plan Your Vail/Beaver Creek Vacation Now
BULK AIR & GROUND TRANSPORTATION
800-326-1470 or E-Mail Vailcondos@AOL.com

CONNECTICUT

BLACKBERRY RIVER INN - Norfolk 800-414-3636
Wake up in the mountains at our 232-yr-old, elegant Colonial Inn on 27 scenic acs. Beautiful rms, some w/ fplc/jacuzzi. Bkfst incl. Antiquing/bike/hike! 203-542-5100

NEW ENGLAND

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME—Come and stroll to the Maine Coast! Midweek Packages from \$125/pp, incl 2 nights w/extras. Call 1-800-99-BEACH. Enjoy casual country comfort at Shorelands Guest Resort.

NEW JERSEY

ANGEL OF THE SEA B&B, CAPE MAY'S FINEST
Elegant, Romantic Victorian Mansion. Ocean Views, Private Baths, Gourmet Bkfst, Aft Tea, Wine & Bikes. Rates as one of the Top 10 in USA! 1-800-848-3369

NEW YORK

SOUTHAMPTON VILLAGE LATCH INN

A Country House Hotel. Sophisticated, romantic. Antiques to modern duplexes, suites, balconies, decks. On a magnificent 5-acre estate, yet right in town, near beach. From Frommer's to Fodor's, the #1 choice in over 50 Inn Books. Also, rent your own Villa for weddings, shoots, corporate and private groups.

Reservations: 1-800-54-LATCH

ESCAPES 2000 - HUNTER/WINDHAM NORTHERN CATSKILLS (1-800-590-2737)

Private mountain villas & luxury townhouses. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 BRs. Panoramic views. Fplc, candlelight & wine. Pvt deck. Hot tubs. Full kit, CCTV, VCR & CD. Lots to do! Hike, bike, golf, tennis, horses or just relax. Great restaurants & pubs. NYC just 2 1/2 hours.

HUNTER'S ONLY LUXURY HOTEL

Pools, tennis, Jacuzzi, sauna, deluxe suites. Wine tastings: 8/10 & 10/5. Couples retreat, 9/27-29. Featured NY Times. Scribner Hollow Lodge, NY: 800-395-4683

Shelter Island Resort—AAA. On beach, gorgeous views. Large studios w/sundecks. TV, phones. Full restaurant... Golf/Tennis/Fish nrby. Midwk pkgs. 516-749-2001. Box 3039, Shelter Island 11956

Amagansett, Hamptons . . . GANSETT GREEN MANOR
Exclusive hideaway cottages & suites set on 2 acres of beautifully landscaped gardens, enhanced by ponds, patios & picturesque views; all w/kitchens, priv bths, entrances. Wlk ocean/transportation/shopping. 516-267-3133

Hamptons - Ocean View Terrace

Waterfrnt, pool, a/c, rms, efficiencies & suites. Fri-Sun, 3 days/2 nts fr \$140/nt for 2. Stay Sun pm thru Fri am fr \$70/nt for 2. Kids under 12 free! Cont'l bkfst. 285 W Montauk Hwy, Hampton Bays 11946. 516-728-4036

AMAGANSETT.....OCEAN VISTA RESORT

Beachfront studio effc. Indoor pool, sauna, CCTV, phones. AC/heat. Tennis, BBQ picnic area. Popular restaurants nrby. Special pkgs/grp rates. 516-267-3448

HUFF HOUSE New England-style Inn, 2 hrs NYC

An undiscovered mountaintop resort - 80 mi view. Executive golf course w/excellent Golf Academy, pool, tennis, fly-fishing pond. Exceptional cuisine/wine cellar. Warm hospitality. Antiquing/sightseeing. 45 rms w/baths. Getaway pkgs available! Call: 800-358-5012

A SEDUCTIVE RETREAT.....On Golden Pond

"The Lakehouse is wrapped in serenity & privacy. Country luxury: spectacular beds, fplcs & Jacuzzis for two." --NY Mag. Come Turn Off The Rest Of The World. Bkfst on your priv deck, watch deer play, a hammock in the woods & a rowboat on the lake. Rhinebeck/90 mins NYC. 914-266-8093

FLORIDA

ROMANTIC SW FLORIDA RESORT & SPA NEAR NAPLES

A gorgeous setting surrounded by tropical tranquility. Charming accommodations, reminiscent of the days of Hemingway, take you back in time. Award-winning natural spa cuisine. Close to white sandy beaches, Everglades, golf, tennis. 1 week w/3 gourmet meals, fitness programs, trips frm \$695/dbl. Call: 800-279-5811

Travel

Summer Rentals

Barnard/Woodstock, VT - Lookout Farm
Quiet, private, secluded mt-top home. Spectacular views, fully & very comfortably furnished, on 400 acres. Large swim/trout pond. 4 BRs, 3 bths, 3 fireplaces, all appl...more. Rustic mt-top cabin included. Minutes to shops & golf. Walk to Appalachian Trail. \$300/day; \$1700/wk; also monthly..... 802-425-3515

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND Linda Bassett's Vacation Rentals

1-800-338-1855 Call 9-9, 7 days.
800 listings - all sizes, prices, locations.

VERMONT (Mt. Holly)—Great views from big log house on 21 acres. Canoe on wilderness lake or ski (bike) Okemo or Killington, from \$575/week. 212-777-0515

FALL RENTAL

BLOCK ISLAND FALL VACATIONS

Private, quiet, fully equipped modern cottages. Water v/walk beach. Avail 8/31 thru 10/13, weekly/nightly. 401-466-2807

ACTION TRAVEL

Canoeing/Rafting/Camping—On the Delaware. Kittatinny Canoes: 800-FLOAT-KC

HEALTH SPAS

VACATION WITH A PURPOSE

Slim/Trim/Firm/Tighten/Sculpture
By Ocean - FREE BOOK - 908-775-7575

SCHOOL

CES LANGUAGE STUDIES ABROAD

Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Mexico
CALL CES: 212-629-7300

TRAVEL SERVICES

CATSKILL SHUTTLE - 800-607-2753

NYC to the Mts! Weekdays & Weekends! Cooperstown Special! Day Trips too!

BED & BREAKFAST New York

Comfy/Cozy B&B—Furn studios, 1-BRs, 2-BRs, lofts. Short/long term. 212-213-8952

As You Like It B&B Assoc—Accessible/Affordable/Attractive Apts & Guestrooms. 212-695-3404 / 800-277-0413 AX/VI/MC

Manhattan Hotel Alternative—Private Brownstone Apts. Affordable. 212-206-9257

Do You Have An Extra Bedroom?

Earn extra money! Become a bed & bkfst host to international students. Manhattan only. Call Lorraine Haber: 212-629-7300
CENTER FOR ENGLISH STUDIES

Manhattan B&B—\$60-\$90. Also private apartments. 800-747-0868; 212-977-3512

RESORT New York

FIRE ISLAND - "FUN IN THE SUN"
Ocean Beach. Jerry's Rooms & Effic Apts. Reserve now for Labor Day. Daily/wkly rentals. Daily maid svce. 516-583-8870

Hamptons—Drake Motor Inn—Nr Ocean. Pool, A/C. Free Docking. 516-728-1592

Sports Guide

PERSONAL TRAINER

For Women Who Want The Best
Certified Trainer - As Seen On Fox News.
Call The Bodysmith Co. 212-249-1824

A 1-To-1 Fitness Cert Trainer. We Bring
The Gym To Your Home... Exercise &
Nutrition. Get The Body U Want. 663-1887

Survival Of The Fittest - Fitness For All
Ages. Cert Trainer. Exercise & Safe
Weight Loss. Home/Gym. 212-986-3569

Get The Body U Want—Certif trainer.
Home/Our Gym. All Levels. 212-874-2595

Enjoy—Certified Personalized Exercise
& Diet Instruction At Home. 212-604-9850

To advertise in **SPORTS GUIDE** call
Mark Bristow at 212-545-3661.

PHYSICAL FITNESS

Talk Live To Female Body Builders—
& Wrestlers. Raw. 888-255-FLEX \$2.50/min.

ROLLERBLADES

Joel Rappelfeld's Roll America School—
Blading Classes For All Levels. 744-4444

•**NY SkateOut**•—Skills & confidence,
all ages, beginners-advanced. 212-486-1919

SPORTS
GUIDE

CALL MARK AT: 212-545-3661

Health and Fitness

COSMETIC SURGERY

ARE YOU CONSIDERING COSMETIC SURGERY?

Expert consultant will help you make
this exciting decision comfortable and
pleasurable. I will answer all your questions,
work with your budget and as your personal
shopper, I will recommend the finest
Board Certified Plastic Surgeons.

Please call Denise Thomas for more information:
212-734-0233

A NEW BODY THRU LIPOSCULPTURE

Lose 5-20 lbs of fat, up to 3 sizes, using
latest large-volume Tumescant Technique.
Felix Shiffman, MD. Free Consult. 246-2960

Skin Resurfacing For Wrinkles/Acne
Scars w/Ultra Pulse CO2 Laser / Add'l
Lasers for Brown Spots/Tattoos. Bd-Cert
Dermatology Attend Columbia-Presby. E.
Side. Advances In Dermatology...980-9292

ELECTROLYSIS

•**LASER ELECTROLYSIS**•
Painless/No Needles. Up West 724-5000
Chelsea 645-9212 / Great Neck 516-773-MAXX

HOLISTIC HEALTH

Enjoy A Cool Bath & Revitalizing
Massage Soothing Enemas. Total Body
Relaxation... Private. 212-246-4276

LICENSED ACUPUNCTURE

ORIENTAL BODYRUB
Lic'd Acupressure. 212-594-1817

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

BODY RENEWAL

Rare, Unique, Beautiful on E. 57th St.
Baths, Massages, Inner Cleansings.
Private Nurse. 212-695-0780

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA—

Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room.
M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail.
11 E. 36th. 212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286

Anti-Aging Facial—Body scrub, massage
- Swedish & shiatsu. M/F. 212-661-0777

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—
Douglaston, Queens. 718-225-1123

Relax, Stress, Pain Relief—Swedish
Aromatherapy. Reflex. Wax. 212-213-4114

MEDICAL

HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS

HIV Results in 15 Mins. Confidential.
Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800

PENIS ENLARGEMENT Custom
Vacuum Pumps - Surgical. Gain 1" to 3".
Permanent/Safe. Enhance Erection. FREE
Brochures. Dr. Joel Kaplan: 512-409-1950

To advertise in **SPORTS GUIDE**
c all Mark Bristow at 212-545-3661
or fax 212-779-2449.

OPTICAL

Find Out What's New—In Ready-To-
Wear Reading Glasses. 800-331-9994

WEIGHT CONTROL

Medifast™ Weight Loss—& Medications
By Board-Certified Internist. 212-535-7785

10-15 Stubborn Lbs?—New Medications.
5-Week Programs. 212-570-5058

BIOCHEMICAL MEDICAL CARE
Medication To Control Food Cravings.
New Redux Avail. 800-MD-8-THIN

The Medication Everyone Is Talking
About! Losing Weight Has Never Been
Easier. Physician-Supervised. 212-737-4644

THE EASY WEIGHT™
NYC, New City, White Plains, Ft. Lee.
MD-supervised. Phentermine/Pondimin®.
800-887-LEAN (5326) / 914-658-6663

1-800-870-SLIM
Private MD - Phen/Fen Avail.
Affordable Fees - Manh/Queens Location.

Physician-Supervised Weight-Loss
Program - Using Medication.
West Village Office. 212-529-4540

Medical Weight Loss—Using Medica-
tions, As Per NY Times. 212-288-5468

PHEN/FEN & BEYOND
1st Visit \$100, Including Medications.
Every 2 Wks \$60, Including Medications.
Also Available: Redux.
Dr. Andria, Internal Med. 718-332-8181



Pamper Yourself
A New Classified Display Feature

Where you'll find the spas,
services and products that help
you look good and feel great.

Issue: 9/9 • On Sale: 9/2 • Deadline: 8/16

To advertise, or for more information call
Debbie Horowitz at: 212-545-3683
or Mark Bristow at: 212-545-3661

Advertising Information

Phone: 212-779-7500

Fax: 212-779-2449

Address: 2 Park Avenue, 11th Fl
New York, New York 10016

Hours: Mon.-Fri. 9am to 5pm.

Ad Close: Tuesday for the issue on
sale the following Monday.

General Information: There are ap-
proximately 36 characters per
line. Count each letter, space and

punctuation mark as a character.
Certified check, money order or
credit card info must accompany
ad copy. Call for rates. All ads
accepted at the discretion of
the publisher.

New York Kids

ENTERTAINMENT

Gandalf, Recommended By NY Magazine
Puppets, Magic, Unicycle, Wizard-Clown
718-465-8511 / 201-567-5044 / 516-295-5108

Madeline, Award-Winning Magician!—
And Clown! Ages 1-103! 212-475-7785

Starmite Puppets—P Rangers, Lion K,
Aladdin, B&Beast, Pocah., Dinosaurs! 473-3409

HOLLYWOOD POP!

Priv/Corp Extravaganzas • Circus • Magic
Dancers • Costumed Characters • Mimes
Carnival • Mysteries • Variety Performers
Casino • Decor & More! 212-777-2238

PARTY SPACE

Upper East Side Billiard Club—Best
party space for kids! 10-200. 212-831-7665

ENTERTAINMENT/TEEN & PRE-TEEN

BAR/BAT MITZVAH

\$3,500 PARTY PACKAGE
DEZERLAND/FUN CITY

(Check our large ad under Party Space.)

To advertise in NEW YORK KIDS please
call Debbie Horowitz at 212-545-3683.

N.Y. KIDS

CALL DEBBIE AT: 212-545-3683

Summer Entertaining

CARICATURES

Caricatures By Dale Gladstone—Laughs
Guaranteed! Unparalleled. 718-782-2250

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your
business or private party. 212-873-1695

Herman—"Party Artist Par Excellence"
& unique portraits via mail. 914-357-5318

Caricatures & Face Readings—By Sherry
Lane, since 1968. Corp/Priv. 212-675-6224

ENTERTAINMENT

Josh Sands—"This Is Your Life"
"Roast'n Toast"—Unique! Hilarious! Also
corp "zinging" t-grams. NY/NJ 800-474-JOSH

Master Magician—"Top Rate"—NY Times
Amazing Fun for All Events! 718-885-3038

• HARDBODIES, INC. •

CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
Bachelor/ettes Specials!
212-988-8484 • 516-795-2400 • 718-693-9441

SEND BALLOONS - \$25!

Bouquets, arches, centerpieces. 212-935-9577

Personalized Singing Telegrams!—
NYC, LI, Westch, CT. 1-800-936-SING

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To
Bellhops - We Have 'Em All! 212-929-8609

Palmistry, The Tarot, Numerology—
By registered psychic. 212-410-1299

• STRIPTEEZ • A • GRAM •

The ONLY Gift That UNWRAPS Itself!
212-391-2480 • 516-485-6600 • 718-352-9423

SEXY STRIPPERS - Duos

212-744-9000 Hot & Wild. Photos. M/F.

Palm Reader—Elegant And Evocative.
Entertains All Ages. 212-741-5195

"MAGIC AGENCY, INC."

All Types Of Entertainment At Its Best.
Corporate & Private Events. 212-288-9133

Balloons, Costumes, Belly, Strip, DJs,
Party Entertainers—Anywhere, any time!
LIFE O' THE PARTY 800-966-7456

"BRAVO!" - Murder Mysteries, Magic,
Limo Scav Hunt, Lookalikes, Clinton,
Marilyn, Elvis, Roasts, Casino 212-744-9000

GORGEOUS STRIPPERS 914-225-9084
You Name It! We Got It! XXX-R rated!
Duos & Some Shows Too Risque To Say!

Magician • Mentalist—Jon Steinfeld.
Grand Illusions. 212-228-2967

MURDER MYSTERY, INC

KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
516-673-4979

WANT SOMETHING SPECIAL?!!

Unique Entertainment • Reasonable Prices
DJs/Music • Performers • Dancers • Favors
• Themes/Decor • Acts • 600 Lookalikes...
the Whole Event! Est. 1982 800-GET-GALA

MURDERS—400+ Lookalikes, Magic,
Music, Mentalism, Comedy, Casinos,
Roasts, Full Event-Planning. All Ages.
Naomi's World Of Ent. 800-504-4911

\$25 Bouquet Of Balloons—NY/LI. 7
days till 10pm. 718-868-1009 / 516-569-3366

BALLOON BOUQUETS®

Decorating. Special Events: 212-265-5252
Nationwide Delivery. Info: 800-424-2323

ENTERTAINMENT/ INTERACTIVE

Virtual Reality, Jousts, Sumo Suits—
Castle Bounce, More! 1-800-BEST-PARTY!

ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

LISA GOODMAN ENSEMBLES
Est. 1978 - Fine Classical, Jazz, Motown,
Swing, BigBand, Contemporary. Helpful,
Creative, Always Available. 212-489-1641

Pianist/Singer - Jazzy Gershwin, B'way—
& More! Jonathan L. Segal - 212-222-3169

Play It Again, Sam!—'20s-'90s Classy
& Fun Piano Man: 1-800-PLAY-IT-A...

One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern—
Great Music & Entertainment 914-478-0073

Hot Samba/Cool Bossa Nova—Great
Brazilian Music! Sabor Brasil. 212-865-4787

MARK SONDER MUSIC, INC.

Celebrating Our 11th Year!
800-MSM-MUSIC

Memorable Music DJs—Boogie with the
Best! Weddings, mitzvahs, etc. 800-545-5288

Affordable Party Music—DJs from \$350.
15 Years Experience. 212-662-4921

A Touch of Class DJs—Dancers, Videos,
Karaoke, All Occasions. 718-966-0255

• BLACK SOUL BAND •

Motown, Swing & All Styles! 765-8714

RCA: Jazz, Rock, DJs, Classical, Etc.—
All Events - Magic, Novelty. 212-678-2323

Jazz/Classical & So. Amer.—Duos, trios
& up... Greg: 212-727-0219 / 201-656-4289

Mix 'N Match Music Trios—Gershwin
to Mozart for Your Event. 718-278-5331

Bands For All Occasions - All Styles—
Great prices. Spotlight Prods. 718-361-5815

CHARLOTTE RUSSE MUSIC

Jazz • Rock • Classical • Motown • Klezmer
(212) 582-5694 (516) 374-5422

GIFT BASKETS

Baskets Galore At The Purple Door—
A gift no one ever returns. 212-627-4076

GOURMET CATERING

A Chef's Table Ltd.... 212-427-1089—
Unique Gourmet Food & Floral Design.

Donald Sacks—Caters to engagement
parties, bridal showers, weddings. 619-4600

sum...Sum...Summer...SUMMERTIME!!
...and the Entertaining is EASY!!

Weddings • Picnics • Events • BBQs
FoodThoughts NY/NJ • 800-270-FOOD

New England Clambake—Your location.
Ideal for backyard or rooftop. 212-865-8976

Catering By Hayden—Culinary perfec-
tion. Reasonable. Has lofts. 212-751-1459

GOURMET FOODS

Chile Today, Hot Tamale—Offers great
gift ideas! Chile, Hot Sauce and Salsa
'n' Chip-of-the-Month Clubs. Sizzling gift
packs also available. For more infor-
mation, call 1-800-468-7377 or check out
our website at <http://eMail.com/chile/>

If You've Got It, Flaunt It!

If you have a website,
mention it in your ad.
It can help you get more
information to potential clients.

GOURMET COOKWARE

All Clad, Calphalon,
Le Creuset, Henckels, Etc...
Low Prices. Feldman's Housewares: NY
212-289-7367.....1-800-359-8558 (outside NYS)

PARTY HELP

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup.
For Your Occasion. 212-682-6281

PARTY PLANNING

ARD CREATIONS

Everything Beautiful & Affordable
For Your Party. 516-829-8580

Special Events Etc.... 212-697-7899—
The Party Specialists. We do it all!

No-Fee Event Planning—Corp & private
parties, weddings... Top Client List.
RED LETTER EVENTS 212-772-1177

PARTY SERVICE

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS—Party
Specialist. Sumptuous buffets & endless
cocktails in our funky duplex. \$35 pp. The
Hudson Grill: 645-2729 - Andy or Kirsten

Corporate Events at DEZERLAND
From Bumper Cars to Black-Tie Affairs
FREE PLANNING SERVICE
See our large ad under "Party Space"!

DEMI RESTAURANT - Charming, Cozy
Madison Avenue Brownstone w/Fireplaces
& Outdoor Terrace. Continental Cuisine.
Private Parties for 10-50p. 212-534-5475

Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—
988 Second Ave, nr 52nd St. 212-888-2122

Continued on next page.

Great Parties

A DISPLAY ADVERTISING SECTION IN OUR

FALL PREVIEW

SPECIAL ISSUE

To Advertise Your Party Space or
Service in this exciting section
Call Denise Sisto at 212-545-3682

ISSUE DATE: 9/9 • ON SALE: 9/2 • DEADLINE: 8/16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New York Office

ANSWERING SERVICES

\$8 Live/Voice Mail/Pagers/Mail—
800/900 #s. All US Cities. 212-868-1121

ATTORNEYS

DIVORCE & CHILD CUSTODY
Protect Your Rights and Finances
Law Firm of Nancy Chemtob
212-317-1717

Personal Injury & Medical Malpractice
For Dignified Representation, Call:
Stuart M. Dweck, Esq. • 212-687-8200

EMPLOYMENT DISCRIMINATION
& Sexual Harrassment (212) 687-8200
Be Advised of Your Rights to Recover
Money Damages. **Steven D. Sladkus, Esq.**

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

ENERGY for LIFE (GUARANTEED)
Share your secret, make big dollars while
helping others. Pt/Ft. 800-927-2527 ext. 1689

INTERNET SERVICES

Mediabridge Infosystems
212-932-8509

COMPUTER PUBLICATIONS

COMPUTER BOOK WORKS
20% Off Best-Sellers/New Releases/
Section-of-the-Month! Over 5000 Titles!
25 Warren St. near WTC. 212-385-1616

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZER

GET ON TRACK! THE PERSONAL TOUCH!
Home/Office Organizing & Setup, Inventory,
Collectibles, Cataloguing, Computer
Printout. All Five Boroughs. 800-645-7225

NEW YORK OFFICE

CALL DEBBIE AT: 212-545-3683

Interiors and Exteriors

ANTIQUES

If You've Got It, Flaunt It!

If you have a website,
mention it in your ad.
It can help you get more
information to potential clients.

I.S. 44 Flea Market—Columbus/77th.
Sun, 10-6. Antiques. Free Adm. 721-0900

Annual Sale of Art & Antiques
Mon-Sat, 11-5; Tue, 11-6. 127 East 60th St.
THINGS JAPANESE 212-371-4661

BATHROOMS

Wizard Custom Bathrooms & Kitchens
Marble, Tile, Whirlpools, Kohler, AM
Stand. Custom Formica, Lacquer, Cabinets.
Lic. Ins. Free Est. Refs. 212-677-5555

CLOSETS

SPACEMASTER CLOSET CO.—Free
estimates. Top quality at discount prices.
Melamine, wire, & doors. Ins. 212-382-1533

City Closet Company—Free estimates.
All types of shelving. Space professionals.
Affordable Pricing. 212-387-9142

DECORATIVE PAINTING

Fauxbulous Finishes, Inc.—Customized
wall glazing, stenciling, faux marble,
wood, granite, painted furn. 914-654-1522

Tidy Faux Finishes—Marble, Murals,
Sponging, Stone Glazing. 212-874-4678

FLOORS

Hardwood Floors—Install, Refinishing,
Bleaching & Pickling. 212-360-2208

HOME/BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT

Painting is our specialty and we
do it right at a great price!
Indoor/out, sheetrock, plastering.
FREE ESTIMATES!
Let us apply 15 years of experience
to your painting needs!
NY/NJ references available.
201-865-4037
PAINTING

EVERYTHING FOR THE APARTMENT
One call for a beautiful home!

Carpenters Cabinetmakers
Designers Plumbers Painters
Handymen Movers Plasterers
Electricians Paperhangers

212-366-1444

Carpentry, Painting, Electrical Work
Lic., Insured. Reasonable Rates.
"As seen in NY Magazine."
Artists & Craftsmen:
212-865-4459 / 674-3788 Fax: 212-674-6008

HOME DECORATING

SHEILA'S INTERIORS

Up to 75% discount on designer fabrics,
wallpapers, reupholstery, window treat-
ments, furniture, carpeting & trimmings.
Ask about our free decorating service.
274 Grand St. 212-966-1665

FANS

CASABLANCA
World's Finest Ceiling Fans
Showroom: Lighting By Gregory
158 Bowery 212-226-1276

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*
INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS call
Michelle Krell Kydd at 212-545-3672.

INTERIOR DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS

USE-WHAT-YOU-HAVE INTERIORS
Expert redecoration w/o new investment.
Featured in NY Times, NY Mag, ABC, CBS.
Lowest Rate. Only \$250/rm. Tri-state.
Free Brochure. 212-288-8888

NO BIG DEAL—Take the terror out of
decorating. Talented pro can help you.
Lowest rates. **No job too small.** Ref's.
Special access to all wholesale showrooms.
"Tri-State Area & Florida"

Call Steve Lyons: 212-358-0888

Former Bloomingdale's Designer—Will
beautifully transform your space. Creative.
To Budget. **Sasha Designs: 212-243-1758**

IDEAS COUNT MORE THAN MONEY
Exp. designer works magic, to budget.
Let me amaze you. **Call 212-288-1863.**

DIRECT DESIGNER DISCOUNTS

Sofas, chairs, rugs, tables, lamps,
prints. European & domestic sources.
Guidance of pros! **Call: 212-988-9003**

Rent-A-Decorator®—Budget-oriented
pro designs "your" space at "your" pace.
\$75 hourly. Featured in NY Times &
Glamour. Call for reprints: **212-826-1069**

C.S. Interiors—Exp'd, affordable
decorators. Flat fees. Our discount is your
discount. Homes, offices, renovations,
floral designs, parties. **212-734-2689**

Commercial/Residential Interior Design
Construction management services.
Tri-state area. **718-482-0676**

KITCHENS

Triple T Construction—Your Kitchen &
Bath Specialist. Granitework. **212-360-2208**

WOOD-O-RAMA, INC.—From kitchen
cabinetry to remodeling/restoring (500
types of moldings to choose from), we
have it all! **238 West 108th St. 212-749-6438**

LIGHTING

Midtown Lighting—We stock every
major line - including Lightolier, Halo,
Lutron dimming products, Luce Plan...
plus much, much more. Mention NY Mag
for a special discount. See our new,
state-of-the-art lighting showroom,
conveniently located at: **155 West 18th St.**
212-255-7701 Toll Free: 888-255-5388

Track By Jack 212-340-9111
Track-lighting specialists. Installation.
Sales. Wholesale bulbs. Update old cans
w/small, efficient, low-voltage halogens.

PAINTING & WALLPAPERING

Custom Painting—Sponging, Wallpaper,
Marbleizing & Gold Leaf. Ins. **212-360-2208**

Meridian Painting—Superior quality and
value for 20 yrs. Top Refs. Ins. **212-595-0379**

Absolute Best Painting & Papering—
Ins. Excellent Refs. Affordable. **212-744-9415**

WATERFALLS

Waterfalls—Custom-designed, unusual
waterfall sculptures. No splash. Any size.
In-home. Garden. Poolside. **718-204-0839**

WINDOW TREATMENT

ELITE WINDOW TREATMENTS
Verticals, Minis, Silhouettes, Duettes and
draperies. **Lowest Prices: 212-807-8674**

Levolor/Duettes/Silhouettes
"Best Buy!" - Joan Hamburg
212-228-8600 718-748-8600

DIAL 1-800-CARPETS
Berber • Sisal • Wools/Nylon • Discounted
HAGGAR INDS., INC. Est. 1932. Vi/MC
Also Available: 90 Days - No Pay

LOWEST PRICES—Silhouette, Duette,
Verticals, Mini-Blinds, Draperies & all soft
treatments. **KINGSBORO: 212-243-0722**

GREAT FOOD

This mouth-watering display section is scheduled
to appear in the 9/9 "Fall Preview"
issue. Our 1.5 million readers are always on
the lookout for the finest and tastiest food products.

Mail Order & Retail Food Companies
Please Call
Michelle Krell Kydd
212-545-3672

Caterers & Party Venues
Please Call
Denise Sisto
212-545-3682

Issue Date: 9/9 On Sale: 9/2 Deadline: 8/16

Services and Sales

APPLIANCES

AIR CONDITIONERS

EURO-AMERICAN APPLIANCES
Call Dial-A-Brand With Make & Model.
Why Pay More?! Est. 1967. 800-237-3220

800-221-BUYS 212-513-1513
Major Appliances, TVs & Air Cond. At
Low, Low Prices. Home Sales Enterprises

PRICEWATCHERS factory-auth TV,
vcr, AC, major appl, built-ins, ref, washer,
dryer. Ship tri-state. Call w/make/model #.
Lowest prices: 800 336-6694 / 718 470-1620

ASTROLOGY

The Love Psychic—Readings That
Change Your Life. Visa/MC. 212-874-7692

CLEANING SERVICE

Busy? No Problem! Let **Leisure Cleaning**
Help! Big Jobs. Wkly. Move In/Out. Corp
Accts. Insured. Call: 212-628-6150 & Relax.

NY's Little Elves - Commercial/Resid
Interior Cleaning Specialists. Bonded/
Insured/Credit Cards. 212-673-3507

HELP WANTED

\$1000s POSSIBLE READING BOOKS
Part Time. At Home. Toll-Free: 800-898-9778
Ext. R-4235 For Listings

JEWELRY

MURREYS

Integrity • Reliability • Quality
Fine Watches • Jewelry • Giftware
Repairing • Engraving • Pearl Stringing
Clock Repair • Remodeling • Designing
Estates Purchased • Appraisals
All Work Done On Premises
Call Or Write For Free Catalog
212-879-3690

LIMOUSINE SERVICE

1996 Limos—\$39/Hr. Special Wedding,
Prom & AC Rate. 212-807-9350

Need A Stretch Limo In 25 Minutes?—
Guaranteed. Carnegie Limo: 800-227-5060

Stretch—\$50/hr. Special: \$149/4 hrs. Avail
24 hrs/7 days. All credit cards. 800-253-4546

MOVERS - LICENSED

Crystal Moving & Storage Inc.
Coast-To-Coast Or Around The Block.
Lic./Ins. Dot# T32478/ICC# MC295575.
212-768-2122 / 718-768-3076

PETS

Cat Care—Cat-sitting in your home.
Bonded. West: 947-6190; East: 838-2996

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZER

THE ZEN OF ORGANIZATION
Home & Office. Time & Space.
NAPO Member. (718) 965-6562

Obsessive/Compulsive For Hire—By
The Hr. Closets/Projects/Etc. 212-724-6656

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Lic. Drivers Only: Learn A Safer Way
To Drive That BMW/Benz From "1-2-1"
Driver Proficiency Training. 917-313-0019

WANTED

TOP DOLLAR PAID

For your used **CHANEL, PRADA,**
HERMES, COMME DES GARCONS,
GUCCI. Call Alessandro at the
Transfer Foundation: 212-355-4230 1-7pm

MASSAGE

Paradise On The Table
Breathless Massage. 7 Days. 212-684-6494

HIDDEN TREASURE

Upper East Side. Mid 70s. 212-327-0244
Surround Yourself In Beauty & Comfort.

Out Of Bodyworks 212-545-0615
Leave Your Body...Here! E. 30s.

Alexandra's Body Workshop—Massage,
Steam, Tanning. Penn Sta. 212-629-3106

An Elegant Escape—West 13th St. Pri-
vate. Convenient to Wall St. 212-243-1118

Fun & Relaxing Massage—Private &
Discreet. By App't. Nancy: 212-997-1614

Mia's Soothing Massage—Quality.
Pvt. Midtown. 7 Days. 212-593-0046

Sensual And Stimulating Massage—By
Debbie. East Side Location. 212-593-1765

EXCEPTIONAL MASSAGE
By French Lady. Clean/Pvt. 212-888-3497

TANTALIZING TREATS
Midtown East. Pvt. 7 Days. 212-213-4480

DELIGHTFUL TOUCH
East 50s. 212-754-1470

The Art Of Sensual Massage—By Lori.
By App't Only. East 50s. 212-486-7132

Body Double—Double your relaxation
thru sensual, exotic bodyrub. 212-421-2707

Erik's Tantric Massage For Men—E 38.
Relaxing, Blissful. 9am-9pm. 212-213-1207

PURE BLISS

Private. Credit Cards.
212-213-2977

INNOCENCE & BEAUTY

City's "BEST BUY". 7 Days. 212-972-0843

Renew.....Refresh.....Revitalize—
Please Call Tatiana/Kaya: 212-922-2149

RENDEZVOUS

Upscale & Private.
5th Avenue & 46th Street.
By Appointment Only.
212-840-6111

Nicole—Skillful, Elegant, Sensual.
E 50s. 8am-6pm. Upscale. 212-755-9174

East 60s—Skillful European Masseuse.
Clean, Private. 7 Days. 212-838-8388

Brigitte—Let Me Make You Feel Ten
Years Younger. Call: 212-861-5048

It's The Time Of The Season—For
Christie's Hands. 212-997-0585

EXCELLENT RELAXATION

New, Exciting, Elegant.
50s/5th. By Appointment: 212-977-7275

Velvet Hands Ultimate Pampering
Exquisite & Beautiful. Your/Our
Residence. Full Info. Pamela: 212-252-2945

**THE INSTITUTE FOR
EXECUTIVE RELAXATION
THERAPY**
"The Eighth Wonder Of The World"
212-946-1331
PARK AVENUE & 47TH ST.
By Appointment Only

A Very Special Touch....Sensational!!—
W. Village/Wall St. access. 212-645-4995

Truly...Totally...Titillating—Sensual And
Discreet. 55th off 5th. 212-315-3525

Heaven—East 60s. The Perfect Relaxa-
tion. Open 7 Days. 212-838-1948

A Very Private Candlelight Massage—
5th Ave & 46th. By App't. 212-997-1660

Courtney's Back—212-779-9226. E. 30s.
Quality, Private, Elegant. Open 7 Days.

LINCOLN CENTER AREA
New, Elegant, Rejuvenating. 212-787-0146

Grand New Opening

Gabrielle & Tess. Versatile/Unforgettable
Massage. All CCs. 212-249-2436

MICHELLE & MARIE

Private. By App't. All CC's. 212-317-0062

Tropical—Oriental Shiatsu, Swedish.
Rt. 17 North, Ramsey. 201-327-0286

ORIENTAL DELIGHT

Massage/relaxation. Resid. 212-686-2222

GRAND OPENING All-New Relaxation
Spa Featuring Yours Truly, Vanessa.
Brooklyn Heights. 718-237-1855

YANNA 212-308-4658

Eloquent Massage. Upper E. Side & 5th.

Lincoln Center—Creative & Sensual
Touch - By Brazilian Lady. 212-799-2384

NJ Fuji—Best Massage & Relaxation.
201-368-0058

TOKYO MOON

Japanese Style. 212-421-0222 / 580-9029

Gold Coast Spa—Located On The
Hudson River In NJ. Call: 201-840-1743

GRAND OPENING in NJ

2 Mins From GWB. 201-568-4006

Pears—Eclectic Excellence, Featuring
Synchronized Massage. 212-505-5151

KIKU JAPANESE E. 50

Shiatsu Studio/Res. 212-223-2650

Linda's Bodyrub—Earth To Heaven. E
40s. By App't. Help Wanted. 212-370-5587

KASA 212-754-6130

Professional Masseuses From Japan

Julie—Selective, Upscale. Reasonable
Rates. Lex & 40s. 7 Days. 212-972-0842

FOREVER YOUNG 212-319-6778
Japanese Shiatsu. Studio/Resid.

MAKI 212-751-5550

Shiatsu. Studio/Residential.

RAINBOW 516-841-1379

135 Sunrise Hwy, Amityville, NY

Costa Del Sol—A world of relaxation.
Luxurious/complete massage. 212-593-1605

CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

Austrian Lady 212-246-4759

Salon Akia 212-582-2427

—Rejuvenating Shiatsu. East 50s.

ORIENTAL THERAPY

New Staff! Relieve Stress... Shiatsu,
Reflexology, Sauna, Table Shower, Steam.
Edgewater, NJ. 201-969-1323

Grand New Opening—W. 30s. Private.
Stress Relief. Plush. Chanel: 212-402-3375

Personable Bodywork—All CC's. East
50s. Help Wanted. For Info: 212-613-9191

Continued on next page.

DON'T FORGET...
FALL PREVIEW issue
Call and place your ad in
New York Magazine today!
212-779-7500

Services and Sales

Continued from previous page.

MASSAGE

Massage—Swedish/Shiatsu. Body Scrub, Facial, Reflexology. M/F. 212-661-0777

VIP Oriental Spot—Relaxation Plus! In Greenwich, CT. 203-629-0898

YOKO Shiatsu/Swedish—New City. 10am-10pm. 914-634-9200

MAINLAND CHINA

By App't. Discreet & Private. 212-262-2636

Aloha 201-816-9562—Japanese Shiatsu, Swedish Therapy. Rtes 4/9W, Englewood.

H2O W. 23 (btw 6th/7th)

By Magic Hands. 212-633-8731/ 807-7983

Shiatsu Studio—Swedish. Residential & Studio. 212-583-0140

MARLA & LIZA 212-752-8554
Studio/Residential. European Relaxation.

ORIENTAL BODYRUB

L.I.E. Exit 64N 516-924-0092

Grand New Opening—Soothing. Private. Resid Available. Carla: 212-402-5564

Sweet Summer's—Cert Cal. Therapeutic Massage/Reflex. 9 Yrs Exp. 212-517-5453

LEXINGTON & 47th

Affordable & Relaxing. 212-758-1236

Wall Street—Science With Art. Private. Clean, Safe. Studio/Resid. 212-732-0113

516-841-1550

100 Merrick Road, Copiague
Southern Parkway, Exit 32 South

Alicia—Very Private Sensual Massage. 7 Days. By Appointment. 212-779-8920

GINZA 212-684-2121

Shiatsu & Swedish. 12 East 33rd St.

914-698-5858

Shiatsu/Swedish. Sauna, Shower.

Classy Massage—By Elegant Asian Lady. West 55th Street. 212-489-5373

Bodyrub Satisfaction—Jenny's Back. Private. Open 7 Days. A/C. 212-534-7852

Pearls Of Asia—By App't Only. Call Kim For Appointment: 212-768-0957

JAPANESE 212-799-7087

Japanese Shiatsu. 62 West 71st.

Donna's New Salon—A Massage You Will Return To. 212-519-5865

Sunrise Hghy 516-841-1379

135 Sunset Hwy, Amityville, NY

East 64th Street—Excellent, Professional Swedish Massage. 7 Days. 212-838-8380

Magical Hands Of China—Midtown, East Side Location. 212-972-7573

Mature, Classy Lady—Elegant, Private, Residential. 7 Days. 212-262-4537

Grasp The Grok—Multidimensional Bodywork For 21st Century. 212-213-1084

Touch By Tomas For Men—Soothing, Serene, Safe & Pvt. 212-689-9030

Just The Right Touch—For Stress Or Strain. Relieve Any Pain. 516-797-1317

High Quality Massage—With Herbal Bath Or Tension Shower. 212-MU9-5920

FUJI 212-207-8959

Shiatsu/Swedish. Resid/Studio.

Extraordinary Touch—Unforgettable! East 20s... 212-685-5614

RUSSIAN MASSAGE & COLON

Therapy. W. 94th: 212-222-4868. E. 10th: 387-8976. E. 51st: 751-2319. Natasha/Joe.

Body Pampering By Amanda—Private. All CCs. Grand Opening. 212-861-5969

Miramar—Highly Skilled Internat'l Staff. Superb Bodyrub. By App't. 212-826-8814

SENSUAL & ELEGANT

Residential Service

Steps Away From Leading Hotels

Park Ave & 60th

International Female Staff

Featuring Top European Model Who Has Joined Us For A Limited Time.

212-753-3030

Grand Opening—Pamper Yourself Privately. E 80s. Lauren. CCs. 212-717-0161

ICHIBAN

41 W 36. Japanese ladies. 212-268-9985 / 86

New Chinese - Exotic

212-517-0737 By Ladies / 751-2925 By Adam

Full-Body Massage—For Men And Women. By Female. 212-986-9377

Asian Spa - 201-313-9215—We've Got The Touch. 5 Minutes From GWB.

LICENSED THERAPY

New York's BEST SEX THERAPY

Board-Certified Clinical Sexologists

MD-Supv. SURROGATE PROGRAM

All Dysfunctions - Privacy Assured

212-721-7650

SEXUAL SUCCESS

NYC's ONLY CERTIFIED* Sex Therapist-Supervised SURROGATE Program.

SEEN ON 20/20 & CNBC.

Resolve Impotence/PE/Orgasm Problems/Shyness. **PROVEN SUCCESS.**

MD Supv'd. End fear/failure. 212-971-6060

*Amer. Ass'n of Sex Educators, Counselors & Therapists.

Bright, Competent, Gentle Surrogate—Confidential & Effective. 212-316-4768

Premature Ejaculation/Impotence Cured forever in a 3-hr session. 16 yrs research. Dr. Beck. Scientific. Guarantee: Permanent. Ins okay. 11am-1pm. 212-689-9717

ROLE PLAY

Kim—Live/Real/Intense/Exotic/Caring. Unforgettable/Let's Talk. 212-245-4641-24hr

Nurse Therapy—Dress-Up. Behavior Training. Luxurious, Upscale & Private. Credit Cards Accepted. 212-684-6775

Alexis—Exclusive, Exceptional, Expensive. Upscale Clientele. 212-969-0505

LOVELY NURSE

Role-Play/Sports 212-717-5415

Discreet Encounters—For The Sophisticated Gentleman. 212-207-1909

Jasmine Returns—Pvt & Discreet Role-Play. Explore Your Fetishes. 212-532-7135

Statuesque Brazilian Role-Play—Elegant & Discreet. Upper East Side. 212-517-9466

CREATIVE NURSE ROLE-PLAY

Personalized & Intimate. 212-481-9293

SWEET ELEGANCE

For The Refined Gentleman w/Exquisite Taste. Your Summer Place. 212-317-0124

TEACHER/STUDENT

Missress Nina Stern 212-794-4740

Behavior Modification—Nurse Therapy & Role-Play By Experts, For The Novice & Connoisseur: AX/Vi/MC. 212-889-3350

The Ultimate Body Relaxation—Exotic & Discreet. E Midtown. Sabina: 212-297-0245

Upper E. Side—Venus & Rose: Sensual Bodyrub & Nurse Role-Play. 212-427-3801

Candy - Sutton Place For Upscale Gentlemen. Elegant, Beautiful & Private. 212-980-8118

Ultimate Encounters—Luxurious, Upscale, For Successful Men. 212-246-1314

Katrina—Elegant Encounters For The Upscale Man. E. 50s Locale. 212-758-8817

THE INCOMPARABLE REBECCA

Kind, Warm, Charming Relaxation. Your Resid. Full Info: 212-714-7709

EUROPEAN MODEL

Sensual Relaxation. 212-687-4119

Touch Of Class—Scandinavian Elegance. Sensual/Beautiful/Private. 212-642-9198

MADemoiselle

Scandinavian & European Models

Upscale relaxation for gentlemen

who expect the very best.

1-800-464-6667

Unforgettable, Energizing—Sensual Phone Play. For Men Only! 800-873-1508

The Ultimate—In Behavior Modification. Discreet. Call: 212-330-8217

AMANDA'S BLACK ELEGANCE

A Little Rubenesque Is Beautiful. Upscale/Private. Call: 800-299-1383

For Discriminating Men—Intense & Therapeutic. Upper E. Side. 212-988-3226

CAROLINE'S

Vanessa, Holly, Julie & Brenda.
5 Mins From GWB. 201-943-8359

Sensual Role-Play—By Mature Ebony Beauty. Studio/Residential. 212-330-8368

Treat Yourself To Total Relaxation—That You'll Never Forget. 718-886-2358

Helena—Luxury Event. European Upscale Relaxation. 212-922-9117

Mature Gentlemen—Private Relaxation By Mature Lady. Studio/Res. 212-957-9673

Diana—Mature & Elegant Role-Play. By App't. 9am-11pm. 212-486-6377

Rubenesque Spanish Role-Play—Princess. W 84. All CCs. Pvt. 212-946-5354

Cindy, Judy & Alicia—Ready for your role-play. Private & discreet. 212-221-9700

EXPLORE YOUR FETISH

Exotic Behavior Training/Feminization. Beginners/Exper'd Welcome. 212-754-5177

Femme Mystique

A TRADITION OF EXCELLENCE
Upscale & luxurious service
24 Hours/7 Days, Credit Cards Accepted
1-800-808-6679

SUN & MOON & STAR

Upscale Relaxation. Total Satisfaction. By App't. E Midtown. CC's. 212-308-3702

Kimberly—A Touch Of Class. Pamper yourself & relax with me. Res. 212-465-3425

Scandinavian Wonderland

—#1 In New York. 800-879-7525

Shemale Hi-Fashion Model—Role-Play & Cross-Dressing. In/Out. 212-223-5164

VENTURES UNLIMITED

Ultimate Role Play. 212-888-1666

Body Builder/Wrestler—Extremely Muscular And Strong. 212-316-2503

Elegant, Mature Relaxation—Private. Call For Appointment: 212-697-5932

#1 Transsexual Megastar!—Lovely "Sherry Fox", For Beginners. 212-582-5009

CALIFORNIA STYLE

By App't Only. Diane: 212-396-1465

Westch/Rockland/Putnam—Touch, Talk Therapy, Dance, Voyeurism. 800-957-3048

Supermodel She-Male

Call Cristy: 212-243-0527

DONNA

South American. Discreet. 212-725-3072

JILLIAN BRADLEY & FRIENDS

Plush & Private Multi-Level Townhouse Offering The Ultimate In Relaxation. Strictly By App't. Res. Avail. 212-779-3332

ROYAL SANDS

We Deliver Dreams: 212-924-1133

Pvt Role-Play By Mature Woman—Pvt Locale. 24 Hrs. Studio/Res. 212-832-2610

Discreet Role-Play—Via Live Conversation. Pvt Phone Service. 718-275-2981

Amour

When you want to

Escape

Males/Females By Appt Only

800-276-1585

Veronica—Southern Charm. Upper West Side. Gentle Relaxation. 212-662-4548

ORIENTAL STAR

Relax In Astoria. 718-626-1777/1881

PARADISE

NYC's Premier Exotic Relaxation Spot. Sensual/Upscale. 212-258-2477

Cajun/Ebony She-Male—Fashion Model/Video Star. Mimi. 212-935-9476

Russian Mystique—Elegant, Captivating, Upscale. All Boroughs. 718-646-0922

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

ROLE PLAY

Sachiko N.Y. PREMIER ORIENTAL CLUB
24 Hrs. 7 Days
575-6861
575-6865
46th St. Between 5th & 6th Ave.

Adam & Friends For Men—Exclusive, Private & Safe. 212-988-2991

PRIVATE ENCOUNTERS

Upscale Models To Relax & Pamper You. Sensual/Beautiful/Expensive. 212-355-8321

Double Femme Sophistication—Erudite, Sensual Role-Play. 516-373-0305 / 914-278-3112

Jackie—Brooklyn's Finest. Intense/Caring/Unforgettable. CC's. 718-648-7497

Valerie Returns—Your Manhattan Home. New #: 212-501-9002

Live Conversation—1-On-1 Stimulating Role-Play. Call Now! 212-970-3360

She-Male For The Upscale
Nicki: 212-535-0642

MISTRESS MADELINE
There Is No Substitute. 212-684-6870

Matinee - Mature—Relax Tensions. Residential. By Appointment. 718-728-8933

YURAKU 516-777-7566
200 Rt 110 (S), Suite #4, LIE 49 (S)

Suzanne's Executive Stress Relief—38th & 3rd. Expensive & worth it. 212-681-2798

EXECUTIVE STRESS RELIEF

Plus First-Class Role-Play.
Private, Safe & Discreet.
Midtown/Resid. 212-714-1537

Blake—When Sensual Role-Play Just Isn't Enough. 212-579-1759

Wendy's

Warm & Wonderful,
When Only The Best Will Do.
212-873-8158
SEE OUR WEBSITE

Storm & Thunder—Exotic, Pleasurable Shemales. By App't Only. 718-921-7620

Pandora's Box—Psychodrama. New 2nd Floor. Private Entrance. 212-242-4577

STRESS MANAGEMENT

Role Playing By Expert. Relaxing, Comfortable Environment. Iris: 212-868-0268

PURE PLEASURE

Sensual & Passionate Ladies
Specializing In Exotic Relaxation.
E. 30s. Discreet. 212-679-1070

French Elegance—Sensual Touch. Private & Beautiful. W 57th. 212-399-0691

Passionate Private Nurse—Breathtaking Therapy. By App't. Kelly: 212-439-8722

FEMALE BODY BUILDERS
& Wrestlers. Pvt. Variety. 212-759-0933

Psychotherapist—Explore All Subjects. Role Playing - 24 Hrs. 516-422-2404

Everything's Kosher—West 84th St. All CC's. Help Wanted. Resid. 212-479-7939

Assortments

FIELDS! The Matchmaker 212-391-2233
317 Madison (entr on 42nd) NYC 10017, Rm 1600. Est 1920. Free consultation & booklet. 18-80. All religions. Nationwide. Visitors invited. Open 7 days. We arrange for your children without their knowledge.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™
For unattached music lovers. Nationwide. Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803. 800-233-CMLS

BEST SERVICE - BEST LADIES
CEOs, MDs, JDs for Upscale Asian/Latin/Russian ladies. PARTY Sat, 8/24!
LOA: 212-986-8590/91

PARTY UNDER THE STARS!!
TAVERN ON THE GREEN
SUPER GALA
TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 6PM-12AM
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7
Central Park West at 67th Street
Terrace & Rafter's Rooms and Outside Patio
UPSCALE PROFESSIONALS. 28-49, \$20
800+ EXPECTED! DJ, SNACKS, DESSERT
(212) 249-3636

Zhivago Connections Inc.—Attractive American/Russian selection. 718-743-2624

\$100 ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL!
Unique Jewish Matchmaking Service
Blumberg Introductions, Inc.
230 Park Ave., NYC 212-808-3054

Read Any Good Books Lately?
An often-used opening line when meeting other singles. A great place to use it is at the Jewish Braille Institute sound studios, where lots of talented singles record books for the blind. Wonderful people and a terrific cause. For More Info, Call Cantor Mindy J. Fliegelman: 212-889-2525

Single Booklovers Nationwide. Est 1970
Box 117, Gradyville, PA 610-358-5049
E-mail: 103474.1057@compuserve.com

Thursday, August 8th. Connect at
THE MADISON
29 E 32nd St. NYC
500+ Upscale Professionals Expected. Ages 25-35
3 HOUR OPEN PREMIUM BAR
7:00-10:00 PM \$20
212-647-1494

Share the Sunset...

Join UJA-Federation's
Young Leadership
aboard the U.S.S. Intrepid

Live Band! — N.Y. City Swing
Raffle prizes!
Barbecue and Dessert!
Your first drink is on us!

Wednesday, August 21, 1996
7:00 P.M.

Pier 86
West 46th Street & 12th Avenue
\$60 per person before August 14
\$70 thereafter

For information and reservations,
call (212) 836-1219

Suggested minimum contribution of \$100 to
the 1997 UJA-Federation Annual Campaign.

UJA-FEDERATION OF NEW YORK

MARION SMITH PROF'L SINGLES
SUN, AUG 11, 7PM - TOP OF 666's
Dance - 666 5th Ave. \$20. (212) 944-2112

JEWISH SINGLES WEEKEND
CLUB GETAWAY Ages 20s, 30s & 40s
August 9th 1-800-6-GETAWAY

Intuitive Introductions—Attractive,
Upscale, Single Jewish Prof'ls 718-871-5005

Date
Someone
New This
Weekend
Call to hear
1000's of voice
personal ads
for free!
212-987-7000
THE RELATIONSHIP LINE
Customer Service 212-987-7001
FREE
CALL

Cruise Party For 500 Singles! Dance,
DJ, Sun, 7-10pm. Asian/Latin/Russian/
American! EMW: 718-261-6406 / 263-9079

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine
Art of Matchmaking. Raizy 212-877-5167

Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet
Quality Single People. Praised By The NY
Times... For Information: 212-972-3594

QUEST JEWISH SINGLES PARTY
SAT, AUG 10 CENTURY CAFE, 9pm. \$20.
132 W 43 St (Btw 6th & Bwy) 914-636-4610

"Susan & Marc Dance Party"
Every Tuesday
CLUB PULSE
226 E 54th St (2nd & 3rd Aves) 688-5577
PROFESSIONAL SINGLES 25-50
Adm \$5pp w/this ad (good for 2) \$10 w/o
COMPLIMENTARY HOT BUFFET 6-7PM
Open 5:30-11pm. Plenty Street Parking

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH LADIES &
ELIGIBLE BRITISH GENTLEMEN
Seek friendship/romance/marriage
with Americans! All ages! English Rose
Introductions (Dept. NY), 20 Albion St.,
Broadstairs, Kent CT10 1LU England.
Tel: 01144-1843-865322

JOIN 600 JEWISH PROF'LS
(20s, 30s only)
as UTOPIA takes over all of
Le Bar Bat
311 W 57th St.
WEDS, AUG 7th 6-11pm
Call 212-459-4321 to receive \$5 adm.

Second Stage Theatre Singles—Evenings
for both men & women; gay men & lesbians.
Last season's events sold out - don't miss out!
Call now to join NY's most eligible theatre-goers for Off-Broadway's best.
Season starts September. Call 212-787-8302

Single Lovers of the Arts—Helping singles
get together nationwide. 300 Main St., Ste
258, Huntington, NY 11743. 516-673-1466

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE
Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven
Sisters, MIT, Duke, Stanford, University of
Chicago, Northwestern, meet alumni and
academics. The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288

SINGLES WEEKEND GETAWAY
AUG. 15-18 • South Beach Singles
CONCORD RESORT HOTEL
Starring Superstar Singer JODY WATLEY
Happy Hour Fri.—Free Cocktail Party Sat!
IT'S A PARTY!! 48 HRS OF NON-STOP FUN
Info/res. call 1-800-CONCORD

SOLUTION FOR SINGLES

• SELECT from PHOTOS •
A personalized introduction service for
busy NY/NJ prof'ls & execs. 201-944-6171

LIFE EXISTS AFTER 40™
"Notte Al Fresco" - Fri, Aug 9, 6:30-7,
IL VALENTINO, 330 E56 Buffet, music
cash bar, dance. \$30 RSVP nec. 779-0642

16th Annual Jewish Singles
Labor Day Weekend
Fri, Aug 30 - Mon, Sept 2
Inclusive \$215-245 p.p.
Join Hundreds of Singles at
"Y" Camps, Milford, PA for:
• Canoeing Down The Delaware
• Jet Skiing
• Olympic Size Pool
• Adventure Training
• Mountain Biking
• Free Sport Instruction
• Arts & Crafts
• Massage Classes
• Prof'l Entertainment
incl. "Funnymercials"
• ...And LOTS MORE!!!
For More Info & Brochure, Call:
Out of NJ: 800-776-5657
or 201-575-3333, Ext 14 or 26

A+ RATING! Meet beautiful Russian &
Jewish ladies living in NY. Catalog avail +
tours to Moscow Int'l Singles 212-206-6831

Self-Employed Professional Woman
Brainy baby boomer, many interests, seeks
new male and female friends. 9520 ☐

ASSORTMENTS
CALL 212-779-7500

Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is \$36.50 per line**, two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add \$35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money order accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of \$50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). All ads will run electronically on Compuserve. To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

New York's Premier Matchmaker

• NOW ALSO ON LONG ISLAND •

As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.



Denise Winston
By appointment only 212-935-9350

Single White Female—5'11" tall, seeks tall, successful single gentleman for serious relationship. A to Z: affectionate, bright, Cindy Crawford figure, dirty blond hair, extroverted, former model, good-hearted, hazel eyes, independent, junior executive (pharmaceuticals), kind, long legs, monogamous, never-married, optimistic, purist, quick-witted, romantic, sports (golf, skiing, running), thirty-four years young, unbelievable, vivacious, worldly, X-citing...your loss if you don't write - zip off a letter and photo! 9750 ☐

6'3" Male, 45, Advanced Degree—195 lbs, Italian descent, single, seeks same in lady under 40, for love, commitment and our future children. No games/drugs/couch potatoes. Let's talk. Letter/photo and home number. 9760 ☐

Romantic Male—36, looks for a woman (age not important) to share intimate relationship. Note and phone. 9808 ☐

Menschette Wanted—By an athletic, good-looking, intuitive and warm, 37-year-old Jewish lawyer with brains, great buns and a good laugh. You are: sweet, unpretentious, honest, funny, smart, pretty and fit, with an ability to see the sun through the clouds. 9790 ☐

Wanted—Wasp, well-bred woman, 50s, athletic, by media person. If you've answered before, please do so again. 9757 ☐

Way Cute—Shy mensch, 35, 5'8". You: moody, sexy Jewess. Photo key. 9765 ☐

Man With Sense And Sensibility—Handsome, youthful 50, marriage-minded, trim and fit. Successful professional career in NYC. You would find me to be romantic, interesting, fun and a good friend. I enjoy music, sports, the outdoors and everyday living. Seeking a slender, attractive, affectionate professional woman, 35-45. Note/photo/phone. 9754 ☐

Looking For Help—32-year-old, successful Manhattan attorney, ex-ski/tennis pro, easy on the eyes, athletic, possesses great mobility. Seeking one fit, dazzling woman to play with, stay with, share tomorrows with and adore. Your great smile won't hurt. Note/photo/phone. 9807 ☐

Exceptional Man Still Available—He is very successful, tall/trim, white, non-smoking, never-married, very handsome, muscular and very well-built, mid 30s, CEO/entrepreneur, seeking an ideal companion to share all the finest things in life. He is ambitious, self-made, travels extensively, and enjoys playing competitive sports, boats, tennis, scuba, fine dining and weekend getaways. He is generous and romantic but very selective in his search for someone special. The ideal companion will be exceptionally beautiful, sensual, self-assured, single white female between 24 and 35. You will be very affectionate, very intelligent, have a terrific figure, be well-built and interested in staying in great shape. You should be equally at home at the opera or in the country, in a limo or a jeep, enjoy sporting events (especially NBA), have a sense of adventure and want to develop mutual interests, enjoy travel, art, great restaurants, quiet walks, dancing and romantic evenings. Photo is a must (will return/exchange). 9752 ☐

Sharing Is So Much Nicer—Where is my soul mate? You're a woman, 38-50, kind, sensitive, communicative and down-to-earth. Keeping fit is important (it's great to see so many women in the gym these days), muscle is sexy. We both possess a sense of adventure, spontaneity and a social conscience. I'm 49, muscular, blue-eyed, with a trim beard. I'm not perfect, but I have a big heart and am well-liked. I need eye contact, holding hands, chemistry and balance. You? Note/photo appreciated (nongeneric). 9799 ☐

Share Magic!—With a classy CEO, nice-looking guy, fit, 5'11", diverse, 41. Seeks warm, bright woman under 37 for forever. Phone/photo necessary. 9809 ☐

Left-Wing Wasp—Male/Unitarian, writer, seeks intellectually stimulating companion, 70s fine, for comfort and joy of doing things together. 9785 ☐

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

A Head-Turner—Very pretty, slim, sweet Jewish attorney, Ivy grad, seeks smart, funny, cute and nice professional male (40-50) to share varied interests (tennis, film, biking, reading, outdoors), and upbeat and together lifestyle. Tall a plus. Photo a must. 9816 ☐

CEO With Armani Style—42, 6', green eyes, trim and athletic, confident and secure (sans ego), sharing and kind. I seek a soul mate for friendship, passion, laughter and family, who is 28-36, accomplished, spirited, elegant, slim and athletic, with model-type looks, to meet her male counterpart. Photo a must - will gladly reciprocate. 9779 ☐

Nice-Looking, Down-To-Earth Man—Professional, warm, sincere, trim, 5'10", 54. Seeks a stimulating, slender woman for friendship and romance. Loves the arts, music, films, current events, or just a good conversation. Nationality unimportant. Photo, please. 9771 ☐

Gentlemen—A little blond wants to know: Are you Irish/Scot/Welsh, in your 40s/50s, a very early riser and as comfortable with a pair of pliers as you are with EBITDA? And by the way, got any EBITDA? Photo, note. 9814 ☐

Classy Professional Female—Independent means, seeks imaginative, successful businessman, 55-60, for travel, dinners and walks on the beach. 9755 ☐

Jewish Millionaire—Unique, multifaceted wheeler-dealer, college grad, 57, 6'3", 230, intelligent, ambitious, unconventional, self-made, street-smart - seeks sharp, sexy soul mate/playmate, best friend, 30-45. Photo. 9774 ☐

New and
Improved!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD
CALL 1-900-860-0640

Attention!
New Number

\$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th., New York, NY 10036. (212)852-7700

Just Relocated—Educated, handsome, single white male, warmhearted, successful businessman, regular guy, fit, upbeat. Seeking slim, pretty, single white female, 20s-35. Photo. 9795 ☐

Vain, Self-Involved, Maturing Beauty—Into body building, bike riding, roller blading, movies, and personal beautification, seeks an adoring, worshipful Adonis. Must be honest, healthy, financially stable, affectionate, available and under 40. Recent photo/note. 9801 ☐

Unattached Jewish Male—Financially secure, handsome and sensitive. Seeks caring 40-something woman. Tennis and working out a plus. Phone/photo. 9800 ☐

Let's "Du-et"!—Astonishingly nice, modest, warm, accomplished, sophisticated, fit, patient, blue-eyed, 5'10", single, 52-year-old Manhattan professional man wishes to fill in life's remaining dance card with one heck of a great lady... 9764 ☐

Beautiful, Bright, Slim—36, Jewish professional, who is athletic, fit, has varied interests and is fun to be with, would like to meet an intelligent, sincere professional male, 36-45, for a lasting relationship. Note/photo. 9772 ☐ ☐

Gent Seeks Gent—To walk with kings but not lose the common touch. Me: youthful 52, romantic, smart, handsome, funny, tall, healthy, survivor. You: a best friend who is also a turn-on. Is that too much to ask? Write: POB 60, Madison Square, NY, NY 10159

Kind, Beautiful, Ivy-Educated—Jewish woman, 36, 5'7", seeks smart, handsome man. You don't have to be Jewish, just a mensch! 9815 ☐

Professional Jewish Female—39, attractive, slim, 5'5", adventurous, non-judgmental lady who possesses the child within her, searching for a bright, cultured male with pleasant disposition, who loves living the good life while enjoying its simple pleasures, 38-52. Photo. 9767 ☐ ☐

Warm Heart—Professional man of character, fit, handsome, 30s-looking 44, intellectual bent, cultural, humorous, romantic - seeks 30s woman. 9802 ☐ ☐

Latin Beauty Sought—By successful professional, 38, 6'2", Jewish, very handsome (I'm told), sweet, kind, caring, loyal, with a real heart of gold. 9780 ☐ ☐

Great-Looking Widow—Classy, financially secure, 65, loves all good things life has to offer, desires man to share, 65 plus. 9797 ☐

Abundance Of Creative Spirit—In a beautiful blond, green-eyed, 5'8", willowy form. My life is surrounded by creation and design in a diversity of mediums, from working with wood to being a corporate executive. I'm equally passionate about reading and making ever-growing discoveries in an age of new paradigms. I'm financially secure and enjoy working. Most important is my personal life, which I hope to intertwine with that of an embracing and endearing man. The man that I see beside me would be at least 50, a nonsmoker, ready for an unencumbered partnership, free to enjoy and grow and share. He has found his way to success. He shines with integrity and wholeness that is evident in his eyes and smile. He would thrive on my aliveness and be lovingly open to both my strengths and my vulnerabilities. And our romance would flourish as a natural counterpoint to this creative means of introduction. 9782 ☐ ☐

Angel Sought, 18-25—Who believes her spiritual and physical beauty can only be preserved by adherence to Plato's Laws, book 8, verses 839-841. By an aristocratic, chivalrous, warmhearted, Old Testament believer and classically educated, with deep ancient erudition, who is 6'3" tall, thin, full forehead, deep blue eyes, fair Nordic features, dark hair, extremely handsome, wealthy, with the visage of one of Plutarch's heroes. Note/photo. 9776 ☐

Somewhat Unconventional Man—Definitely not one of the boys. Handsome widower, 60, 5'10", lithe, athletic body. into nature, exercise and holistic living in general. Seeks a thin, good-looking, sexy but nice women with a similar life style for a one-on-one relationship. No vivacious ladies, Christian only. Photo. 9818 ☐

Man Living Without You—Ivy degrees, now Wall Street, 30, 6'2", 190 lbs, muscular, handsome, athletic. Your mother will love me. Looking for warm, beautiful, spirited female, 21-30. Must be willing to laugh a lot, be real, and have too much fun. Photo/note. 9747 ☐

Upbeat, Down-To-Earth, Attractive—Fit, 35-year-old, divorced Jewish female, (914), mother of two, seeks good-looking mensch. Photo/letter. 9777 ☐

Formerly Gorgeous Chick—Now lovely, literate Westchester hen, looking for professional man who may be eligible for senior discounts but doesn't look it, enjoys reading menus, reviews and the travel section, and doesn't own a pet snake or boat. On second thought, snake is okay. Photo please. 9749 ☐

Single Jewish Male—41, business owner, no dependents, seeks kind, fun, romantic, shapely Jewish female, 25-35, to fall in love with. 9748 ☐ ☐

Beautiful And Blue-Eyed—Low-key, high-energy woman, outdoorsy publishing executive, seeks tall, switched-on, sophisticated, advanced-degreed, Ivy, early-40s man. You are a fit nonsmoker with languages and humor, who enjoys animals, nature and art. Note/photo. 9794 ☐

Yearning For Your Soulmate?

There is someone out there who can light a flame in your heart. As a therapist and relationship counselor, I will work with you to identify and find the person you most desire. If you seek the best match without compromise, call me.



PROVIDENCE
MATCHMAKING, Inc.
575 Madison Avenue, New York

Sarah L. Ossey, MSW
212-605-0282
800-677-8215

With the right match, the flame never goes out.™

41-Year-Old Jewish MD—Looking for partner for sharing comfort and warmth around town and at the beach, age 30-45, for meaningful relationship. 9781 ☐ ☐

CT Male—Do you enjoy movies, music, walks, skylines, laughing, current events and your work? Banker, 43 years old, would like to meet an Asian female with similar interests. Note, please. 9813 ☐

Unencumbered Blond—European charm, looks, passion, TLC, fun, fit, MSc, seeks fine Mr. Right, 37-50. 9806 ☐

Mom/Stand-Up Comic—42, 5'5", 122 lbs. Warm, funny, sexy. Seeks high-energy nonsmoker, upscale male. 9783 ☐ ☐

Sincere, Youthful, Good-Looking—Athletic Christian MD, 5'9", late 40s, seeking a good-looking, trim, down-to-earth woman, 30s, who would enjoy a combination of life on a country estate, as well as all that NYC has to offer. I am a regular guy with many interests and unique experiences, and have a special fondness for Brazil and its people. 9787 ☐

Could You Love—A really beautiful, slender, intelligent, successful Wall Streeter, Wasp of 45 years (no children), who loves cooking, reading, music, the outdoors, the arts, NYC, affection, exercise and laughter? If you are a nonsmoker, fit and confident, send note and photo. 9753 ☐

Tall, Trim, Handsome—Caring exec seeks elegant, slender, classy lady, early 50s. NY/NJ. Note/photo. 9788 ☐

Are You My Living Doll—Toy inventor, 34, creative, funny, well-educated, fit, handsome, blah, blah, blah. I'm Jewish, but you can be anything. In search of smart, kind, sill, sexy toy tester. You don't need to look like barbie, but please send a photo. 9811 ☐

Not Seeking Perfection—Just a wonderful real life. Bright, pretty, slender 40-something professional woman with slight physical (but not emotional) disability. Seeks 40-50 NYC man to connect on meaningful levels and have fun and love in the process. 9745 ☐

Gay Wife Wanted—You: sexy, 26-35, 100-percent feminine, closeted, in-shape, caring, very sane. Start a family almost immediately. Live the family life - or career and children also okay. Be sweet. Me: gay white Jewish male, 36, successful and kind. No smokers, drugs, lovers - past or present, etc. LI-based. 9367 ☐

Chemistry—Attractive, very good figure, 109 lbs, 5'3", 48, white female - enjoys travel, gym, dining. Seeking attractive, single white male, 42-60. 9786 ☐ ☐

Refined (212) Professional Woman—By day. Outdoorsy girl on weekends. This pretty blond, trim (35), seeks bright, loving, active professional man, 35-45, for biking, sailing, NYC, travel and all life has to offer. 9758 ☐

Score—39, male, successful, down-to-earth, gorgeous, excellent physical condition. Love all high-speed sports. Looking for gorgeous lady to enjoy life's finest qualities. Must be adventurous, sexy, kind and loving. Photo/note, please. 9751 ☐

Jewish Male, 31 Years Old—I can provide a comfortable life style for a sincere, pleasant young lady who appeals to me and who is thinking of settling down. Please respond with photo, note and phone number. 9792 ☐

**Make' This
The Most
fun Summer
ever!**
Place a
Strictly Personals ad
in New York Magazine
Call
212-779-7500

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE

Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____

P.O. Box 4600

New York, New York 10163-4600

Big Things Come In Small Ads—Male, 34, very bright, many interests, seeks passionate female with tantalizing combination of beauty and substance, to pamper with affection. Note/photo. 9763 ☒ Ⓜ

Pretty, Corporate President—Passionate and pretty, divorced Jewish woman of humor and style. Seeks accomplished, sensitive, professional male. 48-60. Westchester/CT preferred. 9812 ☐ ☎

Pretty, Petite, Perky Redhead—Sales exec/student, seeks male friend with potential (40-55). I've seen life's best and worst and still can laugh and love. If your tastes are eclectic, your intellect sharp and your humor contagious - maybe we can laugh and love together. 9773 ☒ ☎

Tall, Dark And Handsome—Successful businessman, 44, loves fine dining, wine, racquetball, reading and swimming. Seeks beautiful, intelligent woman to spend the rest of my life with. Photo. please. 9789 ☒

[illegible]

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

YOUR ARMS TOOTS SHOR TO BOX WITH GOD

AL SHARPTON THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH IT IS TO HAVE A THANKLESS CHILD

HUGH HEFNER RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT . . .

Above, keir dullea, gone tomorrow. Competitors are invited to weave a well-known name of fiction or fact into one familiar title, aphorism, or what-george-will.

Results of Competition 856, in which you were asked for *original* similes.

Report: Some of you new recruits, esp. at Camp E-mail, need reminding of the one-entry-only rule. Tsk, etc. Generally, three categories emerged: 1. Old. You remember old. 2. Overripe. Like overwritten, only more so. 3. Insufficiently antic. Too sugar-specific, as in "Nervous as a long-haired Maine coon cat in a room full of computer-operated rockers." There you have all three sins, old, ripe, and cute. Attorneys at law. The use of proper names sounded original. Newer names especially. "Prolix as Shakespeare" does not sing in the way that "Sleepy as Mitchum" does. Much more fun to read these than one might think; hope you enjoy them as much as we. Duplicated but fetching. Thanks for joining in. And don't forget about Thursday. Bleak as Friday.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

Like Jesse Jackson needs a rhyming dictionary.

Sybil Ann Lester, N.Y.C.

Thin as a holiday *Times*.

Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Sincere as a standing ovation.

Don Sandstrom, Indianapolis, Ind.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

Useless as Jim Carrey's drama coach.

Karen Frigenti, Melville, N.Y.

Curt as a cat.

Dolly Hecht, N.Y.C.

As banal as it gets.

David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

And Honorable Mention to:

Curvy as a snake on a roller coaster.

J. B. May, Sawyerville, Ala.

Subtle as a sumo wrestler.

George Huntington, Leonard, Tex.

Sultry as a pork chop.

Pamela Jane Burke, Summit, N.J.

Tipsy as an ostrich egg on a golf tee.

Paul McCann, Evanston, Ill.

Like a mortician needs a breath mint.

Patrick Callan, Surfside, Fla.

Mean as an average.

Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

Clean as a pickerel's tooth.

Carleton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

Fuzzy as a caterpillar doing cartwheels.

Tom Miller, Sawyerville, Ala.

Lost as a debutante at Zabar's.

Jillian Fisher, Kingston, N.Y.

As apathetic as . . .

Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

Useless as a clock in a coffin.

Lois Staas, Bellmar, N.J.

Worn out as Marla's credit cards.

Johanna Samuels, Santa Monica, Calif.

Subtle as a pothole.

Lucy Porter, Madison, N.J.

Rare as a thank-you note.

Patricia O. Simmons, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Out of place as a cheerleader at a golf tournament.

Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Reactionary as Pavlov's dog.

Nicole Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

Forlorn as a Betamax at a yard sale.

Nancy Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

Hopeful as a man in a new toupee.

Carol Sontag, Detroit, Mich.

Sore as a goalie.

Edward A. Wolff, Oceanside, N.Y.

Dotty as a Dalmatian in a Seurat.

David English, W. Somerville, Mass.

Useless as scales on a goose.

Lucy Neshamkin, N.Y.C.

Complicated as Medusa.

Rachael Brickey, McConnellsville, N.Y.

Doleful as Kansas in August.

S. J. Bernstein, Chicago, Ill.
similarly: *Jim Mays, San Francisco, Calif.*

Prouder than a pygmy in a polka.

Betty Loshin, White Plains, N.Y.

Conceited as the butcher's cat.

Elizabeth English, Shelter Island, N.Y.

Happy as a Mormon at a singles bar.

Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Queer as a *New Yorker* cover.

Bill Zimmerman, Cheltenham, Pa.

Clueless as a Perry Mason cop.

Michelle McHugh, Burlington, Vt.
similarly: *Louis Phillips, Northbrook, Ill.*

Grinning like a pumpkin in heat.

Nany Stark, N.Y.C.

Unlikely as a moo from a lion.

H. Bartow Farr Jr., Winston-Salem, N.C.

Unwelcome as a whistle in a library.

Rita Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Reassuring as a refrigerator.

David Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Smooth as leftovers.

Emily Mendel, Oakland, Calif.

Elusive as an Avon man.

C. Lewnes, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Chillier than the Ed Sullivan Theater.

S. Leader, Narbeth, Pa.

Predictable as Lucci at the Emmys.

W. Jenkins, Palo Alto, Calif.;
Ruth Machover, N.Y.C.

Lonely as poetry reading.

Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

As much plot as a Xavier Cugat movie.

Allen Brookins-Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.

Difficult as trying to invent a new utensil.

Mark Calandra, Newtonville, Mass.

Popular as a new lottery winner.

Dorothy Berman, Irvington, N.Y.

Treacherous as fat-free cheesecake.

A. L. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

Terminal like a toe tag.

Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

Useless as a warped key on a can of corned beef.

Molly Brandsen, Zeeland, Mich.

Inert as a fallen pogo stick.

Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Smart as owl spit.

Charley Sampsell, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Welcome as a hydrant in a dog pound.

Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

Leaky as Paul Sorvino.

Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

White as Moby Dick on a bed of rice.

Bob Walser, Minneapolis, Minn.

Handsome as Lyle Lovett on Lincoln's birthday.

Harry Rosenbaum, Englewood, N.J.

Rarer than moonshine punch.

P. N. Geaneas, Merrick, N.Y.

Goofy as a politician in a baseball hat.

Jean Shepherd, Hackettstown, N.J.

Existential as Popeye.

Sari Krumholz, Newton, Mass.

NEW YORK

**To get information about any
articles or reviews that have
appeared in NEW YORK, just
call 212-880-0755.**

**Rediscover the world's
greatest city by calling
the Information Services
Department, Monday-Friday,
10:30 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.**

L	O	S	I	N	G	P	A	T	I	E	N	C	E	
E	P	I	O				E	V	O	S				
F	R	E	I	G	H	T		A	D	A	M	A	N	T
T	C	H	S				T	D	C	E	E			
H	O	I	S	T		H	O	R	S	E	W	H	I	P
I	A	F	O				A				E	P		
G	A	L	L	A	N	T	R	Y			B	A	S	S
H			L							E			N	
A	P	R	I	L			S	U	R	E	T	H	I	N
N	O						Y	O		R	N	S		
D	I	S	M	I	S	S	A	L		A	L	L	O	T
D	A	N	T				L	Y		I	O			
R	U	N	I	N	T	O		T	H	I	A	M	I	N
Y	N	E	L				O	N		B	E			
	C	A	R	R	I	E	R	P	I	G	E	O	N	S

B	A	L	L	S		C	L	O	D		B	E	L	T		P	E	A				
A	D	E	A	L		R	E	S	E	W		A	L	O	H	A		A	D	S		
S	A	N	D	Y		O	N	C	E	I	S		N	O	T	E	N	O	U	G	H	
I	N	T	O		R	O	S	A		L	E	T		A	T	A	L	E				
C	O	A	L	M	I	N	E	R	S		D	A	U	G	H	T	E	R				
				C	A	V	E	S		T	E	N		L	A	R	D		C	A	B	
W	A	G	E	R	E	D		H	A	S		O	R	I		F	A	L	L			
O	L	I	V	E	R		V	I	C	T	O	R	V	I	C	T	O	R	I	A		
R	E	G	I	S		L	E	E	K		W	O	E		W	R	E	C	K			
E	X	I	T		C	I	A				G	E	T		P	O	I		T	E	R	
				A	T	H	O	U	S	A	N	D	C	L	O	W	N	S				
R	E	S		Y	E	N		A	S	U			A	L	L		T	A	T	E		
U	P	P	E	R			T	K	O		V	C	R	S		C	A	C	H	E		
L	O	R	D	O	F	T	H	E	F	L	I	E	S		C	A	G	I	E	R		
E	X	E	S		R	A	E			A	D	E		S	O	M	E	D	A	Y		
D	Y	E		K	E	M	P			I	C	E		A	C	R	E	S				
				O	N	E	P	O	T	A	T	O	T	W	O	P	O	T	A	T		
		R	A	B	I	D		A	M	O		I	N	T	S		R	O	A	L		
C	A	L	I	F	O	R	N	I	A	S		S	P	L	I	T		B	U	R	R	C
O	V	A		E	M	A	I	L		E	L	E	N	I		A	C	T	O	R		
W	I	N			S	U	P	S			U	R	G	E		S	K	A	T	O		

MOVING?

Even if you have notified the post office about your change of address, please fill out and mail this form to us to ensure accurate delivery of your magazine.

UNLISTING SERVICE?

☐ New subscription. ☐ Change of address:
Please note new address.

☐ Renewal. ☐ Please do not make my
name and address
available to other
publications or
companies.

☐ Payment enclosed.

☐ Bill me later.

NAME
ADDRESS APT. NO
CITY STATE ZIP

Attach mailing label here and send to:
NEW YORK MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 54661
BOULDER, COLORADO 80322-4661

Quiet as a solitary gossip.
Jill Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

Wacky as a wooden watch.
Pete Studebaker, Dallas, Tex.

Perky as a squirrel on crack.
Lucie M. Singh, Chicago, Ill.

Winsome as a car alarm.
*John Foshee, Austin, Tex.;
Grace Allen, Dorset, Vt.*

As inadequate as one of those, you know . . .
uh, really . . . forget it.
Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park, Md.

Emphatic as a strike in bowling.
Alfred A. Wirtzbaum, N.Y.C.

Appetizing as four-bean salad.
Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

Awkward as an address on the World Wide Web.
Bob Dean, Raleigh, N.C.

Infrequent as a Madonna blush.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

I have to go to work like it's my job.
Hillary Field, N.Y.C.

Binding as a ballplayer's contract.
Frank J. Dupignac Jr., Toms River, N.J.

Unpredictable as a knuckleball.
Craig Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Happy as a frog eatin' Jell-O.
Sarah Schulman, Berkeley, Calif.

Dull as an infomercial knife set.
D. J. Solomon, Albany, N.Y.

Dapper as a toad in tights.
Kendall Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

Popular as a computer that's down.
Susan Teltser-Schwarz, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Fresh as freckles.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

Cheap as chintz on a puppy.
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

Disgruntled as a late-night letterman.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

Drunk as a skunk on spring break.
Scott McLoughlin, San Diego, Calif.

Clear as a bar code.
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Crazy as Kramer.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

Formal as a naked penguin.
William Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

Clever as Bob Barrie's winning entry.
*Bob Barrie, Minneapolis, Minn.
sp. ment.: Marion R. Hays, Milwaukee, Wis.*

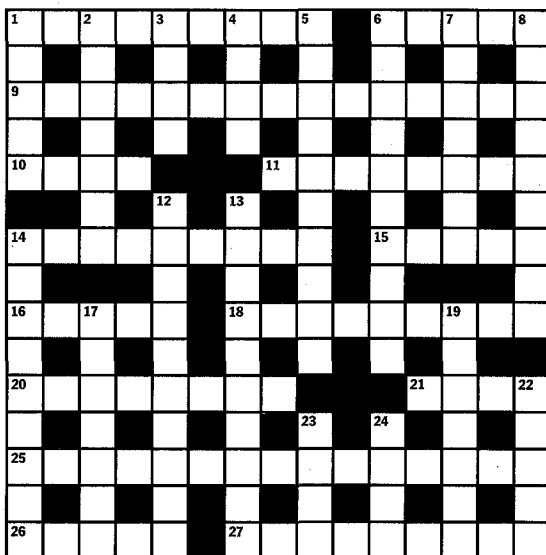
Common as a kangaroo with a martini.
John Falxa, N.Y.C.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 859, *New York Magazine*, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998, or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by August 16. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the September 23 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 Horse has endless opportunity to go around coach. (9)
- 6 Become less obstructed above. (3,2)
- 9 Informed when given a movie role. (3,2,3,7)
- 10 Hasty eruption (4)
- 11 Moralise, finding the ice is broken. (8)
- 14 Anaesthetic confined to backward prince. (9)
- 15 Proficient in arithmetic, beginning with short division. (5)
- 16 Cake decoration is a winter phenomenon. (5)
- 18 Irritable about one day's evidence. (9)
- 20 Ring our number when copper goes in for some mathematics. (8)
- 21 Spring term's conclusion—luncheon-meat. (4)
- 25 Writer's employed to create fictional detective. (4,5,6)
- 26 Snake with a dark head and crimson back. (5)
- 27 Tell what one remembers about crimes in east? (9)



DOWN

- 1 Put the queen in the team for a prank? (5)
- 2 Sinatra cast as a skilled workman. (7)
- 3 A river? On the contrary, it's a river. (4)
- 4 Pain reaches inner part. (4)
- 5 Turn to account (to TO ACCOUNT). (10)
- 6 Police left by Poe to play in a police department and find milk product. (6,4)
- 7 Bullish Greek character concerned with holding in. (7)
- 8 "Capricious—try spleen" (Anon). (9)
- 12 Ample garment for athlete... (4,6)
- 13 ...athlete fired by club (4,6)
- 14 Girl, after the middle of April, gathering lilacs. (9)
- 17 I shall be right in before deputy head is uncivil. (3-4)
- 19 Is not in favour of giving work to models. (7)
- 22 A month to live, perhaps. (5)
- 23 Major artist in baby carriage. (4)
- 24 Look for low sound. (4)

© 1996 The Guardian.

'Surname Statements': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Remove windshield mist
- 6 Seaweed
- 10 Washstand pitcher
- 14 Coach's group
- 18 Stratosphere layer
- 19 Weaver's need
- 20 Big blow
- 21 Fossil resin
- 23 Fred Jim Tom Edna
- 27 Loses confidence
- 28 Bobble the ball
- 29 Educator Horace
- 30 "Must have been something —"
- 31 Mother in "The Yearling"
- 32 Three-tone chords
- 34 "— Dance" ("Peer Gynt Suite")
- 36 Ballet step
- 39 Altar's alcove
- 41 — Fail, Irish coronation stone
- 42 Torpid
- 43 Rich Julia Immanuel Donna
- 48 Airwick targets
- 49 Splitville, U.S.A.
- 50 Auto pioneer
- 51 Duo after do
- 54 VCR insertion
- 55 British actor Bogarde
- 56 Collar accessory
- 57 Guided wrongly
- 59 Microscopic creature
- 61 Lunch-meat brand
- 62 Prosciutto
- 63 Linden or Holbrook
- 64 Oliver H.L. Max Thomas
- 70 Lager's kin
- 71 Yeltsin's land: abbr.
- 72 Bifocal, e.g.
- 73 Something for the mill
- 74 Hoffman-Beatty movie, 1987
- 76 Word on a bulb
- 77 Mexican drudge
- 78 Tattle
- 82 Lion's greeting
- 83 Part of D.J.
- 84 Rajah's Mrs.
- 85 Walk-on appearance
- 86 Archie Brooke Harvey
- 91 Virile

- 92 Former Third Ave. trains

- 93 Notorious Ugandan
- 94 King Kong
- 95 Where Beale Street is
- 98 Chooses for parenting
- 100 Twitch
- 102 Wings, to Caesar
- 103 Forgo food
- 105 By way of
- 106 Proves wrong
- 110 Ava Ethel Pete George
- 114 Bring upon oneself
- 115 Poi ingredient
- 116 State: Fr.
- 117 Get the suds out

- 118 Medicinal amino acid

- 119 Steinbeck refugee
- 120 Father of Enos
- 121 Cavalry mount

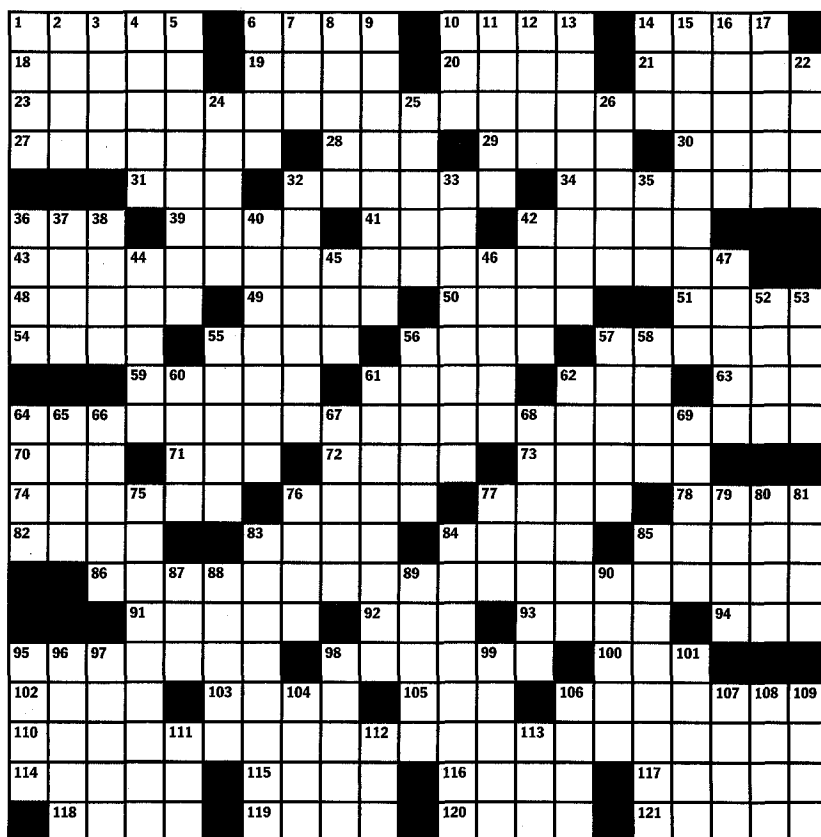
DOWN

- 1 Opposite of don
- 2 Mormon leader Benson
- 3 Aluminum wrap
- 4 — a customer
- 5 Top brass
- 6 Start of a Shakespearean title
- 7 Memorable Myrna
- 8 Dead duck

- 9 Texas-panhandle city

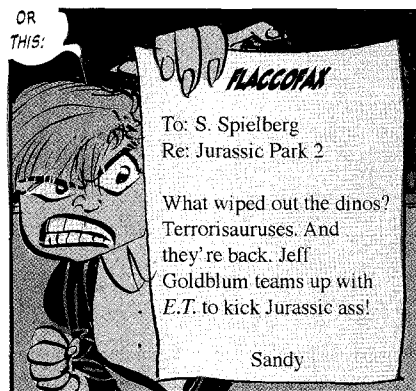
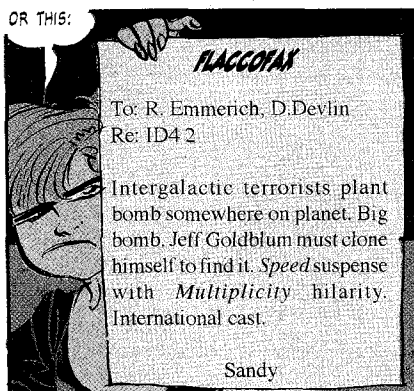
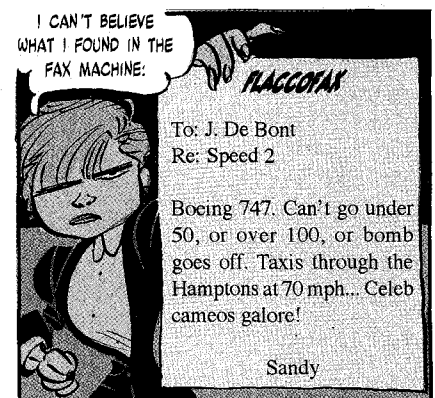
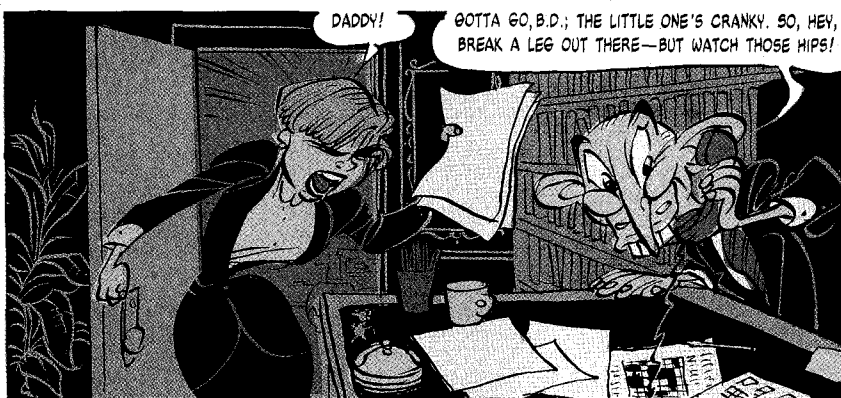
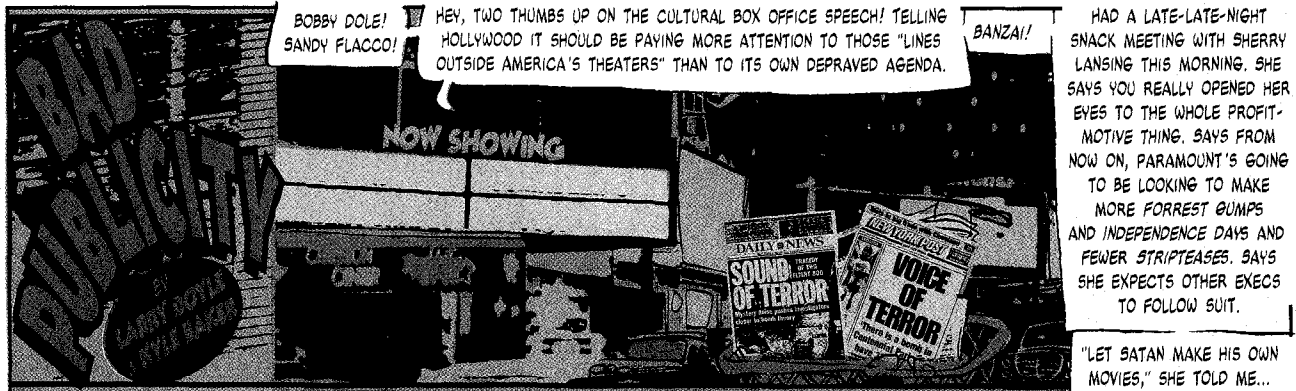
- 10 Freudian focus
- 11 Heats moderately
- 12 "Lohengrin" heroine
- 13 Leftovers
- 14 Government's bite
- 15 Creates resentment
- 16 What Fuzzy Wuzzy was
- 17 Ambassador Perle
- 22 Numbered rds.
- 24 Window hanging
- 25 Pigtail
- 26 Kind of sanctum
- 32 Capital of Iran
- 33 Certain midwesterners

- 35 Fury
- 36 Story line
- 37 Role for Leontyne
- 38 Standstill
- 40 Ancient writers
- 42 "500" race
- 44 Tire imprint
- 45 Pen dip
- 46 As gentle as —
- 47 Gandhi's capital
- 52 Orner
- 53 Not working
- 55 Balk at
- 56 Wasn't thrifty
- 57 Sausalito's county
- 58 Gremlins
- 60 Breckinridge of fiction
- 61 Made a rough drawing
- 62 Valor
- 64 Landmark musical, 1968
- 65 In addition
- 66 G.I. therapy
- 67 Teacher's audience
- 68 Items to be discussed
- 69 Petal extract
- 75 Fraudulently concocted
- 76 Sinewy
- 77 Chum
- 79 Oscar-winner Thompson
- 80 Every fourth year
- 81 Like early TV's Ranger
- 83 Andrea —, Renaissance painter
- 84 Breathes
- 85 Some evergreens
- 87 Slangy refusal
- 88 Cutlery piece
- 89 Beatles' "P.S. — You"
- 90 Fliers on strings
- 95 Crèche visitors
- 96 Veldt elk
- 97 Niccolo Polo's son
- 98 Video-game name
- 99 Test the flavor
- 101 Noah's unit of measure
- 104 Loving envelope abbr.
- 106 Portnoy's creator
- 107 Adjust the piano
- 108 Latin I verb
- 109 Backyard building
- 111 F.D.R. enactment
- 112 Heel's other end
- 113 Hamelin rodent



Bob on Films

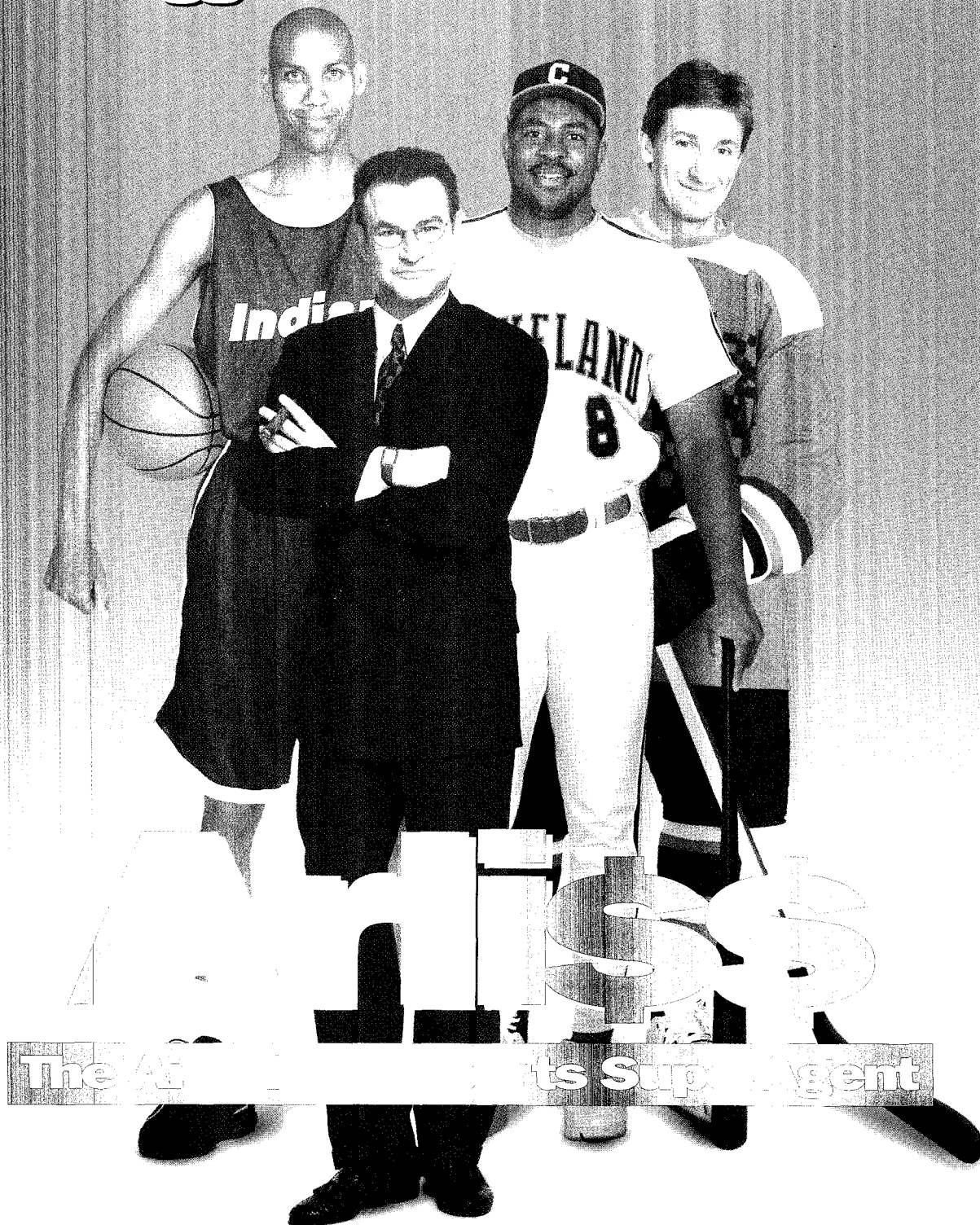
Dole's admonition to Hollywood to focus on making money sends Sandy into a creative frenzy.



LISTEN, YOUNG LADY! THESE IDEAS—I DID NOT ASK FOR DIME ONE ON THE FRONT END! I JUST HAPPEN TO BELIEVE THAT OUR BEST WEAPON AGAINST TERRORISM IS THE SAME THING THAT HAS MADE AMERICA THE TOP COUNTRY FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS RUNNING: THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!



What do Albert Belle, Wayne Gretzky,
and Reggie Miller have in common?

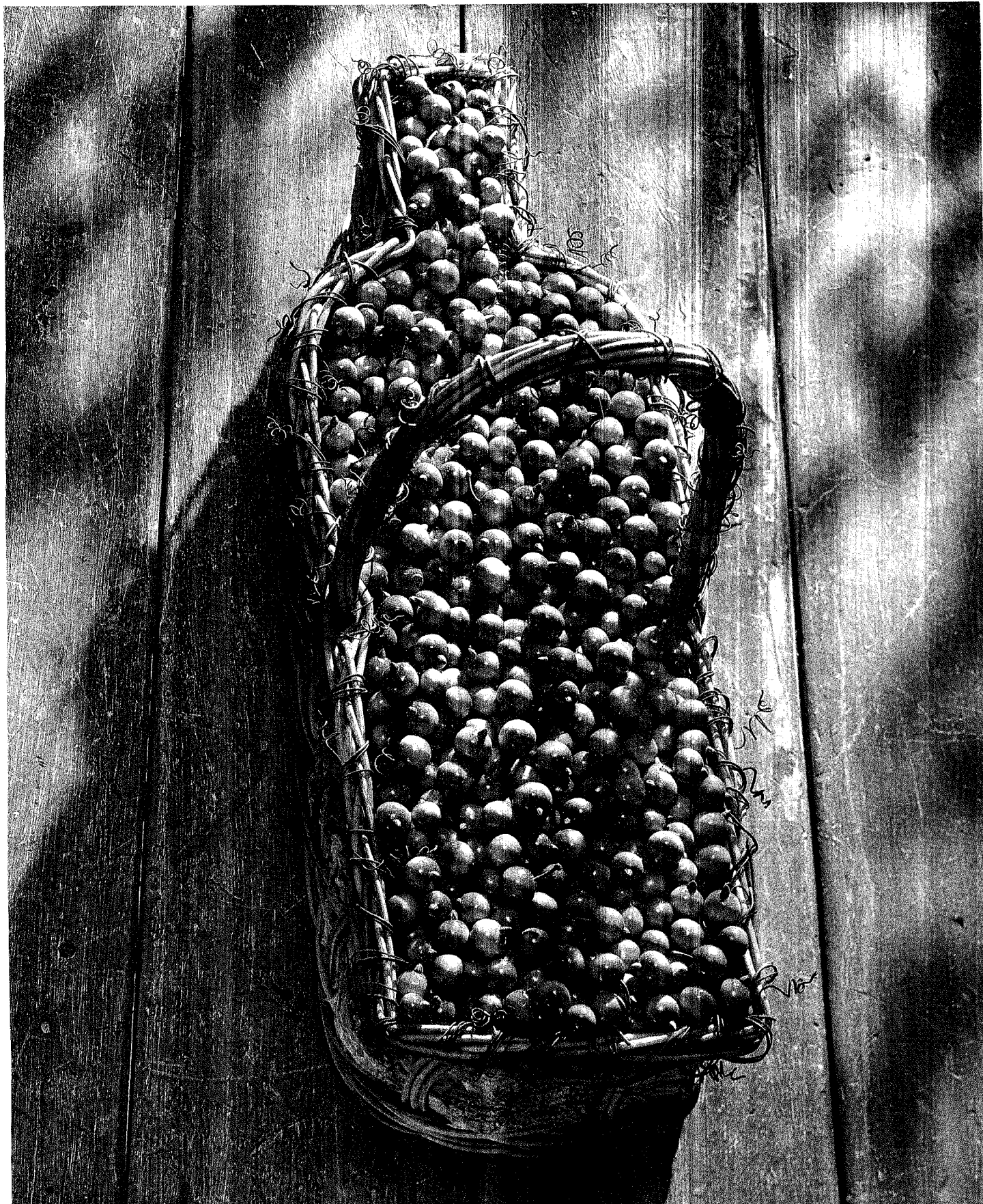


New Comedy Series Premiere
Saturday, August 10, 10pm ET/PT
New episodes to follow every Wednesday at 10pm ET/PT

HBO®

<http://www.hbo.com> ©1996 Home Box Office, a division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ABSOLUT KURANT.

ABSOLUT KURANT™ BLACK CURRANT-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1994 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED